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THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

London Review:

Containing the

Literature, HISTORY, Politics,

Arts, Manners & Amusements of the Age.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ

By the

Philological Society of London.

VOL. VII. for 1785.

LONDON

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THE European Magazine,

AND

LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of *LONDON*.

For JANUARY, 1785.

[Embellished with, 1. An elegant FRONTISPIECE, designed by DODD, and engraved by ANGUS, representing FAME crowning the GENIUS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE. 2. A striking Likeness, engraved by WALKER, of WM. HERSCHEL, Esq. the celebrated Discoverer of the New Planet the GEORGIUM SIDUS. 3. A beautiful Historical Print, engraved by WALKER, exhibiting M. DE LA PALINIERE at JULIA's Tomb. And 4. An engraved TITLE-PAGE and VIGNETTE.]

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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

If *Tom Jones* expects any notice to be taken of his Letters, he muſt pay the poſtage of them.

Two Conſtant Readers from Newcaſtle have our thanks. The Anecdotes mentioned in their poſtſcript we ſhall be glad to receive, and make uſe of, if proper for publication.

From the increaſe of our Correſpondents, we muſt remind our Readers that we generally make the ſelection for the enſuing Month in the middle of the preceding.

The reſt of the acknowledgements are unavoidably deferred to next month.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY-LANE.

Dec. 31. NATURAL Son———Gentle Shepherd

Jan. 1, 1785 Natural Son———Harlequin Junior
3 Double Dealer—Arthur and Emmeline
4 Venice Preſerved—Chaplet
5 Beggar's Opera—Bon Ton
6 Fair Quaker—Iriſh Widow
7 Carmelite—Gentle Shepherd
8 Jealous Wife—Arthur and Emmeline
10 Tempeſt—Harlequin Junior
11 Hamlet—Engliſhman in Paris
12 Carmelite—Ladies Frolic
13 Cymon—Alchymiſt
14 Mourning Bride—Harlequin Junior
15 Love in a Village—High Life below Stairs
17 Venice Preſerved—Waterman
18 Tempeſt—Alchymiſt
19 Carmelite—Gentle Shepherd
20 Chances—Caldron
21 Beggar's Opera—Caldron
22 Trip to Scarborough—Caldron
24 Clandeſtine Marriage—Caldron
25 Gameſter—Author
26 Double Dealer—Caldron
27 Maid of Honour—Padlock
28 Natural Son—Caldron
29 Maid of Honour—Bon Ton

COVENT-GARDEN.

Dec. 31. FOLLIES of a Day—Magic Cavern

Jan. 1, 1785 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
3 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
4 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
5 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
6 Fountainbleau—Magic Cavern
7 Hypocrite—Magic Cavern
8 Oroonoko—Magic Cavern
10 Oroonoko—Magic Cavern
11 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
12 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
13 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
14 All in the Wrong—Maid of the Oaks
15 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
17 Richard the Third—Magic Cavern
18 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
19 Venice Preſerved—Magic Cavern
20 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
21 Much Ado About Nothing—Magic Cavern
22 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
24 Venice Preſerved—Magic Cavern
25 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern
26 Much Ado About Nothing———Magic Cavern
27 Much Ado About Nothing———Magic Cavern
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29 Follies of a Day—Magic Cavern

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PRICE of STOCKS, Jan. 29, 1785.

Bank Stock, ——
New 4 per Cent. 1777 73 ⅜ ¼
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 88 ⅛ a 89
3 per Cent. red. 56 ⅞ a 57
3 per Ct Conſ. 56 ⅛ ¼
3 per Cent. 1726, —
3 per Cent. 1751, ſhut
South Sea Stock, —
Old S. S. An. ——
New S. S. Ann. 55 ½ ⅝
India Stock, ——

3 per Ct. Ind. Ann.
India Bonds, 2s. dif.
New Navy and Vict. Bills ——
Long Ann. 17 5-16ths ¼ yrs. pur.
10 years Short Ann. 1777, ——
30 years Ann. 1778, 12 ⅛ yrs. pur.
3 per Cent. Scrip. —
4 per Ct. Scrip. —
Omnium, —
Exchequer Bills —

PREFACE.

IN the infancy of an undertaking, it has been uſual to ſolicit favour by promiſes which time only can realize; and ſo different are the preſent and diſtant view of any object, that what appears eaſy in ſpeculation often turns out difficult, and ſometimes impoſſible, to execute. To this cauſe we are ready to aſcribe many of the diſappointments which attend periodical publications. To fulfil hopes excited by confidence is not always in the power of diligence; it requires time to mature any ſcheme, obſervation to improve it, and unremitting attention to arrive at any point of excellence.

That the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE have yet attained to that degree of perfection which they ſuppoſe their plan capable of, would be temerity to aſſert, as the improvements they have already adopted, and, ſtill more, thoſe they have in contemplation, would confute the aſſertion. They have, however, the ſatisfaction of finding, that, in proportion to their endeavours to deſerve ſucceſs, encouragement has followed; and ſuch claims as diligence and attention can merit, they feel themſelves confident to aſk, as they are certain that there will be no relaxation in their utmoſt efforts to deſerve them. It would, therefore, be abſurd to diſtruſt the candour and generoſity of the Public, ſo far as to apprehend any falling off in its opinion, while they continue to aſpire to that ſuperiority over every rival, which they truſt they ſhall attain to, if they have not already arrived at it.

To enumerate the advantages which this MAGAZINE has over any other now publiſhed, would be invidious, and, it is preſumed, unneceſſary. One circumſtance, however, the EDITORS cannot avoid pointing out, and that is, the PLATES with which their Work is ornamented. In mentioning theſe they deſire only a compariſon with any other Publication of the kind, and truſt to the taſte of the Public for a fair and complete deciſion in their favour. In theſe particulars, as well as the other parts of the performance, they intend to exert their further endeavours to render themſelves ſtill more deſerving of encouragement.

The great increaſe in their Correſpondence makes it incumbent on them to return thanks to thoſe friends who have favoured them with original pieces. By ſuch aſſiſtance they have been enabled to ſtand foremoſt, amid a crowd of Competitors, to maintain the credit of their Work without flattering the corruption of the times, adminiſtering to vicious purſuits, or gratifying the malignity of perſonal reſentment or party rancour.

IRISH PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

JANUARY 20, 1785.

HIS Grace the Duke of Rutland opened the Seſſion by the following Speech from the Throne:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"I HAVE his Majeſty's commands to meet you in Parliament, and to deſire your advice and co-operation upon thoſe affairs of importance, which in the preſent circumſtances of the kingdom require your moſt ſerious attention.

"Whilſt I lamented the lawleſs outrages and unconſtitutional proceedings which have taken place ſince your laſt prorogation, I had the ſatisfaction to perceive that thoſe exceſſes were confined to a few places, and even there condemned. And I have now the pleaſure to obſerve, that by the ſalutary interpoſition of the laws, the general tranquility is re-eſtabliſhed.

"*Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,*

"I have ordered the public accounts to be laid before you. I have the fulleſt reliance on your approved loyalty to the King, and attachment to your country, that a due conſideration of the exigences of the State will lead you to make whatever proviſions ſhall appear to be neceſſary for the public expences, and for the honourable ſupport of his Majeſty's government.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"I am to recommend, in the King's name, to your earneſt inveſtigation thoſe objects of trade and commerce between Great-Britain and Ireland which have not yet received their complete adjuſtment. In framing a plan with a view to a final adjuſtment, you will be ſenſible that the intereſts of Great-Britain and Ireland ought to be for ever united and inſeparable. And his Majeſty relies on your liberality and wiſdom for adopting ſuch an equitable ſyſtem for the joint benefit of both countries, and the ſupport of the common intereſt, as will ſecure mutual ſatisfaction and permanency.

"The encouragement and extenſion of agriculture and manufactures, and eſpecially of your linen manufacture, will, I am perſuaded, engage your conſtant concern. Let me likewiſe direct your attention in a particular manner to the fiſheries on your coaſts, from which you may reaſonably hope for an improving ſource of induſtry and wealth to this kingdom, and of ſtrength to the Empire.

"The liberality which you have always ſhewn to the maintenance of your Proteſtant Charter-Schools and other public inſtitutions, makes it unneceſſary for me to recommend them to your care. You cannot more beneficially exert this laudable ſpirit than by directing your attention to improve, and to diffuſe throughout the kingdom, the advantages of good education. Senſible of its eſſential conſequence to the morals and happineſs of the people, and to the dignity of the nation, I am happy to aſſure you of his Majeſty's gracious patronage; and ſhall be earneſt to give every aſſiſtance in my power to the ſucceſs of ſuch meaſures as your wiſdom may deviſe for this important purpoſe.

"It is the province of your prudence and diſcretion to conſider what new proviſions may be neceſſary for ſecuring the ſubject againſt violence and outrage, for the regulation of the police, and the better execution of the laws, as well as for the general encouragement of peaceable ſubordination and honeſt induſtry. It will be a pleaſing taſk to me to aſſiſt and promote your exertions for the tranquility of the kingdom, for upholding the authority of the Legiſlature, and ſupporting the true principles of our happy conſtitution both in Church and State.

"The uniformity of laws and of religion, and a common intereſt in treaties with Foreign States, form a ſure bond of mutual connection and attachment between *Great Britain* and *Ireland*. It will be your care to cheriſh theſe ineſtimable bleſſings with that ſpirit and wiſdom which will render them effectual ſecurities to the ſtrength and proſperity of the empire."

Upon his Grace's retiring, the Earl of Glandore moved an Addreſs to the King, in which all the topics of the Speech were taken up and re-echoed in ſtrong and determined language. His Lordſhip's motion was oppoſed by the Duke of Leinſter, who however declined entering into argument, and merely ſtated that he ſhould give a ſimple negative, as the words of the Addreſs did not particularly point to the late law proceedings, and the queſtion of attachments.

The motion then paſſed, and Lord Rawdon having moved for a Committee to prepare an Addreſs to the Lord Lieutenant, the Houſe adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

JANUARY 20, 1785.

AFTER the Speech was read, the Hon. Capt. Pakenham, after a few introductory words, moved an Addreſs of a ſimilar nature to that moved in the Lords, and was ſeconded by Col. Gore, brother to the late Lord Annaly. On the queſtion being put, Lord Edward Fitzgerald moved, that the words "experienced moderation," which were terms uſed in the Addreſs in approving the Lord Lieutenant's government, ſhould be expunged. He was ſeconded by Sir Edward Croſton. On this a debate took place, in which it was offered to inſert the expreſſion "private virtues," if "experienced moderation" were expunged. This idea was happily turned by the Provoſt, who ſaid, it would then be proper to amend the paragraph objected to, by inſerting theſe words "private virtues." Oppoſition acquieſced, when the former words were unanimouſly admitted, while another motion for expunging the latter was negatived without a diviſion.

Published Febr. 1. 1785. by I. Sewell. Cornhill.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW; FOR JANUARY, 1785.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SOME ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of WILLIAM HERSCHEL, ESQ.

THIS Gentleman is one of thoſe remarkable luminaries, whoſe appearance in this world, being at certain intervals of time, makes ſo conſpicuous a figure. Mr. Herſchel was born at Hanover, on the 15th of November, 1738. He was the ſecond of four brothers, who were all brought up from their very infancy by their father to his own profeſſion, that of a muſician. Mr. Herſchel's three brothers ſtill follow the ſame vocation, the eldeſt and youngeſt being engaged in his Majeſty's Orcheſtra at Hanover, and the third reſiding at Bath; all of them remarkable, not only for their genius in muſic, but much eſteemed as men of very reſpectable character. Having alſo two ſiſters, ſo numerous a family would not permit their father, in his ſcanty circumſtances, to beſtow much on the education of his children; and the utmoſt he could do, was, that beſides the uſual learning of a common ſchool, ſuch as reading, writing, and arithmetic, he provided our author with a private tutor for the French language. The perſon who undertook this care, finding Mr. Herſchel of a quick genius and good memory, ſo as to give him no trouble in that line, and being himſelf a man of ſcience, chiefly employed his time in encouraging the taſte he found in his pupil for the ſtudy of philoſophy, eſpecially logic, ethics, and metaphyſics, which were the maſter's own favourite purſuits. To this fortunate circumſtance it was undoubtedly owing, that although Mr. H. loved muſic to an exceſs, and made a conſiderable progreſs in it, he yet determined, with a ſort of enthuſiaſm, to devote every moment he could ſpare from buſineſs to the purſuit of knowledge, which he regarded as the ſovereign good, and in which he reſolved to place all his views of future happineſs in life. Thus ſeveral years were ſpent in ſtudy, and in the practice of his profeſſion, to which he was introduced at a very early period; till the troubles in the Electorate of Hanover, during the laſt war in Germany, made his ſituation there very uncomfortable.

The known encouragement given to muſic in England, determined Mr. H. to try his fortune abroad; and accordingly, about the year 1739, he came to ſettle in this country, where he had before paſſed ſome months in company with his father and eldeſt brother, they being then in his Majeſty's ſervice. The difficulty of ſucceeding in London induced Mr. H. to viſit ſome places in the country; and after ſome years ſpent in Newcaſtle, Leeds, &c. he was choſen Organiſt at Halifax, in Yorkſhire. During all this time, though it afforded but little time for ſtudy, he had not forgot his former plan, but had given all his leiſure hours to the ſtudy of languages. After having improved himſelf ſufficiently in Engliſh, he ſoon acquired the Italian, which he conſidered as neceſſary to his line of buſineſs. He proceeded next to Latin, and having compleated himſelf in that language, he attempted the Greek; but ſoon dropped the purſuit of that, as leading him too far from other favourite ſtudies, and engroſſing too much of his time. The theory of muſic being connected with mathematics, he was induced very early to read, in Germany, all that had been written upon the ſubject of harmony there. But ſoon after his arrival in England, Dr. Smith's valuable Treatiſe on Harmonics coming to his hands, he felt his ignorance in this branch; and he then had recourſe to other authors alſo on the ſubject for information; by which means he was gradually drawn on from one branch of the mathematics to another.

In the year 1766, he removed from Halifax to Bath, where he became Organiſt of

the Octogon Chapel. His ſituation here proved a very profitable one, as he ſoon fell into all the public buſineſs of the Concerts, the Rooms, the Theatre, and the Oratorios, beſides many ſcholars and private concerts. This great run of buſineſs, inſtead of leſſening his propenſity to ſtudy, increaſed it; ſo that many times, after a fatiguing day of fourteen or ſixteen hours ſpent in his vocation, he would retire at night with the greateſt avidity to *unbend the mind*, if it may be ſo called, with a few propoſitions in Maclaurin's Fluxions, or other books of that ſort. And how well he ſucceeded in this and other ſimilar ſubjects, as well as in the doctrine of Harmonics, may be gueſſed from an ingenious and learned anſwer of his, printed in the Ladies' Diary for the year 1780, to a very difficult prize queſtion concerning the vibrations of a muſical chord loaded in the middle with a ſmall weight.

Among other mathematical ſciences, Optics and Aſtronomy came in turn: and when he read of the many curious diſcoveries that had been made by means of the teleſcope, he became ſo charmed with the ſubject, that he earneſtly wiſhed to view the heavens and planets with his own eyes through one of theſe inſtruments. Accordingly he hired a two-feet Gregorian reflector, this being the beſt inſtrument the town afforded. The ſatisfaction Mr. H. by this means received, determined him to furniſh himſelf with a capital teleſcope; and, ignorant of the value of ſuch inſtruments, he deſired a five-feet reflector to be made for him. The perſon who was employed to procure it, received advice of the terms, and thought proper to acquaint Mr. H. with them. The price, though really moderate for ſuch an inſtrument, appeared to him ſo extravagant, that he formed the reſolution to make one himſelf; as, not aware of the difficulty, it ſeemed to him, from the ſucceſs of ſome former mechanical attempts, that, with the aſſiſtance of the directions given in Dr. Smith's Optics, he ſhould be able, in time, to accompliſh ſuch a work.

In the purſuit of this laborious, but delightful undertaking, he perſiſted for ſome years with unwearied aſſiduity; till, with infinite ſatisfaction, he ſaw Saturn, in the year 1774, through a five-feet Newtonian reflector of his own making. This ſucceſs proved ſuch an encouragement, that he proceeded to larger inſtruments; and his ſituation in buſineſs amply furniſhing him with the means of carrying on his improvements, he ſoon made a ſeven-feet, a ten-feet, and a twenty-feet reflector of the ſame conſtruction. He perſiſted with ſuch obſtinacy in compleating the parabolical figure of a ſeven-feet teleſcope, that he made above two hundred object-ſpecula, till at length he obtained one that would bear any power he could apply to it.

All this time he continued his aſtronomical obſervations; and nothing ſeemed now wanting to complete his felicity but ſufficient leiſure to enjoy his teleſcopes, to which he was ſo much attached, that at the Theatre he uſed frequently to run from the harpſichord to look at the ſtars, during the time of an Act, and return to the next muſic. To this perſeverance at length was owing the diſcovery of the Georgium Sidus, which happened on the 13th of March, 1781. It has generally been ſuppoſed that it was a lucky accident that brought this ſtar to his view; but this is an evident miſtake. In the regular manner in which he examined every ſtar in the heavens, not only of that magnitude, but many far inferior, it was that night *its turn* to be diſcovered. He had gradually peruſed the great *Volume* of the Author of Nature, and was now come to the *Page* which contained a *Seventh Planet*. Had buſineſs, therefore, prevented him that evening, he muſt have found it the next; and the goodneſs of his teleſcopes was ſuch, that he perceived its viſible planetary diſk as ſoon as he looked at it, and by the application of his micrometers, determined its motion in a few hours. The ſame year he had the honour of being admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, and received their annual gold medal for the diſcovery of the planet.

In the ſpring of the next year his Majeſty having been informed by the Preſident of the Royal Society of the diſcovery of the New Planet, wiſhed to ſee his teleſcope; and ever ready to encourage the Arts and Sciences, was pleaſed, with his Royal goodneſs, to take him from his former employment, that he might devote himſelf entirely to aſtronomy.

In January 1781 he began to make a thirty-feet Newtonian reflector, and ſoon after caſt a ſpeculum of 36 inches diameter; but neither of them ſucceeded at that time. The interruption alſo of his removal from Bath put a temporary ſtop to the work. His preſent ſituation made it prudent to undertake an inſtrument of a ſmaller conſtruction, which he had happily executed; and the reſult of one year's obſervation with it has already been partly communicated to the Royal Society: and we have ſtill reaſon to hope that he will ſoon be able to reſume, and perhaps to go beyond, his former attempt of a larger inſtrument.

Some of the happy inſtances of Mr. Herſchel's ſucceſs in theſe his great attempts in the improvement of the ſcience of the heavens, may be ſeen in the ſeveral volumes of the Philoſophical Tranſactions, namely, in

Vol. LXX. Aſtronomical Obſervations on the periodical Star in *Collo Ceti*; and Aſtronomical

mical Obſervations relating to the Mountains of the Moon.

Vol. LXXI. Aſtronomical Obſervations on the Rotation of the Planets round their Axes, made with a view to determine whether the earth's diurnal motion is perfectly equable; alſo, an Account of his new Planet, diſcovered March 13, 1781.

Vol. LXXII. On the Parallax of the fixed Stars—Catalogue of Double Stars—Deſcription of a Lamp-Micrometer, and the Method of uſing it; alſo a paper to obviate ſome doubts concerning the great magnifying powers uſed by him.

Vol. LXXIII. A Letter from him concerning the Name of his new Planet: on the Diameter and Magnitude of the ſame; with a Deſcription of the dark and lucid diſk, and periphery Micrometers: and a Paper on the proper Motion of the Sun and Solar Syſtem; with an Account of ſeveral Changes that have happened among the fixed Stars ſince the time of Mr. Flamſtead.

Vol. LXXIV. On the remarkable Appearances of the Solar Regions of the Planet Mars, the Inclination of its Axis, the Poſition of its Poles, and its Spheroidical Figure; with a few hints relating to its real Diameter and Atmoſphere.

Accounts of ſome obſervations tending to inveſtigate the Conſtruction of the Heavens.

Finally, from a mind ſo vigorous and intelligent, the learned world has ample reaſon to expect ſtill many and important diſcoveries and improvements in a ſcience he has ſo lately entered with ſo rapid a career, and encouraged by the gracious munificence of our Royal Protector of Literature.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The following extraordinary PETITION addreſſed to the QUEEN of PORTUGAL by the CHEVALIER PRUNZI D'ENTRECASTEAUX, formerly Preſident of the Parliament of Provence, who fled from France to Portugal on account of Murdering his WIFE, is ſo intereſting and inſtructive, that it merits the attention of Readers of each Sex, and every Age.

YOUR Majeſty beholds at your feet, a criminal imploring from your juſtice a puniſhment which to him will be a favour: he trembles while he lifts his mournful voice to your Majeſty: his crime would even render him unworthy of ſuch honour, did not his remorſe efface what he muſt call the indignity he offers to you: this reflexion alone induces him to requeſt of your Majeſty a death which, while it puniſhes his crime, will put an end to his miſery.

I am the Frenchman who came into your dominions under the borrowed name of the Chevalier de Barral, and was taken into cuſtody by your orders.—I will conceal nothing from your Majeſty. My name is Brunzi D'Entrecaſteaux, of a noble family in Provence, born with a diſpoſition inclined to virtue and honour; but the too great impetuoſity of my temper has made me guilty of aſſaſſination.

Hurried away by a violent paſſion, and (may I add) by a ſentiment of honour carried to excels, I found myſelf criminal at the moment I thought myſelf only virtuous. At the time when, with bluſhes I make this humiliating confeſſion to your Majeſty, the ſtings of remorſe grow ſharper, the wounds of my heart bleed afreſh, and the pain of them becomes more excruciating. I am ſenſible that this chaſtiſement is not adequate to the enormity of my crime; all I requeſt is, to obtain one capable of expiating it.

My father and mother married me when I was very young, being only 18 years of age. I made one of thoſe advantageous matches which parents inconſiderately accept, without adverting to what ought to be the firſt object of their attention, viz. whether there does not exiſt a natural averſion between the parties who are to be united for life? Another reaſon determined them to oblige me to contract this marriage: it was done (they ſaid) in order to ſecure me againſt the ill effects of the paſſions incident to youth. But they did not conſider that mine were not yet awakened; this precaution, therefore, rather ſerved to chain them down for a time, than free me from their dominion. Reſtraint made them break out with greater violence, and the conſequences were more fatal. The time ſoon came which gave birth to the ſtrongeſt paſſion; a ſeducing object made me forget what I owed to my ſpouſe; my heart, naturally ſenſible and hitherto unaccuſtomed to love, fell a prey to it in all its violence. The excellence of the object which inſpired it, appeared to me a ſufficient juſtification; ſhe could not reſiſt the vehemence with which I expreſſed my ſentiments; the flame which conſumed me ſoon penetrated to her heart: this was the epocha of all her misfortunes, and conſequently of mine.

So powerful a paſſion, foſtered by four years of the moſt familiar intercourſe, had come to its greateſt height, when my family diſcovered its object. This accident deprived my miſtreſs of every hope of that happineſs which ſhe had a right to expect; and, in addition to her diſtreſs, ſhe found herſelf on the point of loſing her reputation, in conſequence of the noiſe ſuch an event would make. Filled with deſpair for having reduced her to a ſituation ſo dreadful, I reſolved, as I could

not extricate her, to ſhare her miſery. I propoſed to her to elope with me, that being the more eaſy, as I was of an age which enabled me to diſpoſe of my property, and it would have been no difficult matter to raiſe a ſufficiency for our ſubſiſtence in ſome corner of the world where we ſhould have found an aſylum.—But though ſhe had ruined herſelf for me, ſhe would not conſent that I ſhould ruin myſelf for her.——My tears, my entreaties, were fruitleſs.—She remained inflexible.—Her refuſal, while it heightened my admiration, threw me into deſpair. I ſaw no remedy for her misfortune, but what I could have given her had I been ſingle. This idea cauſed my ruin. The frenzy of my paſſion having reduced me to the dreadful alternative of ſacrificing the honour of the woman whom I adored, or the life of her who had been given me for a companion, I grew deſperate, my reaſon abandoned me, and my hand became guilty.—My ſtrength fails me at the dreadful recollection, which oppreſſes and harrows up my ſoul. It is neceſſary (for I muſt give to truth the authenticity it requires) that I ſhould ſtill add to my ſhame, by confeſſing that I was the ſole author of the atrocious crime; I was not ſeduced to the commiſſion of it by the perſon for the love of whom it was perpetrated. Had ſhe thought me capable of ſuch a deſign, her virtue would have prevented my guilt.

This is the crime I confeſs to your Majeſty. I demand vengeance againſt myſelf: you will ſatisfy your juſtice by puniſhing me; and I ſhall bleſs your clemency, which will free me from the tortures of my remorſe. The moment that I committed the crime, I was ſtruck with its enormity, without thinking on any meaſures proper to be taken. My family, dreading the diſgrace affixed to the puniſhment which I have but too well deſerved, obliged me to abſcond. I took flight, without knowing whither I ſhould go, to drag out the remainder of ſo guilty a life. Scarcely had my mind recovered its powers, when it became its own tormentor. Every day preſented to me ſtronger pictures of horror. The calm which ſometimes ſucceeded thoſe violent emotions, gave me pains of a different kind. My paſſion was not extinguiſhed by the crime it had cauſed: on the contrary, it ſeemed to have acquired new ſtrength, and filled up the intervals of my deſpair.

In this excruciating ſituation, I was ſeveral times tempted to put an end to my life; but, (can your Majeſty believe it?) judge from this of the violence of my phrenzy. The love which had made me guilty, which doubled my miſery, was the only obſtacle which prevented me from ſuicide. The hope of once more ſeeing the object of my paſſion, did not extinguiſh my remorſe, which I ſtill felt in all its horror.

Such was the ſtate of my mind on my arrival in your Majeſty's dominions, where being taken into cuſtody by your orders, I could not be ignorant of the cauſe of my detention. I am now deprived of the only hope which ſupported me; I have nothing left but remorſe and deſpair. The juſtice of France claims me. My family has had intereſt to obtain the commutation of my puniſhment into perpetual impriſonment: my mind cannot bear either of thoſe proſpects. Certainly I dread not death, for I requeſt it of your Majeſty as a favour. But ignominy is to me intolerable, and that would attend me from the moment of my arrival in my own country; that would inceſſantly haunt me, and poiſon the laſt moments of my life. Alas! if I muſt die, let it not be in my own country. The ſecond proſpect ſuggeſts ideas ſtill more dreadful. What can be worſe than to live in perpetual impriſonment, a prey to my remorſe, the ſtings of which become ſtill more ſevere by the want of any object to diſſipate my thoughts? and thoſe torments, though long and horrible, would never efface my crime either in the ſight of juſtice or of men: death, therefore, in whatever ſhape it may come, is a thouſand times preferable. In this ſentiment I caſt myſelf at your Majeſty's feet, humbly ſupplicating that you will be pleaſed to make me undergo, in your dominions, the puniſhment I have but too well deſerved.

My heart was not naturally vicious, a moment of phrenzy plunged it into the abyſs where it is now ſunk; yet, though not leſs guilty, nor leſs worthy of chaſtiſement, if it cannot obtain pardon, it may deſerve ſome pity. May your Majeſty, then, deign to liſten to the voice of that pity, and ſpare me the ſhame of an execution in France, by putting me to death in Portugal. I know well that the prejudices of the French, even if I pay to juſtice the puniſhment to which I ſhall be condemned, will affix perpetual infamy to my memory. But ſurely when juſtice is once ſatisfied, no trace of the crime remains, and prejudice ought to reſt contented. I dare to hope, therefore, that by petitioning for, and voluntarily offering myſelf to, the death I have deſerved, I may deliver my ſoul from an ignominy for which it was not formed, but which it has notwithſtanding incurred.

In my laſt moments I ſhall have the conſolation of thinking that my name will no longer be held in horror; and when I bid a final adieu to the authors of my life, I ſhall be enabled to ſay to them, "Your ſon is ſtill worthy of you; he has wiped off the ſhame with

with which he covered you; he has expiated the crime which he committed, and has regained a title to your compaſſion.

Should I have the good fortune to excite your Majeſty's pity, and your clemency induce you to grant ſuch a petition, your Majeſty cannot apprehend that your juſtice, which intereſts itſelf for every object, will be liable to the leaſt impeachment of violating the rights of nations, by puniſhing, in your own dominions, the ſubject of another Monarchy, for a crime committed in his native country. On the contrary, I flatter myſelf I ſhall be able to demonſtrate to your Majeſty, that juſtice even requires my puniſhment at your hands. I am not guilty as a Frenchman; it is not that nation I have offended; I am guilty as a man, and owe to all mankind an expiation of my crime. Wherever there are men, and laws to govern them, I bear about the mark of diſapprobation with which I am ſtigmatized: wherever my crime is known, my blood may be lawfully ſhed; and in this country it is known by my confeſſion to your Majeſty. I am at once the accuſer, the witneſs, and the criminal: what more is wanting but the ſentence of condemnation, which I ſupplicate your Majeſty to pronounce?

I venture to entertain the greateſt hopes of obtaining a requeſt which enables your Majeſty to unite juſtice with mercy. If the torments of a ſoul diſtracted by the moſt violent emotions on the recollection of a crime repugnant to its very eſſence, can deſerve any pity, it is a favour I entreat from your Majeſty's clemency, when I aſk for death to put an end to my miſeries, and expiate a crime at which human nature ſhudders. If, on the contrary, my guilt be too atrocious for any favour to be ſhewn, I call upon your juſtice, I inform againſt a criminal, and petition for his execution.

Had your Majeſty been engaged in war, before expiating my crime by the proper puniſhment, I would have petitioned for liberty to ſhed my guilty blood in your ſervice, that my death might not be entirely uſeleſs; but your Majeſty having the happineſs to enjoy profound peace, every drop of my blood is due to juſtice. If I obtain that favour, I ſhall be indebted to your Majeſty for the recovery of my virtue, the preſervation of my honour, and the end of my miſeries. If, on the contrary, you judge that, conſidering the enormity of my crime, my blood ought not to pollute your dominions, nothing remains for me but deſpair. In either caſe I ſhall with my laſt breath offer up my prayers for the proſperity of your Majeſty's reign.

Waiting the deciſion which is to fix my fate, I am, with hope and fear, and with the moſt profound reſpect, your Majeſty's moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

BRUNZI D'ENTRECASTEAUX.

THE POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for JANUARY, 1785. No. XI.

THE naſcent year riſes propitious to the peace and tranquility of Great Britain; promiſing a pleaſing train of joyful events, as far as human probability can go: very unlike the preceding year, which commenced with a kind of political earthquake, or conculſion, which ſhook our excellent conſtitution to its foundation; a moſt violent attack upon the very vitals of our frame of government, by daring deſperate men, which had well nigh ended in our diſſolution as a people! This is one of thoſe narrow eſcapes of a brave and free people from ruin, which ought to be recorded in every good man's memory, as an uſeful warning to guard againſt all future attempts of the ſame kind, from whatſoever quarter they may originate. No nation is longer free than it is jealous of its rights and liberties.—May Britons never be aſleep all together, leſt they ſleep the ſleep of political death!

The Second Tea-ſale has been finiſhed by the Eaſt-India Company through many difficulties, diſputes, ſtruggles, criminations, and recriminations, of parties concerned in buying and ſelling that commodity; which debates and conteſts are likely to open a new channel for the Tea-trade to run in.—Whether this will be productive of real good to the community or not, we cannot tell; but are of opinion that a real (not fictitious) rivalſhip and oppoſition in trade muſt neceſſarily bring down the goods in queſtion pretty near to a proper ſtandard both as to price and quality.

Our patriots, who cannot live out of a ſtorm, have had buſineſs enough upon their hands to raiſe a hue and cry againſt Tippoo-Saib, for cruelties ſaid to be exerciſed by him on ſome priſoners, Engliſh and Aſiatick, towards the concluſion of the war.—They have greedily ſwallowed every article of intelligence of that kind, reported it, echoed and re echoed it, in all the news-papers and other publications, wherever they could gain inſertion—and all this for the laudable purpoſe of rekindling the flame of war in the Eaſt-Indies, which is but juſt extinguiſhed, at a great expence and diſadvantage to Old England.—To be ſure, we do not expect

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that Tippoo is the moſt complaiſant, tender-hearted, and humane man in the world; but we lament full ſore, that candour obliges us to confeſs, there are Engliſhmen much worſe than he: and that Tippoo thought himſelf too well authorized to inflict theſe ſufferings on his priſoners, by virtue of the *lex talionis*; for they themſelves had ſet before him the nefarious example of barbarity and cruelty, not only to his men in arms, but his peaceable unarmed ſubjects, in the hour of their ſucceſs by the fortune of war! —Oh, ſhame to tell! that a reputed Barbarian, a ferocious prince, ſhould be led into cruel actions by Britiſh men! It were to be wiſhed a veil might be for ever drawn over the inhuman ſcenes on both ſides.—Better Great Britain loſe all Eaſtern India, than hold it, with all its riches, at the expence of ſuch atrocious deeds.—At all events, war in India ought to be moſt ſtudiouſly avoided at preſent, as the ſmalleſt commotion in that quarter would be the means of drawing us in to be parties, if not principals, in the threatened war upon the Continent of Europe.

In other reſpects, our Eaſt and Weſt India ſettlements ſeem to wear a tolerable good aſpect of tranquility and proſperity; and the American provinces on that Continent yet appertaining to this Country, ſhare the ſame pacific ſyſtem: Whereas the United States, as they call themſelves, fall deeper and deeper into a very diſunited, diſjointed ſtate of confuſion and perplexity, from which it is ſcarce poſſible for the ſkill of man to extricate them. Without a common treaſury, without an efficient ſupreme government, and without an armed navy, they are expoſed to the depredations and inſults of any nation that may chuſe to take advantage of their defenceleſs condition; at the mercy of every lawleſs body of freebooters, and piratical ſtates, in all parts of the globe. This was an evil in ſtore for them, which their wiſdom did not foreſee, at leaſt their prudence did not provide againſt.

Towards the concluſion of this month, his Majeſty has met his Parliament, and addreſſed them with what is uſually called "A moſt gracious Speech" from the Throne.—To be ſure, his Majeſty has not ſaid too much! the Speech cannot be called a great one; for we think it is the ſhorteſt we ever ſaw. It may be very well, but certainly it falls much ſhort of our expectation, conſidering the preſent ſtate of domeſtic and foreign affairs, and the opinion of the Man who was to give that ſtate of affairs to the expecting Publick! It ſeems to be an eſtabliſhed rule now, that the Royal Speech ſhould contain nothing but Money! Money! Money! —— at all times and ſeaſons — in war and in peace.—— For the reſt, we have not now room to deſcant upon it in detail.

We are glad to ſee, however, that our neutral ſyſtem, ſo earneſtly recommended in former Magazines, reſpecting the continental diſputes, is adopted by our Cabinet, though we think it but faintly or imperfectly expreſſed.

The principal object pointed out for parliamentary deliberation is the adjuſtment of points in the commercial intercourſe between Great Britain and Ireland which are not yet finally arranged, on the principles of the reciprocal advantage of both kingdoms; but, for a more copious deſcription of this buſineſs, we muſt have reference to the Royal Iriſh Speech to both Houſes of Parliament in that kingdom, which came to hand juſt about the ſame time that the other was iſſuing from the throne.

The Lord Lieutenant touches very modeſtly on the reſtoration of peace and good-order in that country, by the ſalutary interpoſition of the Laws.—Laws are but dead letters without a prudent, ſpirited, and vigorous execution.—This ſalutary interpoſition is wholly to be attributed to the Viceroy's timely exertions, and unremitting efforts, to render the laws paramount to all perſons and parties, or bodies of men; and certainly the means uſed have anſwered the end.

His Grace then recommends, in the King's name, to their moſt earneſt inveſtigation, thoſe objects of trade and commerce between Great Britain and Ireland, which have not yet received their complete adjuſtment. (in language nearly the ſame with that above hinted), upon the principle, that the intereſts of both Iſlands ought to be for ever united and inſeparable. And his Majeſty relies on their (the Iriſh Parliament's) liberality and wiſdom for adopting ſuch an equitable ſyſtem for the joint benefit of both countries, and the ſupport of the common intereſt, as will ſecure mutual ſatisfaction and permanency. So, according to this Speech compared with that delivered here, the Iriſh are to cut and carve for themſelves, and we are to yield an humble aſſent to the dictates of their ſuperior wiſdom. The Iriſh Speech ſteers clear of that rock *reciprocity*, but the Engliſh Speech mentions reciprocal advantage.—We hope we are not going to have a new edition of *American reciprocity*—All on one ſide, and nothing on the other!—Poor old England!—from being the miſtreſs and lady paramount over, is now become the handmaid to all her former children, ſervants and dependents. Where will theſe things end?—

Politicians preſume much upon the ſeeming inactivity of the Emperor, from thence to in-

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fer that he is frightened, and repents of his rathneſs, in provoking the Dutch to commence hoſtilities; and that when he announced to that people what he ſhould conſtrue as an act of hoſtility on their part, he little thought they would be hardy enough to take him at his word, and put his courage and reſolution to the teſt. Such is the conſtruction Dutchmen and their partiſans put on the conduct of the cool, cautious, and circumſpect Joſeph; to ſtrengthen which opinion the mediating interference of the French, does not a little contribute; for they think that artful inſidious Court can negociate and coax him out of all his plans and long concerted ſchemes of making himſelf a conſiderable maritime power of Europe. To make him amends they are very officiouſly making him a preſent of the town of Maeſtricht, and ſome few bulwarks; as if the addition of one city and ſome acres of land could make any great acquiſition to the vaſt hereditary dominion of the preſent reigning Emperor of Germany.

That the inclement ſeaſon of the year has given an effectual check to the preparations and motions of the Emperor and his forces, cannot be doubted.—As little is it to be doubted that ſome incidents intervening during that time, may have ſtagnated his meaſures, in order to vary his plan and change his ground. Particularly, the countenance put on by the French Cabinet we cannot call any thing elſe than an aſſumed air of the French to ſupport the Dutch againſt the Emperor: for whatever private aſſurances they may make him, it is too hazardous for Joſeph to truſt to the promiſes of ſuch double-dealers, whom he knows to be bound by double contradictory engagements to two oppoſite hoſtile parties: to one of them he knows they muſt prove unfaithful; why not then to him as well as his adverſaries?—He muſt therefore ſecure his back-ground againſt this double-dealing policy. Again: ſome points may remain to be adjuſted with the Turkiſh Divan, before he plunges headlong into an European war, which may become general.—Add to all this the rumoured diſturbance in Wallachia, which may be neceſſary to be quelled previous to his going to war with the Dutch.

For all theſe reaſons, and many more, the Emperor may think it prudent, expedient, and even neceſſary to temporize and negociate, until he can remove theſe obſtacles out of his way, dive deeper into the latent views and deſigns of France, and alſo ſound the diſpoſitions, tempers, and intentions of other great Continental Powers, ſome of whom are not eaſily fathomed. In ſhort, he muſt count the coſt, conſider his own ſtrength againſt his adverſaries, with all their local advantages by land and by water, and weigh in the ballance the ſeveral Potentates ſurrounding him on all quarters.

As for us, we ſhall wait to form a judgement from actions and movements, ſuch as the advancing ſeaſon of the year ſhall admit of. Till then all opinion is mere conjecture and gueſs work. At preſent we cannot think that the Dutch giving up Maeſtricht will be any ſalvo for the Emperor's honour and dignity, committed in the ſight of all Europe for opening the Scheldt, a river of ſuch commercial conſequence to a great part of his inland dominions, and ſo eſſential to his commencing a maritime power. He muſt gain this point, or he gains nothing.—*Aut Cæſar aut nullus!*

ACCOUNT of the BUCHANITES,

A NEW RELIGIOUS SECT in the WEST of SCOTLAND; the authenticity of which may be depended on.

ELSPETH SIMPSON (alias Mrs. Buchan) is a daughter of John Simpſon, innkeeper at Fitmy-Can, which is the half-way houſe between Banff and Portſoy, in the North of Scotland; preſently living there, an old man of ninety years of age, and has now his fourth wife.

Mrs. Buchan is now about forty-ſix years of age, and was married, about twenty-four years ago, to Robert Buchan, delf-workman, at Glaſgow.

She came to Glaſgow when ſhe was about twenty-two years of age, and took ſervice with Mr. Martin, one of the principal proprietors of the delf-work there, and ſoon after married the above-mentioned Robert Buchan, one of the workmen, and ſervant to the ſame Mr. Martin.

Robert Buchan and Elſpeth Simpſon have had many children, only three of whom are now alive; one a boy about fourteen years of age, now in Glaſgow, the other two daughters, about nineteen and twenty-one years of age, now with their mother, and profeſſing the ſame principles.

When ſhe was married, ſhe was of the Epiſcopal perſuaſion; but her huſband being a Burgher Seceder, ſhe adopted his principles, and was in communion with that ſect. About five years ago ſhe changed her opinions greatly, became the author of many new and extraordinary doctrines, and ſoon brought over to her opinion Mr. Hugh Whyte, who was the ſettled Relief Miniſter at Irvine, and connected with Mr. Bell in Glaſgow, and Mr. Bain in Edinburgh, and who have,

ſince Mr. Whyte's abdication of his charge, ſettled a Mr. Robertſon in his place at Irvine.

She alſo brought over Mr. Hunter, a writer to buſineſs, and a Fiſcal of that place, with his wife, Mrs. Whyte, Mrs. Marr, merchant, Mr. Gibſon, Mrs. Gibſon, and many others; and was gradually making new converts till April laſt, when the populace in Irvine aroſe, aſſembled round Mr. Whyte's houſe, and broke all the windows, when Mrs. Buchan and all her converts, of whom the above-mentioned are a part, to the number of forty-ſix perſons, left Irvine.

The Buchanites (for ſo they are called) went through Mauchlin, Cumnock Old and New, halted three days at Kirconnel, paſſed through Sanquhar and Thornhill, and now are, and have been ſince April, at a farm-houſe, the office-houſes of which they have all along poſſeſſed, paying for the ſame, and every thing they demand; which farm-houſe lies two miles ſouth of Thornhill, and about thirteen miles from Dumfries.

The author of this narrative being a merchant in Glaſgow, and having occaſion to go to that country, ſpent a great part of the 25th and 26th of Auguſt laſt in their company, converſing with moſt of them, but principally with Mrs. Buchan, Mr. and Mrs. Whyte, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. Innes, &c.

The Buchanites pay great attention to the bible, being always reading it, or having it in their pocket, or under their arm, proclaiming it the beſt book in the world.

They read, ſing hymns, preach, and converſe much about religion, declaring the laſt day to be at hand, and that no one of all their company ſhall ever die, or be buried in the earth, but ſoon ſhall hear the voice of the laſt trumpet, when all the wicked ſhall be ſtruck dead, and remain ſo for one thouſand years: at the ſame moment they, the Buchanites, ſhall undergo an agreeable change, ſhall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, from whence they ſhall return to this earth, in company with the Lord Jeſus, with whom as their King, they ſhall poſſeſs this earth one thouſand years, the Devil being bound with a chain in the interim. At the end of one thouſand years the Devil ſhall be looſed, the wicked quickened, both ſhall aſſail their camp, but be repulſed, with the Devil at their head, while they fight valiantly under the Lord Jeſus Chriſt as their Captain-General.

Since the Buchanites adopted their principles, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, nor conſider themſelves bound to any conjugal duties, or mind to indulge themſelves in any carnal enjoyments; but having one common purſe for their eath, they are all ſiſters and brothers, living a holy life as the angels of God, and, beginning and continuing in the ſame holy life, they ſhall live under the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, their King, after his ſecond coming.

The Buchanites follow no induſtry, being commanded to take no thought of to morrow; but, obſerving how the young ravens are fed, and how the lilies grow, they aſſure themſelves God will much more feed and clothe them.

They, indeed, ſometimes work at maſon-wright and huſbandry work to people in their neighbourhood; but then they refuſe all wages, or any conſideration whatever, but declare their whole object in working at all is to mix with the world, and inculcate thoſe important truths they themſelves are ſo much perſuaded of.

Rude people, who viſit them, impoſe much on the public by propagating falſehoods concerning them, ſuch as I was told before I ſaw and ſpake with them, viz. that fourteen of the young unmarried girls were with child. But when I was there, I could not ſee a woman in all the company, married or unmarried, that was with child; and they all declared to me, they valued not nor ſought after any ſuch enjoyments; and if any of their company were to do ſo, they would inſtantly turn them out to the world, where ſuch practices were allowed, and where they would find meet companions for themſelves.

It is alſo falſe and calumnious to aſſert they are bound to Jeruſalem; and that rivers and ſeas were to be dried up before them in their paſſage. The Buchanites expect no ſuch thing, and are bound no where but to ſeek a reſidence for a ſhort while, where they may be free from the inſults of rude people, as they aſſure themſelves no particular place is neceſſary for them, as their Lord and Maſter Jeſus Chriſt will aſſuredly find them ſoon at his ſecond coming, be they where they may at the time.

Some people call Mrs. Buchan a witch, which ſhe treats with contempt. Others declare ſhe calls herſelf the Virgin Mary, which title ſhe alſo refuſes; declaring ſhe has more to boaſt of, viz. that the Virgin Mary was only Chriſt's mother after the fleſh, whereas ſhe aſſures herſelf to be Chriſt's daughter after the ſpirit.

Her huſband is ſtill in the Burgher Seceſſion communion; and when I aſked Mrs. Buchan, and others of the Buchanites who knew me, if they had any word to any of their acquaintances in Glaſgow? they all declared they minded not former things and former connections, but that the whole of their attention was devoted to their fellow-ſaints, the living a holy life, and thereby haſtening the ſecond coming of their Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

For

An ACCOUNT of the WRITINGS of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, including ſome INCIDENTS of his LIFE.

(Continued from Vol. VI. p. 413)

THE failure of Lord Gower's application in Dr. Johnſon's behalf, for the degree, ſeems to have fixed him as an Author in London. In Auguſt 1738, he had engaged to tranſlate Father Paul's Hiſtory of the Council of Trent; and from that time to the 21ſt of April 1739, received of Mr. Cave forty-ſeven guineas * on that account. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* November 1738 †, the deſign was announced to the Public, and the Life of Father Paul publiſhed as a ſpecimen of the Tranſlator's abilities. Part of this work was printed; but another verſion, under the patronage of Dr. afterwards Biſhop Pearce, being undertaken at the ſame time ‡, Mr. Cave was afraid of compleating his edition; and, in the end, both the tranſlations remained unfiniſhed. In May this year, he began the Apotheoſis of Milton, which was continued through ſeveral Magazines. In November, he is believed to have publiſhed a tranſlation of An Examination of Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Man, by M. Crouſaz, Profeſſor of Philoſophy and Mathematics, at Lauſanne, 12mo. whoſe Commentary on Pope's Principles of Morality, or Eſſay on Man, we can aſcribe to him with confidence.

We find, in January 1739, the Life of Dr. Boerhaave begun in the Gentleman's Magazine, and concluded in April. In May 1739 appeared a performance which its author afterwards wiſhed to ſuppreſs. It was called "*Marmor Norfolcienſe; or, An Eſſay on a Prophetical Inſcription* ‖ *in Monkiſh Rhyme, lately diſcovered near Lynn, in Norfolk. By Probus Britannicus.*" 8vo. This piece might very properly paſs unnoticed in a liſt of the author's works, if it had not been a few years ſince republiſhed (1775), with ſome ſevere cenſures on the principles contained in it. In the ſame year he publiſhed another pamphlet called, "*A complete Vindication of the Licenſers of the Stage from the malicious and ſcandalous Aſperſions of Mr. Brooke, Author of Guſtavus Vaſa; with a Propoſal for making the Office of Licenſer more extenſive and effectual* §. *By an impartial Hand.*" 4to. This is an ironical defence of the perſons who occaſioned the ſuppreſſion of Mr. Brooke's play.

The following year (1740) he is ſuppoſed to have commenced writer of the Political Debates for Mr. Cave, and from circumſtances it may be conjectured, that the characters in the month of March were his firſt eſſays. We know not of any ſucceſſor that he had in this employment, and therefore conclude, that he continued the Compiler as long as they were publiſhed in the Magazine. In the month of December 1745, they were omitted on account of the alarm occaſioned by the Rebellion, and, except for two months in 1746, never afterwards reſumed. His performances this year beſides, were the Preface to the Gentleman's Magazine; the Life of Admiral Blake, p. 301; the Life of Admiral Drake, p. 389; and, probably, an Eſſay on Epitaphs, p. 593. He alſo began the Life of John Philip Barratier **.

Of his works publiſhed the ſucceeding year, we know only of the Life of Dr. Morin (Gentleman's Magazine 1741, p. 375), and that is rather imputed to him on conjecture than any certainty.

In the following year, 1742, he publiſhed the Life of Peter Burman (Gentleman's Magazine 207) and the Life of Dr. Sydenham (ibid. 633), which was alſo prefixed to Dr. Swan's Tranſlation of that Author. On the 16th of June, 1741, died Edward Earl of Oxford, whoſe library being purchaſed by

* See Gentleman's Magazine, December 1784, p. 891.

† P. 581.

‡ The writer of this article has now before him a Life of Father Paul, with ſome account of his Writings, printed in 8vo. This was probably intended as part of the rival edition. It has no title-page, nor does it appear, after a ſtrict enquiry, *that it was* ever to have been publiſhed.

‖ After having written this piece, it will appear extraordinary, that Dr. Johnſon ſhould have been ſo far miſled, as to ſuppoſe the Prophecy in Swift's Works a genuine one, and gravely to declare, that though not completed in all its parts, it could not be read without amazement. See *Swift's Life*, p. 24, 12mo.

§ This Pamphlet is aſcribed to Dr. Johnſon, on the authority of an old Bookſeller, who remembered the publication of it.

** In ſome Miſcellanies, an Epitaph on Claudy Philips, a Muſician, has been aſcribed to Dr Johnſon; but as it appeared in this year's Magazine, p. 464, with the ſignature G, accompanied by other Pieces, known to be written by Mr. Garrick, marked in the ſame manner, it probably ſhould be given to that Gentleman.

Tom Oſborne, celebrated in the Dunciad for his modeſty, our Author was ſome time employed in arranging and compiling the Catalogue. During his intercourſe with this Bookſeller, the diſagreement happened between them which ended in the extraordinary correction which the latter received from his Author, and which probably put an end to the connection between them. About the concluſion of this year, the Account of the Harleian Library by Dr. Johnſon, prefixed to the firſt Volume of the Catalogue, was made public. He alſo wrote the Preface to the Harleian Miſcellany, though the ſelection of the Pamphlets was made by Mr. Oldys.

The death of Richard Savage, Auguſt 1, 1743, gave Dr Johnſon an opportunity of ſhewing his regard for the memory of an unfortunate man, with whom he had lived in intimacy, by writing his Life. When Savage left London, in July 1739, "he took "leave (ſays his Biographer) of his friends "with great tenderneſs, and of the author "of this narrative (i. e. his Life) with tears "in his eyes." Whether any correſpondence ſubſiſted between them while abſent, we are not informed; but from many facts mentioned in the Life, it may be preſumed there did. In February 1744, the work appeared, and on the 21ſt of that month was noticed in *The Champion*, a periodical paper, which had been, and perhaps then was, under the direction of Henry Fielding, in the following terms: "This pamphlet is, "without flattery to its Author, as juſt and "well written a piece as of its kind I "ever ſaw; ſo that at the ſame time that "it highly deſerves, it certainly ſtands very "little in need of this recommendation. As "to the Hiſtory of the unfortunate perſon "whoſe Memoirs compoſe this work, it "is certainly penned with equal accuracy "and ſpirit, of which I am ſo much the "better judge, as I know many of the facts "mentioned in it to be ſtrictly true, and very "fairly related. Beſides, it is not only the ſtory "of Mr. Savage, but innumerable incidents re-"lating to other perſons and other affairs, which "render this a very amuſing, and withal a "very inſtructive and valuable performance. "The Author's obſervations are ſhort, ſignifi-"cant, and juſt, as his narrative is remark-"ably ſmooth and well diſpoſed. His re-"flections open to us all the receſſes of the "human heart; and, in a word, a more "juſt or pleaſant, a more engaging or a "more improving treatiſe on the excel-"lencies and defects of human nature is "ſcarce to be found in our own, or, per-"haps, in any other language." In April his Life of John Philip Barratier was publiſhed in a pamphlet.

His next undertaking was an edition of Shakſpeare, which at this time failed of ſucceſs. In April 1745, he publiſhed a pamphlet, entitled "Miſcellaneous Obſervations on "the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks "on Sir T. H's (Sir Thomas Hanmer's) edi-"tion of Shakſpeare. To which is affixed, "Propoſals for a new edition of Shakſpeare, "with a Specimen." This edition was deſigned to have been printed in ten ſmall volumes at the price of one pound five ſhillings. In the Poſtſcript to the pamphlet, he was extremely ſevere on Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition, which he condemned without reſerve. On the publication of his own edition, twenty-one years afterwards, he altered his opinion of the merits of his predeceſſor's work, and beſtowed on it, at leaſt, as much praiſe as it was fairly intitled to. As Dr. Warburton at this period had his edition of Shakſpeare in contemplation, it will appear the leſs extraordinary, that the Propoſals of an anonymous writer, whoſe reputation was unſettled, ſhould be neglected. In the Preface to his edition, Dr. Warburton had the candour to exempt Dr. Johnſon's pamphlet from the general cenſure which he threw out on the Writers of Eſſays, Remarks, Obſervations, &c. on his Author, and ſpoke of it as the work of a man of parts and genius. This obligation Dr. Johnſon always acknowledged in terms of gratitude.

The ſmall encouragement his Propoſals for Shakſpeare met with, probably induced him to turn his thoughts to the moſt laborious and important of his works, his Dictionary of the Engliſh Language. This might then be eſteemed one of the deſiderata of Engliſh literature; and, when it is conſidered as the performance of one man, will ever remain a monument of conſummate genius, application, taſte, and judgment. Mr. Addiſon had once entertained a like deſign, and we are told was offered three thouſand pounds by Jacob Tonſon to compleat it *. Dr. Johnſon ſays he was furniſhed by Mr. Locker with a collection of examples, ſelected from Tillotſon's works by Mr. Addiſon, for this undertaking, but that it came too late to be of uſe; he therefore inſpected it but ſlightly, and, from an indiſtinct remembrance, thought the paſſages too ſhort †. In the year 1746, we find no performance of Dr. Johnſon pub-

* See a Letter from Dr. Francis Hutchinſon to Orator Henley, publiſhed in *Oratory Tranſactions*, No. 1. p. 10. 8vo. 1728.

† Addiſon's Life, p. 65. 12mo. edition.

liſhed

liſhed. The Life of Nicholas Rienzi, in the Gentleman's Magazine of that year, has been pointed out, but with no degree of certainty.

Having formed and digeſted the plan of his Engliſh Dictionary, he communicated it to the Public (in 1747) in a pamphlet, intituled, "The Plan of a Dictionary of the Engliſh Language; addreſſed to the Right Honourable Philip Dormer, Earl of Cheſterfield, one of His Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State." 4to. From a paſſage in this pamphlet, it may be preſumed that he was not unknown to Mr. Pope, by whom he ſays many of the writers whoſe teſtimonies will be alledged, were ſelected; and of whom he adds, "I may be juſtified in aſſerting, that "were he ſtill alive, ſolicitous as he was for "the ſucceſs of this work, he would not "be diſpleaſed that I have undertaken it." In September this year, Mr. Garrick commenced Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, and opened his houſe with the excellent Prologue, which may be conſidered as the moſt perfect performance in that ſpecies of compoſition *. The Gentleman's Magazine this year (p. 239) furniſhes an Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer, and a few detached poems.

In 1748, *The Preceptor* was publiſhed by Mr. Dodſley, to which Dr. Johnſon contributed the Preface, and "The Viſion of Theodore the Hermit of Teneriff, found in his Cell." In January 1749, "The Vanity of Human Wiſhes, imitated from Juvenal," was publiſhed; and on the 6th of February, the tragedy of Irene, under the title of "Mahomet and Irene," was firſt acted at Drury-Lane Theatre. Though the principal characters were ſupported by Garrick, Barry, Pritchard, and Cibber, it was not ſucceſsful. It, however, was performed nine nights, at the end of which it was laid aſide; and with it the Author gave up all further views of emolument from the ſtage. In November this year, Lauder's extraordinary attack on Milton was publiſhed in "An Eſſay on the imitation of the Moderns in the Paradiſe Loſt;" and Dr. Johnſon was impoſed upon ſo much by the Author, that he wrote for him the Preface and Poſtſcript to his work. In Dr. Douglas's Anſwer, printed the next year, that writer ſays, "It is to be hoped, "nay it is expected, that the elegant and "nervous writer, whoſe judicious ſentiments "and inimitable ſtyle point out the Author "of Lauder's Preface and Poſtſcript, will "no longer allow one to plume himſelf "with his feathers who appears ſo little to "have deſerved his aſſiſtance; an aſſiſtance "which, I am perſuaded, would never "have been communicated, had there been "the leaſt ſuſpicion of thoſe facts which "I have been the inſtrument of conveying "to the world †." Dr. Douglas's expectation was not without foundation. Dr. Johnſon not only diſclaimed the fraud, but inſiſted on the impoſtor confeſſing his offence; which he accordingly did, in a pamphlet written for him by Dr. Johnſon, whoſe hand is plainly diſcoverable in it, intituled, "A Letter to the Reverend Mr. Douglas, "occaſioned by his Vindication of Milton: "By William Lauder, M. A." 4to. 1751 ‡. On the 20th of March 1750, he began "The Rambler," and continued it twice a-week without intermiſſion, until the 17th of March 1752. On the 5th of April 1750, Comus was acted at Drury-Lane, for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter. A Prologue, written by Dr. Johnſon, who greatly intereſted himſelf on this occaſion, was ſpoken by Mr. Garrick. On the day preceding the performance, the following Letter was publiſhed by Dr. Johnſon in *The General Advertiſer*; which, being little known, and liable to be loſt in a news-paper, we ſhall here reprint.

SIR,

"THAT a certain degree of reputation is acquired merely by approving the works of genius, and teſtifying a regard to the memory of authors, is a truth too evident to be denied; and therefore to enſure a participation of fame with a celebrated Poet, many who would perhaps have contributed to ſtarve him when alive, have heaped expenſive pageants upon his grave.

* It may be neceſſary here to mention, that an Epilogue was ſpoken on the ſame occaſion by Mrs. Woffington, evidently the production of Mr. Garrick, though erroneouſly, in a late Miſcellany, aſcribed to Dr. Johnſon.

† "Milton vindicated from the Charge of Plagiariſm, brought againſt him by Mr. Lauder, and Lauder himſelf convicted of ſeveral Forgeries, and groſs Impoſitions on the Public, in a Letter to the Earl of Bath. By John Douglas, M. A." 8vo. 1751. P. 77.

‡ This Letter not anſwering Lauder's expectation, he took upon himſelf his own defence on another ground, and abuſed both his Detector and Defender. See "King Charles vindicated from the Charge of Plagiariſm, brought againſt him by Milton, and Milton himſelf convicted of Forgery, and a groſs Impoſition on the Public." 8vo. 1754. P. 4. This effort of ſpleen and malice was alſo abortive, and the Author ſoon afterwards retired to Barbadoes, where he died (1771), as he had lived, an object of general contempt.

"It muſt, indeed, be confeſſed, that this method of becoming known to poſterity with honour is peculiar to the great, or at leaſt to the wealthy; but an opportunity now offers for almoſt every individual to ſecure the praiſe of paying a juſt regard to the illuſtrious dead, united with the pleaſure of doing good to the living. To aſſiſt induſtrious indigence, ſtruggling with diſtreſs and debilitated by age, is a diſplay of virtue, and an acquiſition of happineſs and honour.

"Whoever, then, would be thought capable of pleaſure in reading the works of our incomparable Milton, and not ſo deſtitute of gratitude as to refuſe to lay out a trifle in a rational and elegant entertainment for the benefit of his living remains, for the exerciſe of their own virtue, the encreaſe of their reputation, and the pleaſing conſciouſneſs of doing good, ſhould appear at Drury-Lane Theatre to-morrow, April 5, when Comus will be performed for the benefit of Mrs. Elizabeth Foſter, grand-daughter to the author, and the only ſurviving branch of his family.

"N. B. There will be a new prologue on the occaſion, written by the author of Irene, and ſpoken by Mr. Garrick; and, by particular deſire, there will be added to the maſque a dramatic ſatire, called Lethe, in which Mr. Garrick will perform."

We ſhall juſt obſerve, that though Mr. Tonſon gave 20l. and Dr. Newton brought a large contribution, yet all their efforts, joined to the allurements of Dr. Johnſon's pen and Mr. Garrick's performance, could produce only 130l.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

IMPARTIAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW OF MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Fontainbleau; or, Our Way in France: a Comic Opera, as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden. Written by T. O'Keeffe, Eſq. Selected and compoſed by William Shield. Price 10s. 6d. Longman and Broderip.

THIS Opera, though not qualified to add to Mr. Shield's reputation as a man of ſcience, poſſeſſes ſtrokes that evince him a muſician of fancy, and a judicious compiler. The Overture, in imitation of an idea borrowed from another compoſer, is well ſelected. The ſeveral airs are choſen with judgment and arranged to effect. Indeed, in performances of this kind, in which there is no exertion of the inventive faculties, nor any of that ſcientific management and contrivance employed which conſtitute the perfection of other productions, we, at leaſt, expect what excellence they are capable of, ſince we know them to require only that merit which a man of taſte can at any time command; therefore, conſidering Mr. Shield as a muſician of genius, and that the medley idea on which he has formed his overture is no more original than the melodies he has introduced; though we have the pleaſure to allow him tolerable ſucceſs on the plan he has adopted, we cannot allow it to do him any great credit. The firſt ſong, "At Londre I was Taylor nice," ſung by Mr. Quick, and given as Mr. Shield's, is written with humour, and holds up the character of Lepoche. "My morning of life, ah! how tranquil and bright," ſet alſo by Mr. Shield, and ſung by Mr. Johnſtone, is, in our opinion, ſomewhat pleaſing, but by no means excellent: whether conſidered in its melody, expreſſion, or originality, mediocrity is the higheſt ſphere we can place it in. The old Iriſh tune given to "The Britiſh Lion is my ſign," ſung by Mrs. Kennedy, is well adapted. "Oh ling'ring time, why with us ſtay?" ſung by Mr. Banniſter, is pretty and expreſſive. The ſenſe of the words are, to do Mr. Shield juſtice, forcibly conveyed; and the air eaſy and flowingly ſmooth throughout, except in the latter part of the third bar, where the melody abruptly riſing from the original key to the ſharp fourth, produces a hard and aukward effect. The change of the time at "I feel my heart with rapture beat," forms a ſucceſsful concluſion. The Italian rondo of "Flow'rs their beauties all ſurrender," ſung by Mr. Davies, is novel, extremely pretty, and ſo well adapted to the words, as to do credit to Mr. Shield's judgment in its ſelection. "Indeed I'll do the beſt I can," ſet by Mr. Shield, and ſung by Mrs. Martyr, is new and characteriſtic. "The night when paſt in golden ſkies," ſet alſo by Mr. Shield, and ſung by Mr. Banniſter, is an air of much expreſſion; and the cadence for the voice and oboe, with which it concludes, is conceived with much

fancy.

fancy. This brings us to the *Negro Duet*, as it is termed, ſung by Mr. Johnſtone and Mrs. Banniſter, which is what it ſhould be, ſimply expreſſive, and forms a pleaſing concluſion to the firſt Act. "In London my life is a ring of delight," ſung by Mr. Edwin, and which opens the ſecond Act, is another ſong of Mr. Shield's, and does him much credit. The air, though not entirely original, is ſmooth and connected, and poſſeſſes ſtrong humour; particularly the part of it in common time, and the return to the former ſtrain, which produces a forcible effect. We now have to ſpeak of a ſong of Mr. Shield's in which he ſeems to have exerted himſelf; but genius is not always at the command of its poſſeſſor; and ſometimes when the imagination is the moſt urged, it proves the leaſt productive; by which reaſoning we account for the ineffectual labour beſtowed on this ſong, "Search all the wide creation round," ſung by Miſs Wheeler, in which we only find elaborate jumble, unconnected bombaſt, and high flights, with low or no meaning. The next ſong, "Love does ſo run in my head," from Dr. Arne, is well ſelected. The ſucceeding rondo, "Thro' circling ſweets I freely rove," ſet by Mr. Shield, and ſung by Mr. Johnſtone, is a pleaſing compoſition. "No hurry I'm in to be married," another ſong of Mr. Shield's, and ſung by Miſs Wheeler, is a poor performance: it commences quite unſcientifically, and proceeds without air or character. "The morning we're married how funny, how jolly," ſet alſo by Mr. Shield, and ſung by Mr. Edwin, is hit off with a great deal of humour; and the introduction of part of a French air, and Fiſcher's popular Rondeau, greatly ſtrengthens the effect. "Kilkenny is a handſome place," ſung by Mrs. Kennedy, which opens the third Act, is a ſong of ſome novelty and humour. The Iriſh tune given to "Tol lol de rol lol, my Tolly, my Tol," ſung by Mr. Edwin, is well choſen. The old tune ſet to "When dreſt in all my fineſt things," is truly applicable to the words, and conveys them with great ſtrength of character. "How can man ſuch pleaſure find?" ſet by Mr. Shield, and ſung by Mr. Banniſter, is a pleaſing air. The melody is ſmooth and eaſy, and the diviſions, though ſomewhat eccentric, are, in themſelves, well fancied, and afford an agreeable relief to the other parts of the ſong. The ſucceeding ſong, compoſed by Mr. Shield, and ſung by Mr. Johnſtone, we cannot treat of in the ſtile of panegyric: its efforts to convey the ſentiments of the poets are weak; and whilſt it wants a connection and novelty of melody, no character is preſented to the hearer. The glee "How ſweet, how freſh, the vernal day," is charming; and at the ſame time that it does honour to Mr. Paxton as its author, reflects credit on the choice of Mr. Shield in its preſent application. All that we can ſay of the Vaudeville, or Finale, is, that it is tolerable: nothing ſtriking occurs in any part of it, and the ſubject is palpably the ſame with that of the laſt movement of the overture to Roſina.

Collins's Ode on the Paſſions, ſet to Muſic by Benjamin Cooke, M. D. Organiſt and Maſter of the Choriſters of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Weſtminſter, and of St. Martin's in the Fields. Dedicated to the Right Honourable Brownlow Earl of Exeter, the Right Honourable John Earl of Sandwich, the Right Honourable Henry Earl of Uxbridge, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart. Sir Richard Jebb, Bart. who under the Royal Patronage ſo nobly preſided, and to Joah Bates, Eſq. who by their direction ſo judiciouſly ſelected and ſo ably conducted the Muſic at the Commemoration of Handel.

IN this elaborate production of Dr. Cooke, though Genius does not unremittingly preſide, nor Judgment, her Prime Miniſter, always lend her ſalutary counſel, yet we find much effect of the reigning principle of the former, and many happy regulations of the latter. Indeed, for ſo arduous an undertaking as the adapting muſic to an Ode like this, which has for its object the delineation of all the paſſions incident to nature, ſuch variety and ſtrength of feeling muſt a compoſer poſſeſs; ſuch powers to reach the expreſſion of thoſe feelings, and acuteneſs of judgment to direct thoſe powers; that if the author has acquitted himſelf even with no more than decency, we muſt pronounce him a muſician of much ſenſe and ingenuity, and admit this work as a monument of his merits.

The overture, in C major, opens with a movement of dignity, which introduces an excellent fugue: its ſubject is novel, ſpirited, and well ſupported through the ſeveral parts; many ſtriking ideas occaſionally riſe from it; and, while the whole is evidently deeply ſtudied, a happy boldneſs of effect is its firſt characteriſtic. From the fugue we proceed to a pleaſing eaſy minuet in A minor, which having ſucceſsfully performed its taſk of relieving the preceding fugue, leads us to the laſt movement, where we find ſufficient judgement and fire of imagination to form an animated and judicious concluſion.

The ſimple introduction of the firſt two lines in recitative is well judged, and the ſucceeding change at "The Paſſions oft to hear her ſhell," of good effect: the ideas of "exulting, trembling, raging, fainting," are expreſſed with much ſucceſs; and the fugue chorus,

chorus, "By turns they felt the glowing mind," is well conceived, and conducted with great maſtery. In the following chorus, we cannot approve of the general dwell of the voices on the word *fill'd:* The Paſſions, Collins tells us,

————were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, wrapt, inſpir'd:

We therefore, not without the deference due to Dr. Cooke's judgement, ſubmit it to his opinion, whether the long note he has given to the above word is ſufficiently expreſſive of the ideas it in this place comprehends?—or, whether fire, fury, rapture, and inſpiration, would not be better deſcribed in disjointed, ſhort, and ſudden, or *ſnatching* notes? which laſt idea we find verbally in the poet:

"From the ſupporting myrtles round,
"They *ſnatch'd* her inſtruments of ſound."

We are aware that we may be anſwered by being told, that where the word *ſnatch'd* occurs, the muſician has employed the very muſic we recommend for its expreſſion; which reply we allow to be juſt: but if it is proper to the deſcribing that action, why not neceſſary to the depicting thoſe feelings with which the Paſſions are ſaid to be *filled*, and of which the action of *ſnatching* is only the index, or one of the ſigns? This obſervation applies, indeed, to the whole chorus: and ſince the juſt deſcription either of a Paſſion, or its actions, or viſible effects, are the ſame, the whole chorus ſhould have been in one movement. The words are:

Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd!
From the ſupporting myrtles round,
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound;
And as they oft had heard a part,
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madneſs rul'd the hour,
Wou'd prove his own expreſſive pow'r.

Now what do we find here but a delineation of the general ſtate in which the Paſſions were, when, reſolved to prove their ſeveral powers of expreſſion, they *ſnatched* their inſtruments of ſound? Here is no variety of feelings, for they all felt alike; all were fired, filled with fury, and mad to evince their ſeveral powers of expreſſion: in which trial Dr. Cooke, it muſt be confeſſed, has done them juſtice. Here variety is the ſoul of the muſic, and here the compoſer has judiciouſly infuſed that ſoul.

The paſſion of Fear, with which the exertions commence, is well given: the accompanyment is highly effectual, and the thought at "and back recoil'd," truly characteriſtic. The expreſſion of Anger is alſo ſtrong both in the voice and inſtruments; Deſpair is given with a conſiderable degree of force; the fits of Melancholy and ſtarts of Wildneſs are not without ſtrength of colour; yet, upon the whole, the two preceding efforts predominate.

Hope is charmingly expreſſed: but we are at a loſs to know why the firſt line is made a ſlow recitative, ſince it is as much addreſſed to Hope as the ſecond line, and indeed is a part of the appeal with which the ſtanza opens:—As for inſtance:

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delightful meaſure?

conſequently, if it is proper to apply chearful muſic to the ſecond line, it is equally applicable to the firſt; yet this is but a trivial objection, compared with the many beauties found in the deſcription of this paſſion. The echo is moſt happily expreſſed, the paſſage given to "a ſoft reſponſive voice," is truly beautiful, and the concluſion finely animating.

The following recitative we cannot entirely approve: it opens properly, but certainly ſhould not have been continued without variation beyond "And longer had ſhe ſung;" inſtead of which we find it applied to—

And longer had ſhe ſung—But with a frown;

and the word "Revenge impatient roſe," marked *largo*, or ſlow, and then repeated as the firſt line of a bold and rapid air: We have conſequently two objections to ſubſtantiate.

Firſt, then, the recitative ſhould not have proceeded unchanged farther than "And longer had ſhe ſung," becauſe "but with a frown Revenge impatient roſe" is the commencement and part of the deſcription of Revenge; and if any part of that deſcription is proper for air, this muſt be ſo too, and ſhould form a part of that air.—Secondly, if "Revenge impatient roſe," muſt be given in recitative before it is heard in the air, why is it done in ſlow notes? Surely, a paſſage in *largo* is not very illuſtrative of the impatience of Revenge, which, indeed, the Doctor ſeems to confeſs, by afterwards repeating the ſame words to very different muſic; and appears to tell us, he has committed an error, but has endeavoured to atone for it in the after-thought. And we are happy to acknowledge, that he has more than atoned—he has doubly repaid us. All the variety of this paſſion is finely touched; and the ſeveral returns to the original thought in the air, have a ſtriking effect; and the accompanyments throughout are perfectly adapted. The ſucceeding air, "Call forth ſuch numbers ſoft and clear," which is harmonized, and given as a Glee, is a beautiful piece of melody, and charmingly expreſſive of the tender paſſion it has for its ſubject. Jealouſy,

with

with its ſeveral changes, is ſucceſsfully pourtrayed in the ſucceeding air. The accompanyments give a ſtrong colouring to the expreſſion, and the baſs is happily choſen. In Melancholy, who next comes forward, the compoſer has done ample juſtice to the poet. Amidſt the beauties of true expreſſion, he has copiouſly ſcattered the charms of melody, and made his ſong perfectly what Milton deſcribes that of the Nightingale to be, "moſt muſical, moſt melancholy." The air of "When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue," is finely characteriſtic of that paſſion: the Doctor ſeems to have hit upon the only melody that would ſo well have expreſſed the ſenſe, and may, indeed, in any acceptation of the word, be ſaid to have given Chearfulneſs her true *air*. The introduction of the duet and chorus greatly add to the effect; and the change of the time, at "Brown Exerciſe rejoiced to hear," is well judged: yet, at the ſame time, we cannot but obſerve, that the words "And Sport leapt up," claim an expreſſion very different from that we here find:—the idea is not conveyed. We come now to the concluding air, "Laſt came Joy's extatic trial." Here Dr. Cooke ſeems, in imitation of the poet, to have reſerved his greater powers for the latter exertions. It is no flattery to ſay, that all which the fineſt deſcription of Joy could inſpire, he has performed. The melody teems with brilliant ideas, and the accompanyments add their luſtre in every bar. The ſucceeding chorus is a work of great art, and, while it does honour to the compoſer's talents, evinces him a muſician of deep ſcience. The variation of movement at "Ariſe, as in that elder time," and again, at "Thy wonders in that godlike age," are highly judicious. The following recitative is good; as alſo the ſemichorus, "O, bid our vain endeavours ceaſe." The laſt chorus, "Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece," is a ſound piece of harmony, and forms a good concluſion to an excellent work.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

BENJAMIN COOKE was educated under that famous theoriſt Dr. Pepuſch, who was the muſical oracle of his day, and to whom all the maſters reſorted for information and knowledge.

Many years of the younger part of Dr. Cooke's life were ſpent as deputy to Mr. Robinſon, then organiſt of the collegiate church of St. Peter, Weſtminſter-Abbey.

On the death of Mr. Robinſon, he was choſen organiſt of that church; on the reſignation of Mr. Gates, was appointed Maſter of the Boys at the ſame place; and on the death of Mr. Kelway, organiſt of St. Martin's in the Fields.

The concert eſtabliſhed in 1710, under the title of "The Academy of Antient Muſic," formerly held at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, and now at Free-Maſon's Hall, in Great Queen-ſtreet, Long-Acre, has for many years received the aſſiſtance of Dr. Cooke's performance.

A public muſical meeting at Cambridge drew Benjamin Cooke to that place, not with an intention of taking his degrees, but merely as an auditor; but the Univerſity, who knew his merit, would not ſuffer him to depart without conferring a title on him. Cooke modeſtly refuſed—the Univerſity inſiſted. He was unprepared, and obliged to write to London for a *Te Deum*, which was his exerciſe.

At the Commemoration of Handel, held in May laſt, in Weſtminſter-Abbey, Dr. Cooke was appointed one of the Sub-Directors of that celebrity, in conjunction with ſeven of his muſical brethren, as a mark of diſtinguiſhed ability.

Of his compoſitions, they have generally been confined to the muſic of the church. Few of his works have appeared in print; but thoſe few are good. Amongſt other things his Catches, Canons, and Glees, are in high eſtimation. "Hark; the lark at Heaven's gate ſings," is too well known and approved to need a panegyric.

A few years ſince Dr. Cooke publiſhed an overture and inſtrumental accompanyments to Gallard's Hymn in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, which was well executed, and as well received.

Of his knowledge in muſic, it is needleſs to ſay any thing; his works are a ſufficient teſtimony; but it will not be any eaſy matter to determine whether he is moſt admired for the excellence of his compoſitions, or for the ſimplicity of his manners, and the integrity of his heart.

ROYAL CUSTOMS.

THE greateſt delight which the laſt King of Pruſſia enjoyed except amaſſing money to be hoarded up in barrels and conſigned to the royal cellars, was reviewing his gigantic troops, which he had purchaſed, or kidnapped, from all parts of the world. After his Majeſty had fatiated his eyes with beholding his tall monſters, he uſed to take a walk through the ſtreets of Berlin. His people had ſuch terror whenever they ſaw him, that they fled from him as faſt as their legs would carry them. If he happened to meet a wo-

man,

man, he would aſk her why ſhe ſtaid idling her time in the ſtreets? and exclaim thus: "Go, get home with you, you lazy huſſey: an honeſt woman has no buſineſs over the threſhold of her own door." If his Majeſty was in the humour, which was not ſeldom, he would accompany his admonition with a good box on the ear, a kick, or ſome well-applied ſtrokes with a long ſerjeant's cane, with which he conſtanly walked the ſtreets.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

On the ELEGANT and REFINED PLEASURES of the TABLE.

MARCUS VARRO, in a treatiſe of the diſpoſition and order of an elegant banquet, the choice, condition, and qualities of the gueſts, begins firſt with their number, which, he ſays, ſhould not be leſs than the Graces, nor more than the Muſes. They ought not to be many, that every perſon may have his turn to ſpeak, as well as to hear. A large company is ſubject to noiſe and confuſion; and a number of equals cannot be reſtrained within the bounds of decency and reſpect towards each other.

Four things, he ſays, are requiſite toward an elegant entertainment. The gueſts muſt be of ſome quality, well-bred, and well-dreſſed: the place retired from public view, and all diſturbances of paſſengers, or buſineſs, where the company may hear nothing but what proceeds from themſelves: the time convenient, neither too late nor too early; for an early ſupper * follows too ſoon upon dinner, and a late one breaks in upon our hours of reſt, as well as the buſineſs of the next day: the apartment, attendants, and the whole apparatus for the feaſt, rather neat than fine, elegant than rich; and the entertainment ſuch as the invited may afford, each in their turns.

The company ſhould not be great talkers, nor too ſilent; but ingenious perſons, knowing when to ſpeak, and when to liſten; rather facetious and witty, than argumentative or rhetorical. Eloquence is proper for a ſenate, and diſputation may be neceſſary at the bar; but a more conciſe expreſſion, and quicker repartee, are fitter talents for familiar converſe.

The gueſts ſhould neither be all old, nor all young men; for the one talk of nothing but former times, *laudator temporis acti*; and the other only ſpeak of preſent debauches or amours. Upon ſuch meetings, the old ſhould aſſume an air of youth, and the young ought, to comport themſelves with a *pro tempore* gravity; which will bring the extremes to meet in an happy and ſocial medium. A perfect company ſhould be like a concert of muſic, where the thirds, fifths, and eighths, form the harmony together.

Stories ſhould be rarely introduced, becauſe they prevent the freedom of converſation too long, and may occaſion diſguſt three ſeveral ways:—by being tedious, common, or ill told. The diſcourſe ought never to turn upon politics, private concerns, or ſubjects in which any of the company is at all intereſted; for people are apt to argue about ſuch matters with ſomewhat more earneſtneſs and warmth than may be conſiſtent with the mirth and chearfulneſs that is chiefly meant to be enjoyed in ſuch ſocieties, where nothing ſhould be ſpoken of but ſuch pleaſing and improving topics as beauty, painting, muſic, poetry, or the antient and modern writers; by which charming themes we may both exerciſe and exalt our genius, inſtead of puzzling and ſtraining the mind with abſtruſe poſitions, or controverſial arguments, which ariſe frequently from an affectation of ſuperior knowledge, and is the worſt effect, as well as the ſureſt ſign of ſelf-ſufficiency. Such perſons often conclude themſelves in the right, becauſe others chuſe to ſpare themſelves the idle trouble of proving them in the wrong; which is an acquieſcence that their opinionated obſtinacy exacts from modeſt ſenſe, and not any manner of compliment to their vain underſtanding.

To conclude, every gueſt ought to be left at liberty, both in wine as well as meat; for it is among men as among horſes, the bridle is required to ſome, and the ſpur to others.

Here Varro ſeems to have made a falſe alluſion; for the leaving every body to their liberty, is an odd way of reſtraining and ſpurring people. But the obvious ſenſe of this paſſage, like many of the ancient writings, is different from the true ſpirit of the compoſition. What he means is, that, as every man knows what pitch agrees beſt with his own genius and conſtitution, he ſhould be left to his option, either to uſe a free or moderate glaſs, according as his own judgment or experience may direct.

* The chief meal among the Romans was their ſupper; and all their banquets or entertainments were made at night.

For

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A FRAGMENT.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? HOR.

POOR Cleora! I knew her when ſhe was poſſeſſed of jewels, equipages, and all the pomp, magnificence, and ſplendor, which affluence could produce: but ſhe is now no more. I ſaw her breathe her laſt: I heard her ſhrieks of miſery, wretchedneſs, and woeful lamentations!

Cleora was young and beautiful; her converſe was ſenſible, prudent, and endearing. In Cleora centered all the ſoftneſs of a ſummer's morn, and the ſerenity of a mild day, when the ſportive zephyrs play in each avenue and vale.

Cleora's huſband was young, gay, airy, manly, and fond of gaming. Impatient of contradiction, he was the firſt to reſent ideal injuries.——Florio loſt his all at dice.—A friend ſuppoſed himſelf injured by him, and a challenge was the conſequence. They fought, Florio fell, but was carried home juſt time enough to expiate his crimes by true repentance, and to receive the laſt fervent embrace of conjugal faith and honour.

What a ſight for Cleora! what agonizing pangs for a heart well fraught with every ſentiment of affection and conſtancy!—her huſband mortally wounded, and ſcarcely a moment to live!——

Florio expired in Cleora's arms, and his death was the commencement of her deeper ſorrow. She fainted with her huſband's corpſe in her arms, and was bereft of her ſenſes two hours, only awaking to a new and a more poignant ſenſe of her miſery.

The officers of juſtice had taken poſſeſſion of Florio's houſe, and were entering the dining room, where Cleora lay a ſenſeleſs, melancholy object, almoſt as pale and lifeleſs as her murdered huſband, with an intention to take an inventory of the goods. They were ſtruck with horror at the ſight, and not without painful emotions could they execute their duty. Cleora faintly opened her eyes, and, gazing wildly around her, ſaw them marking a picture hanging on the wainſcot.—"Villains! "villains!" exclaimed the poor Cleora, "'tis my huſband's picture!—you have "killed him; and will not leave me his "ſhadow!——See where he comes! look "how he ſmiles!—ſtand off, and let me "claſp him in my arms! Oh! he is my life, "my joy, my comfort! he is my Florio!— "My huſband! come, come to my arms, "and hide your ſorrows in my boſom! Alas! "he is vaniſhed!—Vaniſhed! oh! no, there "he lies, a dead and mangled corpſe!—Oh! "my poor heart!"——She fainted, and never more came to herſelf.

Reaſon grows dull, and philoſophy cold, when we behold a woman of the faireſt fame, and loveliеſt form, fall a ſacrifice to grief and deſpair. 'Tis more than humanity can ſupport.

I ſaw Cleora's remains enſhrined with her huſband's, and wept a tear of ſenſibility over their bier.

BUXTON LANX.

London, Dec. 15, 1784.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

THE attention of the public has lately been ſo much directed towards Dr. Johnſon and his writings, that I am perſuaded the following performance, which is little known, will be acceptable to the majority of your Readers. It is believed that Dr. Johnſon never condeſcended to reply to any other writer; and therefore it may be conſidered as a curious ſpecimen of his controverſial abilities. The Gentleman againſt whom it was directed is poſſeſſed of ſo many virtues, that even this piece will not leſſen him in the opinion of the world. He has had the honour of being noticed by no ignoble adverſary; and if he has been defeated, he has fallen by one with whom it will be conſidered as meritorious to have been thought worthy of contending.

I am, &c. C. D.

IT is obſerved in the ſage *Gil Blas*, that an exaſperated author is not eaſily pacified. I have, therefore, very little hope of making my peace with the writer of the Eight Days Journey; indeed, ſo little, that I have long deliberated whether I ſhould not rather ſit ſilently down under his diſpleaſure, than aggravate my misfortune by a defence of which my heart forebodes the ill ſucceſs. Deliberation is often uſeleſs. I am afraid that I have at laſt made the wrong choice, and that I might better have reſigned my cauſe without a ſtruggle to time and fortune, ſince I ſhall run the hazard of a new offence by the neceſſity of aſking him *why he is angry?*

Diſtreſs and terror often diſcover to us thoſe faults with which we ſhould never have

have reproached ourſelves in a happy ſtate. Yet, dejected as I am, when I review the tranſaction between me and this writer, I cannot find that I have been deficient in reverence. When his book was firſt printed, he hints, that I procured a ſight of it before it was publiſhed. How the ſight of it was procured, I do not now very exactly remember; but if my curioſity was greater than my prudence, if I laid rath hands on the fatal volume, I have ſurely ſuffered like him who burſt the box from which evil ruſhed into the world.

I took it, however, and inſpected it as the work of an author not higher than myſelf, and was confirmed in my opinion when I found that theſe letters were *not written to be printed*. I concluded, however, that though not *written* to be *printed*, they were *printed* to be *read*, and inſerted one of them in the collection of *November* laſt. Not many days after, I received a note, informing me, that I ought to have waited for a more correct edition. This injunction was obeyed. The edition appeared, and I ſuppoſed myſelf at liberty to tell my thoughts upon it, as upon any other book, upon a Royal Manifeſto, or an Act of Parliament. But ſee the fate of ignorant temerity! I now find, but find too late, that inſtead of a writer whoſe only power is in his pen, I have irritated an important member of an important Corporation; a man who, as he tells us in his letters, puts horſes to his chariot.

It was allowed to the diſputant of old, to yield up the controverſy with little reſiſtance to the maſter of ſixty legions. Thoſe who know how weakly naked truth can defend her advocates, would forgive me if I ſhould pay the ſame reſpect to a Governor of the Foundlings; yet the conſciouſneſs of my own rectitude of intention incites me to aſk once again, how I have offended?

There are only three ſubjects upon which my unhappy pen has happened to venture—Tea; the Author of the Journal; and the Foundling Hoſpital.

Of Tea, what have I ſaid? That I have drank it twenty years without hurt, and therefore believe it not to be poiſon; that if it dries the fibres, it cannot ſoften them; that if it conſtringes, it cannot relax. I have modeſtly doubted whether it has diminiſhed the ſtrength of our men, or the beauty of our women; and whether it much hinders the progreſs of our woollen or iron manufactures; but I allowed it to be a barren ſuperfluity, neither medicinal nor nutritious, that neither ſupplied ſtrength nor chearfulneſs, neither relieved wearineſs nor exhilarated ſorrow: I inferred, without charge or ſuſpicion of falſhood, the ſums exported to purchaſe it; and propoſed a law to prohibit it for ever.

Of the Author I unfortunately ſaid, that his injunction was ſomewhat too magiſterial. This I ſaid before I knew that he was a Governor of the Foundlings; but he ſeems inclined to puniſh this failure of reſpect, as the Czar of *Muſcovy* made war upon *Sweden*, becauſe he was not treated with ſufficient honours when he paſſed through the country in diſguiſe. Yet was not this irreverence without extenuation. Something was ſaid of the merit of *meaning well*, and the Journaliſt was declared to be a man *whoſe failings might well be pardoned for his virtues*. This is the higheſt praiſe which human gratitude can confer upon human merit—praiſe that would have more than ſatisfied *Titus* or *Auguſtus*, but which I muſt own to be inadequate and penurious when offered to the member of an important Corporation.

I am aſked, whether I meant to *ſatyrize* the man or *criticiſe* the writer, when I ſay, that *he believes, only perhaps becauſe he has inclination to believe it, that the* Engliſh *and* Dutch *conſume more tea than the vaſt empire of* China. Between the writer and the man I did not at that time conſider the diſtinction. The writer I found not of more than mortal might, and I did not immediately recollect that the man put horſes to his chariot. But I did not write wholly without conſideration. I knew but two cauſes of belief, evidence and inclination. What evidence the Journaliſt could have of the *Chineſe* conſumption of tea, I was not able to diſcover. The officers of the *Eaſt-India* Company are excluded, they beſt know why, from the towns and the country of *China*; they are treated as we treat gypſies and vagrants, and obliged to retire every night to their own hovel. What intelligence ſuch travellers may bring is of no great importance. And though the miſſionaries boaſt of having once penetrated further, I think they have never calculated the tea drank by the *Chineſe*. There being thus no evidence for his opinion, to what could I aſcribe it but to inclination?

I am yet charged more heavily for having ſaid, that *he has no intention to find any thing right at home*. I believe every reader refuſed this imputation to the ſubject which produced it, and ſuppoſed me to inſinuate only, that he meant to ſpare no part of the tea-table, whether eſſence or circumſtance. But this line he has ſelected as an inſtance of virulence and acrimony, and confutes it by a lofty and ſplendid panegyric on himſelf. He aſſerts, that he finds many

things

things right at home, and that he loves his country almoſt to enthuſiaſm.

I had not the leaſt doubt that he found in his country many things to pleaſe him, nor did I ſuppoſe that he deſired the ſame inverſion of every part of life as of the uſe of tea. The propoſal of drinking tea four ſhewed indeed ſuch a diſpoſition to practical paradoxes, that there was reaſon to fear leſt ſome ſucceeding letter ſhould recommend the dreſs of the *Picts* or the cookery of the *Eſquimaux*. However, I met with no other innovations, and therefore was willing to hope that he found ſomething right at home.

But his love of his country ſeemed not to riſe quite to enthuſiaſm, when, amidſt his rage againſt tea, he made a ſmooth apology for the *Eaſt-India* Company, as men who might not think themſelves obliged to be political arithmeticians. I hold, though no enthuſiaſtic patriot, that every man who lives and trades under the protection of a community is obliged to conſider whether he hurts or benefits thoſe who protect him; and that the moſt which can be indulged to private intereſt is a neutral traffic, if any ſuch can be, by which our country is not injured, though it may not be benefited.

But he now renews his declamation againſt Tea, notwithſtanding the greatneſs or power of thoſe that have intereſt or inclination to ſupport it. I know not of what power or greatneſs he may dream. The importers have only an intereſt in defending it. I am ſure they are not great, and I hope they are not powerful. Thoſe whoſe inclination leads them to continue this practice, are too numerous; but I believe their power is ſuch as the Journaliſt may defy without enthuſiaſm. The love of our country, when it riſes to enthuſiaſm, is an ambiguous and uncertain virtue: when a man is enthuſiaſtic, he ceaſes to be reaſonable; and when he once departs from reaſon, what will he do but drink four tea? As the Journaliſt, though enthuſiaſtically zealous for his country, has with regard to ſmaller things the placid happineſs of philoſophical indifference, I can give him no diſturbance by adviſing him to reſtrain even the love of his country within due limits, leſt it ſhould ſometimes ſwell too high, fill the whole capacity of his ſoul, and leave leſs room for the love of truth.

Nothing now remains but that I review my poſitions concerning the Foundling Hoſpital. What I declared laſt month, I declare now once more, that I found none of the children that appeared to have heard of the Catechiſm. It is enquired, how I wandered, and how I examined? There is doubtleſs ſubtlety in the queſtion; I know not well how to anſwer it. Happily I did not wander alone; I attended ſome ladies with another gentleman, who all heard and aſſiſted the enquiry with equal grief and indignation. I did not conceal my obſervations. Notice was given of this ſhameful defect ſoon after, at my requeſt, to one of the higheſt names of the Society. This I am now told is incredible; but ſince it is true, and the paſt is out of human power, the moſt important Corporation cannot make it falſe. But why is it incredible? Becauſe in the rules of the Hoſpital the children are ordered to learn the rudiments of religion. Orders are eaſily made, but they do not execute themſelves. They ſay their Catechiſm, at ſtated times, under an able maſter. But this able maſter was, I think, not elected before laſt *February*, and my viſit happened, if I miſtake not, in *November*. The children were ſhy, when interrogated by a ſtranger. This may be true, but the ſame ſhyneſs I do not remember to have hindered them from anſwering other queſtions; and I wonder why children ſo much accuſtomed to new ſpectators ſhould be eminently ſhy.

My opponent, in the firſt paragraph, calls the inference that I made from this negligence, a haſty concluſion. To the decency of this expreſſion I had nothing to object. But as he grew hot in his career, his enthuſiaſm began to ſparkle, and in the vehemence of his Poſtſcript he charges my aſſertions, and my reaſons for advancing them, with folly and malice. His argumentation, being ſomewhat enthuſiaſtical, I cannot fully comprehend, but it ſeems to ſtand thus: My inſinuations are fooliſh or malicious, ſince I know not one of the Governors of the Hoſpital; for he that knows not the Governors of the Hoſpital muſt be very fooliſh or malicious.

He has, however, ſo much kindneſs for me, that he adviſes me to conſult my ſafety when I talk of Corporations. I know not what the moſt important Corporation can do, becoming manhood, by which my ſafety is endangered. My reputation is ſafe, for I can prove the fact; my quiet is ſafe, for I meant well; and for any other ſafety I am not uſed to be very ſolicitous.

I am always ſorry when I ſee any being labouring in vain; and in return for the Journaliſt's attention to my ſafety, I will confeſs ſome compaſſion for his tumultuous reſentment; ſince all his invectives fume into the air, with ſo little effect upon me, that I ſtill eſteem him as one that has the *merit of meaning well*, and ſtill believe him to be *a man whoſe failings may be juſtly pardoned for his virtues*.

HISTORICAL VIEW of the PROGRESS of ENGLISH SONG, from the CONQUEST to the PRESENT TIME.

By Mr. RITSON.

[Continued from Vol. VI. p. 439.]

WE now arrive at the time of Queen Elizabeth; in which we are to look for the origin of the modern Engliſh ſong; not a ſingle compoſition of that nature with the ſmalleſt degree of poetical merit, being diſcoverable at any preceding period.

We may venture to place Marlow at the head of the numerous ſong-writers of this reign; not more by reaſon of his priority, than on account of his merit: and yet his Paſtoral Invitation is the only ſong of his which has deſcended to us; poſſibly, which he wrote. But the beautiful and characteriſtic ſimplicity of this little piece is fully ſufficient to juſtify the preference here given him on the ſcore of merit. Wither, better known in the political, as well as poetical, annals of the two following reigns, muſt be eſteemed a ſongſter of this. Both he and Marlow are happily imitated by Raleigh. Spenſer has inſerted a paſtoral ſong in his Eclogues. Drayton, a ſmooth and poetic writer, has left us two or three tolerable ſongs; but his excellence is in his larger works. The genius of Shakſpeare was as univerſal as it was ſublime: his lyric productions are ſuperior to thoſe of his cotemporaries; and, than ſome of them, nothing better has ſince appeared. How much ought we to regret the valuable time he ſacrificed to the falſe taſte of his age, in the compoſition of above 150 ſonnets (the moſt difficult and inſipid metrical ſtructure ever invented), which, though from the pen of this immortal bard, we can ſcarcely endure to read!

Sir Philip Sydney wrote a number of things in and out of the Arcadia, which were then eſteemed ſongs; but they are all too much in the affected and unnatural manner of the Italian and Spaniſh poets, to deſerve this character at preſent. His friend, Lord Brooke, has, however, left us one piece, which will be always accepted as a good ſong. And ſome of the performances of Francis Daviſon appear the effuſions of a real poetical genius, and deſerve much praiſe.

The Queen herſelf had a turn for poetry, which ſhe did not diſdain to cultivate. Specimens of her talents are preſerved in contemporary publications; but none of them appears to be a perfect ſong.

Vere, Earl of Oxford, Maſter Edwards of the Queen's chapel, George Gaſcoigne, Nicholas Breton, and many other diſtinguiſhed and inferior poets, are among the ſong-writers of this reign.

It is, likewiſe, to the age of this Princeſs we are to refer the origin of the Engliſh ballad. That the common people of this, like thoſe of almoſt every other country, have always, even in their rudeſt ſtate, had ſongs to celebrate or record national or local occurrences, by whomſoever they may have been compoſed, is an incontrovertible fact. Unfortunately, however, of theſe pieces not more than two are known to exiſt. All the reſt, not having been collected or entered in large volumes, nor ever printed, are irrecoverably loſt. What a treaſure would it be to poſſeſs a collection of the vulgar ſongs compoſed and ſung during the civil wars of York and Lancaſter, in which almoſt every moment afforded ſome great, noble, intereſting, or pathetic ſubject for the imagination of the poet! How delightful, how inſtructive would be the peruſal of ſuch a little hiſtory of that turbulent and bloody period! The ponderous tomes of Lydgate and Occleve have deſcended to us in the higheſt preſervation: one would gladly ſacrifice the whole for a ſingle page! But the ſongs of which we are ſpeaking appear to have borne ſo little reſemblance to the ſtile and manner of the old ballads with which we are now acquainted, that we may fairly infer that not one of the latter exiſted before the reign of the above Princeſs. The learned and ingenious Biſhop Percy has, indeed, publiſhed a work, in which a conſiderable number of ſongs and ballads, that have never otherwiſe appeared, are aſcribed to a very remote antiquity; an antiquity altogether incompatible with the ſtile and language of the compoſitions theirſelves, moſt of which, one may be allowed to ſay, bear the ſtrongeſt intrinſic marks of a *very* modern date. But the genuineneſs of theſe pieces cannot be properly inveſtigated or determined without an inſpection of the original manuſcript, from which they are ſaid to be extracted. As to the ancient black-letter copies of the more common Engliſh ballads, of which there are ſeveral collections extant, not more than three are ſo old as the ſixteenth century, nor double the number of a more early date than the reign of K. Charles II. The reſt, to the amount of many hundreds, appear to have been printed between the Reſtoration and the commencement of the preſent century. It is not, however, meant by this to inſinuate, that none of thoſe in the two laſt deſcriptions are of equal antiquity,

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in point of compoſition, with thoſe in the firſt; the contrary is certain. That theſe ballads were originally compoſed for public ſingers by profeſſion, and perhaps immediately for printers, bookſellers, or thoſe who vended ſuch like things, is highly probable. But whether they were, in every caſe, firſt publiſhed in ſingle ſheets, and not till afterwards collected into *Garlands*, or whether they made their firſt appearance in ſuch collections, does not clearly appear. Thomas Deloney and R. Johnſon, writers by profeſſion of amuſing books for the populace, were famous ballad-makers about this period. And could we be aſſured that they were the real authors of the *Garlands*, or collections publiſhed under their reſpective names, we might be able to refer moſt of the ballads in the preſent collection to the one or to the other. Elderton has been pronounced peerleſs in the compoſition of ballads. From him the laurel deſcended to Martin Parker, the laſt, perhaps, who was any way celebrated on this account.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth is alſo the age of Madrigals, Catches, and Glees; but as theſe, though ſomewhat partaking of the nature of ſong, claim a much nearer affinity with Euterpe than with Polyhymnia, it will be ſufficient to have juſt mentioned them.

Among the ſongſters of James the Firſt's time, one is pleaſed to meet the name of that elegant writer and accompliſhed gentleman Sir Henry Wotton. Dr. Donne's imitation of Marlow, and other pieces, intitle him to a place in the liſt. And of the following ſong by Ben Jonſon, Anacreon, had Anacreon written in Engliſh, need not have been aſhamed.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiſs but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine:
The thirſt that from the ſoul doth riſe
Doth aſk a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar ſup,
I would not change for thine.

I ſent thee late a roſy wreath,
Not ſo much honouring thee
As giving it a chance that there
It could not withered be:
But thou thereon did'ſt only breathe,
And ſent'ſt it back to me,
Since when it grows, and ſmells, I ſwear,
Not of itſelf but thee.

The facetious Biſhop Corbett is likewiſe an author of this reign. His *Fairies Farewell* and *Diſtracted Puritan*, have much humour and merit. The poems of Carew afford many excellent ſongs; a little more ſimplicity might have conſiderably increaſed the number. Biſhop King, whom it would be injuſtice to forget, muſt have written toward the end of this reign.

Waller, born in 1605, may be eſteemed the firſt ſong-writer, as well as the beſt poet, of the reign of Charles I. Milton has left us a few ſongs, which would have appeared to poſſeſs more merit if they had fallen from an author of leſs dignity. Suckling's *chef d'œuvre* is his *I'll tell thee Dick*. It is to be regretted that the poetical excellence of this celebrated compoſition ſhould be degraded by groſſneſs of ſentiment and impurity of language. Butler and Sir John Denham chiefly ſignalized themſelves in ſpirited attacks on the gloomy and barbarous Roundheads. Indeed, the Rebellion and Uſurpation form the epoch of ſatyric ſongs, with which the Cavaliers ſeem, until the Reſtoration, to have kept up a conſtant poetic fire, which, if it did not any great execution, at leaſt kept the attention of loyalty awake, and, in ſome meaſure, no doubt, contributed to that happy event.

Cowley, who commenced author at a very early age, is likewiſe to be conſidered as a ſong-writer of this reign. His *Chronicle* is an admirable performance, and, had his judgment and taſte been equal to his vivacity and wit, would not have been the only ſong he had left us to commend. Lovelace, L'Eſtrange, and Shirley, were alſo writers of ſongs in this reign.

The reign of Charles the Second is the Auguſtan age of ſong; no period having produced ſo great a number of excellent writers in this ſpecies of poetry. This Prince was not only the admirer and patron of the art, he cultivated it himſelf. We have a ſong of his, beginning

I paſs all my hours in a ſhady old grove,

which, though by no means remarkable for poetical merit, has certainly enough for the compoſition of a King. Dryden was undoubtedly great in every ſpecies of poetry; but the ſongs of Etherege, Eaton, Sedley, Rocheſter, Dorſet, and Sheffield (afterwards Duke of Bucks), are maſter-pieces in this; ſome of them being abſolutely without equal in the language. Amongſt theſe is to be ranked Dorſet's incomparable Addreſs to the Ladies, written at ſea, on the eve of an engagement *.

* It is ſtrange that any perſon ſhould be ſo blind to the plaintive tenderneſs of this elegant performance as to miſtake the wit and point with which it abounds for intentional burleſque!

Otway's

Otway's pathetic remonſtrance to his inexorable miſtreſs, would have intitled him to the character of an elegant writer, even if it had been his only compoſition. Scroop, Walſh, and many other ſong-writers of merit, are to be ſingled out of

The mob of Gentlemen who wrote with eaſe.

Mrs. Behn deſerves a more particular acknowlegement. And we ſhould do injuſtice to a laborious, and, according to his own account, moſt ſucceſsful and happy writer, were we to omit the honoured name of Tom D'Urfey; who, beſides that he compoſed more ſongs, perhaps, than all his contemporaries put together; moſt of them being great favourites with the nation, and many of them ſtill remaining ſo, particularly his loyal ode of *Joy to great Cæſar*; which, once echoed by all ranks, is yet frequently chanted with delight; and, as Mr. Addiſon pleaſantly obſerves, gave the Whigs (to whom honeſt Tom was a ſworn foe, till he lived to ſee them get into power) a blow they were never able to recover during that reign: was a very good muſician, and poſſeſſed an excellent voice; with which he had frequently the high honour to entertain his Majeſty at Newmarket and elſewhere; the good-natured Monarch familiarly condeſcending to hold the paper, and accompany his artful ſtrains, or beat the time by gentle taps upon his ſhoulder †.

The ſhort time of the miſguided and unfortunate James might paſs unnoticed. We only diſcover, in the party ſongs of this period, the moſt rancorous hatred diſplayed in the groſſeſt ſcurrility. But what an aſtoniſhing effect theſe vulgar and deſpicable rhapſodies had upon the temper of the times, we may, in ſome meaſure, conjecture from the brags of that unprincipled character, Lord (afterwards Marquis of) Wharton, who was wont to boaſt that, by the moſt fooliſh of them all ‡, he had rhimed the King out of his dominions.

James was not inſenſible to the powers of poetry and wit; he had conceived a great friendſhip for Wycherly, on whom he beſtowed many favours. We mention this poet as a ſong-writer; but all his performances as ſuch, however well adapted they might be to the licentious manners and too luxuriant wit of his age, are now deſervedly neglected.

The Revolution, one may be certain, did not take place without giving riſe to numbers of ſongs and ballads both for and againſt that important event. But all of them are too ſtrongly tinctured with the venom of party, to retain the leaſt appearance of merit.

The Prince who obtained poſſeſſion of the vacant throne was too much of the phlegmatic Dutchman to be ſenſible of the merit, or ſuſceptible of the power, of poetry, muſic, or ſong. Even the harp of Orpheus would have made no impreſſion upon *him*. Her Majeſty, however, as we learn from a curious anecdote, had not ſacrificed to a throne her infantine reliſh for the homely Engliſh ballad §.

Prior is the firſt poet of eminence we meet with after this period. His ſongs are numerous; moſt of them are ſpirited, ingenious and witty; a few are tender, ſentimental, and pathetic; all excellent in their kind. Lanſdown, a writer of name, has left us ſome indifferent ſongs. Congreve, gay, ſprightly, and licentious, too frequently ſuffered his wit to ſurpriſe his judgment. The little piece, however, beginning

Falſe though ſhe be to me and love,

is no unpleaſing proof of what he was capa-

† The King underſtood muſic ſufficiently to ſing the tenor part of an eaſy ſong. He would ſometimes ſing with Mr. Goſtling, one of the Gentlemen of his Chapel, who was maſter of a fine voice; the Duke of York accompanying them on the guitar. Hawkins, IV. 359.

‡ Lilliburlero. See Percy, II. 367.

§ "The Queen having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with muſic, ſent to Mr. Goſtling, then one of the Chapel, and afterwards Subdean of St. Paul's, to Henry Purcell and Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice, and an admirable hand on the lute, with a requeſt to attend her: they obeyed her commands." Mr. Goſtling and Mrs. Hunt ſung ſeveral compoſitions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpſichord: at length the Queen beginning to grow tired, aſked Mrs. Hunt if ſhe could not ſing the old Scots ballad 'Cold and Raw.' Mrs. Hunt anſwered yes, and ſung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while ſitting at the harpſichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his muſic; but ſeeing her Majeſty delighted with this tune, he determined that ſhe ſhould hear it upon another occaſion; and accordingly in the next birth-day ſong, viz. that for the year 1692, he compoſed an air to the words, 'May her bright example chace vice in troops out of the land,' the baſs whereof is the tune to Cold and Raw: it is printed in the ſecond part of the Orpheus Britannicus, and is note for note the ſame with the Scots tune." Hawkins, IV. 6.

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ble of. The ſongs of Rowe, on the contrary, are all ſoft, tender, and plaintive. The conſequence is, that his *Deſpairing Shepherd* will be admired when *Buxom Joan* is entirely forgotten.

With Steel, who has left ſuch a favourable ſpecimen of his talents for two different kinds of ſong, the tender and the lively, as to make us regret they were not more exerted, we may commence the reign of Queen Anne. Phillips's happy verſion of Sappho is deſervedly eſteemed a conſiderable acquiſition to Engliſh ſong. The name of Addiſon will do the ſubject more credit than the two pieces to which it could with certainty be prefixed may be thought to do him. The firſt of them, however, is in the true ſpirit of Rochester, and has abundant merit. And there is ſome reaſon to ſuſpect that many of his beſt ſongs have been uſually printed either under a different name, or without any name at all. Tickell has united the tendereſt ſentiments with the moſt intereſting narrative: *Colin and Lucy* is unrivalled. Of the few ſongs of Parnell, though none of them ſeem to be remarkable for that peculiar ſweetneſs which diſtinguiſhes his more ſerious compoſitions, the little paſtoral in the preſent volume has been always admired. Hill, without his affectation and love of conceit, would have been, if not a poet, a ſong-writer of eminence. He is one of thoſe writers whom we can hardly praiſe, and muſt be loth to condemn. Byrom's beautiful and celebrated paſtoral ſong of Colin and Phœbe was the production of this æra. Of this ſpecies of ſong ſimplicity is the principal requiſite; but even ſimplicity may be affected, exceſſive, and puerile; and ſuch has, not perhaps without reaſon, been pronounced the fault of this popular performance; though much may, doubtleſs, be alledged in extenuation of it, from the nature of his ſubject and the practice of greater writers.

Gay, the accompliſhed, the inimitable Gay, is the ornament of the enſuing reign. The infinite obligations which the lovers of ſong are under to this admirable writer can never be ſufficiently expreſſed. Lively, humourous, witty, elegant, tender, and pathetic; happy and ſucceſsful in whatever the univerſality of his genius prompted him to undertake; his ſpirit, his ſentiment, his language are pure nature; and, while a love of poetry and ſong, or a particle of taſte, remains among us, will certainly be remembered, and muſt always pleaſe. The ingenious and libertine Duke of Wharton is a ſong-writer of this period. Booth, Croxall, Concanen, Budgell, Lady M. W. Montague, Sir W. Yonge, and others, are entitled, with various degrees of merit, to the ſame character. Carey ought not to be mentioned without every commendation. His happy ſimplicity and unaffected manner intereſt and charm the reader of natural taſte. *Sally in our Alley* was a particular favourite of Mr. Addiſon; and *his* judgment, which, however, wants no countenance, is confirmed by his popularity.

[*To be continued.*]

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The FATAL EFFECTS of INDULGING the PASSIONS:

EXEMPLIFIED IN

The HISTORY of M. DE LA PALINIERE.

By MADAME GENLIS.

[Continued from Vol. VI. p. 436.]

MY propenſity to play ſoon brought on many new connections; I viſited all thoſe which are called open houſes, becauſe at ſuch I was ſure to find a large aſſembly of Gameſters.

One night, after ſupper, at the *** Ambaſſador's, I won three thouſand guineas of a young man called the Marquis de Clainville. I was not acquainted with him, but his perſon and manners intereſted me in his behalf: I ſaw his deſpair at the loſs of ſo conſiderable a ſum, and as I was not yet gameſter enough to remain inſenſible to every thing but money, I had a great deſire he ſhould win his guineas again: he ſaw my deſign, and through delicacy would play no more; but whiſpered me, with great emotion, I ſhould be paid the next day. He quitted the company, and left an impreſſion of anxiety on my mind, which was increaſed by the ill fortune that attended my play the reſt of the evening; during which I loſt two thouſand guineas, and went home at ſix in the morning, fatigued, exhauſted, and out of humour with myſelf, and the way in which I had ſpent my evening.

I received the three thouſand guineas I had won on the morrow, and four days after my uncle entered my room betimes in the morning, telling me he was come to ſpeak to me concerning a very important affair. We retired.

tired to an inner apartment, and I aſked my uncle what were his commands?

You ſee me grieved to the ſoul, ſaid he, and you are the cauſe.

I!—Which way?—How?

You know d'Elbène has been my moſt intimate friend for theſe thirty years; he has an only daughter, whom he adores, who was on the point of marriage. Authorized by the conſent of her father, ſhe loved the Marquis de Clainville, her deſtined huſband, and each party had given their promiſe——

Well!

The Marquis loſt three thouſand guineas at play with you, and d'Elbène has withdrawn his conſent; he will not give his daughter to a Gameſter. But this is not all; the father of the unfortunate young man, irritated at this adventure, has obtained a *lettre de cachet*, and poor Clainville is this day deported for Saumur, where, it is ſaid, he is to be confined for two years.

Oh heavens! Unhappy youth! To loſe at once his father's affection, his miſtreſs, and his liberty! And am I the cauſe, the innocent cauſe of all his miſery! But how could I divine his ſituation? How might I prevent his folly?

When we have only a ſlight knowledge of thoſe we play high with, and cannot tell whether they can pay their debts *of honour* without their own deſtruction, ſuch horrid conſequences muſt often follow; and thus it is, that Gameſters always unite inhumanity to extravagance. To play high againſt a perſon who cannot pay, is madneſs; and it is ſavage barbarity when the payment muſt ruin himſelf and family. Seldom does a Gameſter reflect, except in the moment of loſs: he has then ſome glimmerings of reaſon; he reproaches himſelf, foreſees his deſtruction, and the miſery of thoſe who depend on him, and the dreadful picture inſpires a ſhort remorſe. But, did not avarice exclude all generous ſentiments from his boſom, what a multitude of cutting reflections would riſe to his imagination when he wins! He would then ſay—"What is the ſituation of the perſon "who pays me this money? Perhaps he has "ſold his eſtates, reduced his children to "beggary, and ſacrificed all the feelings of "nature to honour. Perhaps this ſum, which "is deſtined by me to my pleaſures, is his "all! Perhaps, induced by deſpair, he is now "meditating ſome terrible ſtroke againſt his "own life! Perhaps——"

Hold! hold! my dear uncle! you freeze my blood with horror! The three thouſand guineas lie on that table: I cannot bear to look on them! And yet am I to blame, for being the indirect means of this young man's affliction? I did not preſs him to play, and how could I refuſe to take his money?

But do you know that by becoming a Gameſter, you muſt neceſſarily be the cauſe of a thouſand ſimilar events; and muſt not a thought like this render ſuch a character deteſtable to all thinking people? Can we be ſaid to be the *indirect means* of miſery, when that miſery is the inevitable conſequence of our conduct? Saint Albin, always idle, yet always buſy, a uſeleſs citizen, an inſignificant courtier, driving from place to place to fly from his own thoughts, and breaking his horſes' wind to give them air; Saint Albin, the other day, ran over a man in his way to Verſailles, who died on the morrow. You know the noiſe this affair made; you know the public outcry it excited. And wherefore? Becauſe this tragic accident was occaſioned by his want of care; becauſe he drives full ſpeed; and becauſe ſuch careleſſneſs implies as little prudence as humanity.

I am convinced, my dear uncle; you have opened my eyes; I have been a Gameſter for a moment, becauſe I had not made theſe reflections; ſhould I continue one, I am now totally inexcuſable.

In fact, the misfortune of Clainville, and the expoſtulations of my uncle, made an impreſſion on my mind which was not to be effaced.

I inſtantly went to Clainville's father, and tendered the three thouſand guineas I had had the unhappineſs to win of his ſon; informing him, he might take whatever method he pleaſed for the payment, and proteſting I was in no immediate want of the money. But my propoſition was refuſed with diſdain; I was even given to underſtand, he was well perſuaded I affected a generoſity I did not feel; and that I never ſhould have made the offer, had I not been aſſured it would not be accepted.

Stung by an inſinuation ſo unjuſt, I roſe with ſome warmth, and ſaid, Well, Sir, ſince nothing can prevail with you to revoke the cruel order that deprives your ſon of liberty, do not ſuppoſe I will put the money I deteſt to my own private uſe; I will carry it to the Conciergerie, get a liſt of the debtors, and, ſince it has thrown one man into priſon, it ſhall make many free.

So ſaying, I haſtily left the room, went to the Conciergerie, did as I had ſaid, and with the three thouſand guineas gave liberty to forty priſoners.

When I renounced play, I neceſſarily renounced moſt of the new connexions I had formed within the laſt three months. I had neglected my wife; I returned to her with tranſport, and ſhe received me with tender-

neſs, and an indulgence that made her a thouſand times dearer to my heart than ever. During the firſt effuſions of my reconciliation, I acknowledged all my wrongs, all my caprices, nor did I hide the injuſtice I had been guilty of in ſuſpecting Sinclair.

Julia ſeemed both aſtoniſhed and afflicted at this ſtrange confeſſion; and dreading leſt I ſhould again relapſe into the ſame weakneſs, begged of me not to bring Sinclair ſo often to the houſe as formerly; for, during the laſt three or four months, I had ſeldom ſeen him, and he had, of his own accord, been much leſs frequent in his viſits.

This was very prudent advice, but I did not follow it; I ſuppoſed myſelf cured, and would prove I was; I haunted Sinclair, and made him every kind of advance: he loved me, and was eaſily perſuaded I had at length become reaſonable; and though he had too much penetration not to have perceived my jealouſy, yet he had no certain proof of it, nor could ſuppoſe it more than a ſlight and momentary diſtemper.

In this renewal of our friendſhip, however, he thought it prudent to confide a ſecret to me, which unhappily produced an effect entirely oppoſite to what he intended. He owned he had long been in love: The perſon I love, ſaid he, made me promiſe not to truſt the ſecret to any one; family reaſons, of the utmoſt importance, occaſion this myſtery. It is only within theſe three days, though I have a thouſand times this year paſt endeavoured the ſame thing, that I could obtain merely her permiſſion to inform you of the ſituation of my heart, and ſhe ſtill obſtinately inſiſts that her name ſhall be concealed.

Had Sinclair told me this with a natural and open air, he, perhaps, would for ever have reeſtabliſhed tranquillity in my ſoul; but, beſides his wiſh to give me a proof of his confidence, he likewiſe deſired to inſpire me with a perfect ſecurity reſpecting myſelf; and, as he was unwilling I ſhould diſcover he had ever divined my jealouſy, this diſſimulation gave him an air of conſtraint and embarraſſment which did not eſcape my obſervation; and which, by being attributed to a wrong motive, again produced all my former fears.

Had he openly told me the truth, had he acknowledged he had ſeen my injurious ſuſpicions, and added, that to prevent their return, he had informed me of this his ſecret tie, he would have ſpoken without embarraſſment, and I ſhould have thought he ſpoke truth. But from a friendly, though falſe delicacy, he wiſhed to ſpare my ſhame; he feigned ignorance of my ever being capable of ſuſpecting him; his behaviour was conſtrained, and his words had neither the manner nor tone of truth: his eyes avoided mine; he ſeemed to fear I ſhould read his thoughts in his looks; he appeared confuſed, and I ſuppoſed myſelf deceived. Thus, by an awkward and ill-timed precaution, did he rekindle the jealouſy he wiſhed for ever to extinguiſh.

Criminal or not criminal artifice is always dangerous, and frequently fatal; diſſimulation can hardly in any caſe be innocent, and plain ſincerity ever was, and ever will be, the beſt policy. It is the natural ſyſtem of capacious ſouls, and a certain indication of the ſuperiority of mind and genius in thoſe who adopt it.

I endeavoured, however, to hide what paſſed in my heart; but this heart was mortally wounded; and I determined ſtrictly to obſerve in future the motions and conduct of Sinclair. Vexation, and the neceſſity of deploring my misfortunes, made me guilty of a thouſand follies; I diſcovered my jealouſy to more than one perſon, and the world is apt enough to believe, that a huſband has always his reaſons for his ſuſpicions, and that he knows more than he reveals.

Thus did I injuriouſly wound my wife's reputation, and give ſcandal a plauſible pretext to take away her character. Silly, unreaſonable, and unjuſt, I heaped ridicule on my own head.

As I obſerved Sinclair with a jaundiced eye, I daily confirmed my own ſuſpicion. Unable to overcome the chagrin that devoured me, and knowing Sinclair's affairs would detain him ſome time in Paris, I took Julia to a country-houſe I had near Marli. My uncle went with us, and her friend Belinda followed.

So entirely was my mind occupied by paſſion, and ſo much was I altered, that I was become almoſt inſenſible to things the moſt intereſting. I had been ardently deſirous of children, and though my wife was five months advanced in her pregnancy, I ſcarcely felt any joy at the event; though Julia dwelt on it with rapture, and was conſtantly forming projects for the happineſs of her child, whom ſhe intended to ſuckle and bring up herſelf.

When we had been in the country a fortnight, I went one morning into Julia's apartment, intending to come to an explanation with her. Unfortunately ſhe was gone with her friend Belinda into the garden. Determined to wait for her, I went into her bed-chamber, ſat down on a couch, and fell into a melancholy reverie. Tired of waiting, in about a quarter of an hour I got up haſtily, and, as I roſe, overturned the pillow,

under which lay a pocket-book. I had never ſeen this pocket-book in Julia's poſſeſſion, and yet it was not new. This was enough to incite my curioſity, and raiſe a thouſand confuſed ſuſpicions. I ſeized it, put it in my pocket, and inſtantly retired, or rather ſkulked to my own room.

As ſoon as I was there, I locked and bolted myſelf in, and ſunk down in an arm-chair to take breath: I was almoſt ſuffocated, a heavy oppreſſion lay upon my breaſt, and the power of reſpiration was nearly loſt.

My hands trembled, and, unable to hold the pocket-book, I laid it upon the table, looked earneſtly at it, and the tears ſtarted into my eyes.

What am I doing! cried I —— An act I could not excuſe in another!—Is not a wafer upon a piece of paper an impenetrable wall to a man of honour or honeſty? and ſhall I break a lock?—Oh heavens! fraud and violence are not more horrible! What have my paſſions brought me to!—

The reflection made me ſhudder; I conſidered a moment, if I ſhould not carry it back to where I found it; but paſſion was too powerful, I gave way to deſpair, took up the pocket-book with a kind of frenzy, gave the lock a wrench, and it flew open.

Heavens! ſaid I, what is this? A picture! a portrait!

My blood ran cold, my heart ſunk within me, my head became giddy, and an univerſal trembling came over me. My eyes were fixed on the fatal picture! It was Sinclair himſelf! ——Wretch! Woman! perfidious woman! I cried, thou dieſt!

In the firſt tranſports of rage, I quite loſt all reaſon and recollection; I thought Julia a monſter, that ſcarcely belonged to the ſame ſpecies. I burnt with a deſire to diſhonour, to defame her, and publiſh to the world her ſhame and my misfortunes. I began by writing a note to Sinclair; it contained the following words:

"At length I am convinced you are the "falſeſt and vileſt of men; neither ſuppoſe "you ever deceived me; 'tis above a year "ſince I learnt your perfidy. Meet me this "evening behind the Chartreux: charge "your piſtols. I claim the choice of wea-"pons; you have that of ſeconds."

I ſigned it, and flew from my chamber, at the door of which I met a ſervant: aſtoniſhed at my wild and diſtracted air, he ſtopped. I gave him the note I had juſt written, and ordered him to ſend a man and horſe away with it inſtantly to Paris; after which, added I, with the voice of fury, "Go to your miſ-"treſs, tell her I am about to depart, that I "will never ſee her more, and that a con-"vent henceforth ſhall be her eternal reſi-"dence."

I then ordered my horſes, and ran to my uncle's apartment; he was alone, and drew back with terror when he ſaw me. I related my ſtory in two words; and added, that, before this diſcovery, I had long been well aſſured of Julia's falſehood.

My uncle was willing ſtill to doubt, begged of me to ſay nothing of the matter, nor take any ſtep till after mature reflection: he added, all reſolutions made in the moment of anger are imprudent, and ever incur repentance and regret; that, beſides, the ſtrongeſt appearances are often falſe; and that the longer we live, and the more experience we have, the leſs do we take things upon truſt. But my uncle talked to the deaf: poſſeſſed by deſpair, and ſolely occupied by projects of terrible vengeance, I heard him not.

I was loſt in a profound and dreadful reverie, when, all at once, the door opened, and Julia entered! ——Audacious creature! cried I, be gone, or dread my fury!——My uncle, terrified, threw himſelf before me, ſeized me in his arms, and held me with little trouble, for paſſion had deprived me of ſtrength.

Julia advanced, and, addreſſing herſelf to my uncle — Let him go, ſaid ſhe — I have nothing to fear.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the impreſſion theſe few words made on my heart; the ſound of her heavenly voice pierced my very ſoul, and filled me with doubt and remorſe; my fury was gone; I looked at her and trembled; there was a majeſtic confidence, an undeſcribable dignity in her form and behaviour, that gave additional power to her beauty, while the tranquillity of her countenance enforced the timidity I began to feel. Fixed in aſtoniſhment and diſtruſt, I looked at her; but the power of ſpeech was fled.

This was a moment of fearful ſilence. — At laſt Julia looked round and ſaw the pocket-book open, and the lock forced, which I had thrown upon the floor. She ſtooped, and, taking it deliberately up, ſaid— I now ſee the cauſe of your preſent ſituation, and the outrage you have committed.

Ah! Julia! cried I——Is it poſſible you may be innocent! Yet why do I doubt it? your very looks have juſtified you!

Why then, cruel man, have you condemned me unheard?

And yet is not that the portrait of Sinclair?

Yes! but it is not mine.

May I believe it!

Sinclair has been married theſe ſix months; the

the pocket-book is his wife's, and that wife is Belinda.

* * * * * * *!

A juſtification ſo ſhort, ſo clear, ſo preciſe, left me without a doubt: it took from jealouſy all poſſibility of remaining or returning; but it covered me with confuſion ſo durable, and guilt ſo palpable, I was no longer capable of happineſs; I could not taſte the joy of finding a wife ſo lovely and ſo virtuous, while I felt myſelf ſo very unworthy of her.

While my uncle wept over Julia, and claſped her in his arms, humbled and confounded, I remained ſtanding immoveable in the ſame place. My repentance was without tenderneſs, for it was without hopes of pardon. Julia returned the tenderneſs of my uncle, wiped the tears from her eyes, and, coming to me with a cold and ſerious aſpect, began to relate Belinda's ſtory.

She informed me that Belinda had loved Sinclair above two years, but having little fortune, and great expectations from her uncle, who had conceived a project of marrying her to a man of his own name, ſhe had determined to keep her inclinations for Sinclair ſecret; but being her own miſtreſs, and ſtrongly importuned by Sinclair, ſhe had at laſt conſented to marry him, on condition the marriage ſhould remain private till ſuch time as ſhe could bring her uncle to her opinion, which, with a little patience, ſhe was certain of effecting.

In fact, continued Julia, ſtill addreſſing herſelf to me, her uncle has, within theſe two years, inſenſibly been inclining towards the wiſhes of Belinda; and ſhe was determined, in about two months, to inform him of every thing; that is, as ſoon as the man who governs her uncle, and who wiſhes to have Belinda himſelf, ſhould be gone out of town; but the public breach of to-day has entirely broken her meaſures. She had left her pocket-book in my chamber; not finding it on her return, and hearing the meſſage you ſent by the ſervant, ſhe eaſily gueſſed the truth. I know my uncle, ſaid ſhe, and am certain that the diſcovery juſt at this moment will be fatal; but I will not heſitate an inſtant to ſacrifice fortune to the honour and eaſe of my friend. Go, juſtify yourſelf to your huſband; I will ſeek mine, and inform him of this event.

Julia's laſt ſentence inſtantly recalled to my mind the note I had written to Sinclair. It was above an hour ſince I had been ſo occupied by my paſſions, and Julia, that I had forgot the whole univerſe; at length, recollecting the mortal offence I had given Sinclair, I cried out in a ſudden burſt of exclamation, O heaven! Sinclair has by this time received my note!

The thought drove me half diſtracted; all the injurious expreſſions of this note came to my mind, and the remembrance heightened my confuſion and remorſe. I wrote to him, however, inſtantly; implored his indulgence, his pity, and conjured him to forget the ſins which repentance and deſpair in vain endeavoured to expiate.

I received no anſwer that night, but the next morning a letter from Sinclair was brought to my bed; I trembled while I opened it, and read as follows:

"It is true, I was your friend, but you "never were mine: you! who openly avow "you have long ſuſpected me of the baſeſt "of all perfidy; you! who have believed "me *the vileſt of men*; were you ever my "friend? Oh, no!—I own I ſaw your jea-"louſy, but imagined your heart diſavowed "the mean ſuſpicion, and ultimately truſted "me: I thought you ſuppoſed it an involun-"tary paſſion, and believed I deceived myſelf "in my own feelings; therefore I concluded "your jealouſy extravagant only and capri-"cious, but that you could not for a moment "doubt the probity of your friend. Such "was the opinion I had of you; in deſtroying "this belief, you have for ever deſtroyed the "friendſhip of which it was the baſis. Ap-"pearances you alledge were ſo ſtrong in "this laſt inſtance. But have you not ac-"cuſed me in your heart a thouſand times "previous to this event? Beſides, when the "honour of a wife and a friend is in queſtion, "ought we to judge from appearances?

"Being determined never to ſee you again, "it is my duty here to clear up whatever may "appear myſterious in the conduct of your "wife. Her prudence would never ſuffer "her to hear a ſecret from a perſon of my "age; her friend Belinda was ſufficiently "acquainted with her to be certain of this; "therefore, in confiding her own to Julia, "ſhe was aſſured I ſhould remain a ſtranger "to that confidence, ſo long as it was neceſ-"ſary you ſhould be ſo too. On the other "hand, Belinda, doubtful of your diſcretion, "and mortally fearing I ſhould open my "heart to you, exacted a promiſe that I "abſolutely would not; and to engage me "more readily and firmly, proteſted ſhe was "irrevocably reſolved not to confide the ſe-"cret to any one perſon, no, not even to "Julia; neither was it till yeſterday that I "diſcovered this artifice.

"After this explanation, when you will "underſtand the exceſs of your injuſtice, it "is to be hoped you will feel, at the ſame "time, how terrible it is never to ſee our "miſtakes till they are paſt reparation. The

"reaſonings and counſels of friendſhip have "been all ineffectual; experience, I hope, "will bring conviction. Remember, that "to deſtruct without ceaſing thoſe that are "deareſt to you, to cherish improbable and "dreadful ſuſpicions againſt them, is an in-"ſupportable ſelf punishment, and the tor-"ment of the wicked and the weak.

"Farewel! you have loſt a faithful friend! "I am illuſion; but that illuſion was too dear "to me not to be for ever regretted! What "ſocial moments have you foregone! what "ties have you diſſolved! Unhappy man! I "bewail your fate. However, a new ſource "of felicity preſents itſelf; you will ſoon be "a father; may you be a happy one!"

As I ended the letter, my uncle entered haſtily into my chamber——Rise inſtantly, ſaid he, Julia aſks for you; ſhe has paſſed a ſhocking night; yeſterday's buſineſs has had an effect which, in her ſituation, may be fatal.

An effect! what effect! Good God! cried I, ſend to Paris for help inſtantly.

I have done that already, ſaid my uncle; but in addition to her trouble, ſhe has received news from Paris which ſhe has ſcarcely ſtrength to ſupport. Belinda has written her a note, which contains nothing very intereſting; but Julia, hearing this note was brought by the valet de chambre, ſhe would ſpeak to him, and learnt that Belinda has ſeen her uncle, declared her marriage, and he has determined never to look upon her again. The relation has mortally afflicted Julia, and the more ſo for that you alone have been the cauſe.

During this explanation, I dreſſed myſelf with a bleeding heart, and flew to my wife. I found her in a fever, and ſuffering the pangs of labour. The phyſician arrived, and foretold the conſequences, for the ſame evening ſhe miſcarried. Inconſolable for the loſs of her child, ſhe could not diſſemble her grief: See, ſaid ſhe, bitterly weeping, ſee what you coſt me.

This cutting reproach, the firſt ſhe ever made me, compleated my diſtreſs. I had myſelf in horror! ſuppoſed myſelf deteſted; and, far from endeavouring to redreſs the wrongs I had done, I aggravated them by a gloomy deſpair.

As ſoon as my wife was capable, we returned to Paris. In vain did ſhe endeavour to conceal her grief, ſhe mourned over her late loſs, and wept for her friend; for Sinclair, inflexible and determined to ſee me no more, had taken his wife into the farthest part of Poitou; add to which, Julia had ſtill another ſubject of affliction, not leſs ſevere than the former.

All Paris was acquainted with my jealouſy; and the hiſtory of the pocket-book, and my behaviour, had been told a thouſand different ways. The avowal of Sinclair's marriage had not juſtified Julia in the eyes of the multitude, who had been deceived too by falſe recitals; they concluded, from my fury and my rupture with Sinclair, it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be innocent. Julia immediately ſaw by the manner in which ſhe was received in the world, ſhe had loſt that conſideration and reſpect which, till then, had ever been paid to her virtues

With feelings too acute for conſolation, and too proud to complain, ſhe cheriſhed in her heart a ſecret and cruel chagrin. I ſaw the injuſtice ſhe ſuffered, I imagined her grief, I felt ſtronger than ever how much reaſon ſhe had to hate me, for being the ſole author of all her troubles: concluding myſelf, therefore, the object of her reſentment and averſion, I endeavoured not to conſole her, and attributed the gentleneſs with which ſhe treated me to principle only, not love. Such reiterated fancies, by encreaſing my deſpondency, ſoured my impetuous temper to that degree, that I became each day more and more ſullen, ſavage, and inſupportable.

Several months paſſed thus, till at laſt, perceiving Julia's health daily decline, and that ſhe was ready to ſink under her woes, I ſuddenly took a reſolution to part from her, and give her back her liberty. I informed her of my determination, aſſuring her, at the ſame time, it was irrevocable. I confeſs, however, notwithſtanding my certitude, at moments, of her hatred, I ſecretly flattered myſelf, that this declaration would aſtoniſh, and produce a moſt lively emotion in Julia; and it is certain, had I diſcovered the leaſt ſigns of regret on her part, I ſhould have caſt myſelf at her feet, and abjured a reſolution which pierced my very ſoul.

I was deceived in ſuppoſing myſelf hated; I was equally wrong in imagining my conduct could inſpire even momentary love. Great minds are incapable of hatred; but a continued improper and bad conduct will produce indifference, as it did with Julia. I had loſt her heart paſt recall. She heard me with tranquility, without ſurprize, and without emotion. My reputation, ſaid ſhe, is already injured, and this will confirm the unjuſt ſuſpicions of the public; but if my preſence is an obſtacle to your happineſs, I am ready to depart: my innocence is ſtill my own, and I ſhall have ſufficient ſtrength to ſubmit to my fate.

Cruel woman! cried I, ſhedding a torrent of tears, with what eaſe do you ſpeak of parting.

Is it not your own propofal?

And is it not I who adore you, and you who hate me?

Of what benefit is your love to me; or of what injury is what you call my hatred to you?

I have made you unhappy; I am unjuft, capricious, mad: and yet if you *do* hate me, Julia, your revenge is too fevere; there is no mifery can equal your hatred.

I do not hate you.

The manner in which fhe pronounced this, faid fo pofitively *I do not love you*, that I was tranfported beyond all bounds of patience; I became furious; yet the next inftant, imagining I faw terror in the eyes of Julia, I fell at her feet. A tear, a figh at that moment, had changed my future fate; but fhe ftill preferved her cold tranquillity. I got haftily up, went to the door, and ftopped. *Farewell for ever!* faid I, half fuffocated with paffion. Julia turned pale, and rofe as if to come to me; I advanced towards her, and fhe fell back into her chair, ready almoft to faint. I interpreted this violent agitation into terror. What, am I become a fubject of horror! cried I; well, I will deliver you from this odious object. So faying, I darted from the chamber in an agony of defpair.

My uncle was abfent, I no longer had a friend, no one to advife or counteract the rafhnefs of the moment. Diftracted, totally befide myfelf, I ran to the parents of Julia, declared my intention, adding, Julia herfelf was defirous of a feparation, and that I would give back all her fortune.

They endeavoured to reafon with me, but in vain; I informed them I fhould go directly into the country, where I fhould ftay three days, and when I came back I expected to find myfelf alone in my own houfe. I next writ to Julia, to inform her of my proceedings, and departed, as I had faid I would, the fame evening for the country.

My paffions were too much agitated to let me perceive the extent of mifery to which I condemned myfelf; and what feems now inconceivable was, that though I loved my wife dearer than ever, and was inwardly perfuaded I yet might regain her affections, I found a kind of fatisfaction in making our rupture thus ridiculoufly public. I never could have determined on a feparation from Julia with that coolnefs and propriety which fuch things, when abfolutely neceffary, demand. I wanted to aftonifh, to agitate, to rouze her from her ftate of indifference, which, to me, was more dreadful even than her hatred. I flattered myfelf that, hearing me, fhe had doubted my fincerity, and fuppofed me incapable of finally parting from her.

I likewife imagined that event would rekindle in her heart all her former affection; and this hope alone was enough to confirm me in the execution of my project. I took pleafure in fuppofing her incertitude, aftonifhment, and diftrefs: my fancy repreſented her when reading my letter; beheld her, conducted by her relations, pale and trembling defcend the ftairs; faw her ftop and figh as fhe paffed the door of my apartment, and weep as fhe ftepped into the carriage.

I had left a truſty perſon at Paris, with orders to obſerve her as carefully as poſſible; to watch her, follow her, queſtion her women, and inform me of all the ſaid or did at this critical moment; but the relation was not long. Julia continued ſecluded in her chamber, received her friends without a witneſs, and departed by a private ſtair-caſe unſeen of any one.

The ſame afternoon that ſhe left my houſe ſhe wrote me a note, which contained nearly theſe words:

"I have followed your orders, and depart-
"ed from a place whither I ſhall always be
"ready to return, whenever your heart ſhall
"recall me. As to your propoſal of giving
"back a fortune too conſiderable for
"my preſent ſituation, I dare expect as a
"proof of your eſteem, it will not be in-
"ſiſted upon: ſo to do is now the only re-
"maining thing that can add to my uneaſineſs.
"Condeſcend, therefore, to accept the half
"of an income, which can give me no plea-
"ſure if you do not partake it with me."

This billet, which I waſhed with my tears, gave birth to a crowd of reflections. The contraſt of behaviour between me and Julia forcibly ſtruck me, and I ſaw by the effects how much affection, founded upon duty, is preferable to paſſion. I adore Julia, ſaid I, and yet am become her tormentor; have determined to proceed even to a ſeparation; ſhe loved me without paſſion, and was conſtantly endeavouring to make me happy; ever ready to ſacrifice her opinions, wiſhes, and will, and continually pardoning real offences, while I have been imputing to her imaginary ones: and, at laſt, when my exceſſive folly and injuſtice have loſt her heart, her forgiveneſs and generoſity have yet ſurvived her tenderneſs, and ſhe thinks and acts the moſt noble and affecting duties towards an object ſhe once loved. Oh yes! I now perceive true affection to be that which reaſon approves, and virtue ſtrengthens.

Overwhelmed by ſuch reflections, the moſt bitter repentance widened every wound

of

of my bleeding heart. I ſhuddered when I remembered the public manner in which I had put away my wife; and in this fearful ſtate of mind, I had doubtleſs gone and caſt myſelf at Julia's feet, acknowledged all my wrongs, and declared I could not live without her, had I not been prevented by ſcruples, which for once were but too well founded.

I had been a Prodigal and a Gameſter, and, what was ſtill worſe, had a ſteward, who poſſeſſed in a ſuperior degree the art of confuſing his accounts, which indubitably proves ſuch a perſon to want either honeſty or capacity. Inſtead of at firſt diſcharging him, I only begged he would not trouble me with his bills and papers; which order with him needed no repetition, for it was not unintentionally that he had been ſo obſcure and diffuſe.

About ſix months, however, before the period I at preſent ſpeak of, he had ſeveral times demanded an audience, to ſhew me the declining ſtate of my affairs. At the moment, this made little impreſſion upon me; but after reading Julia's note it came into my mind, and before I would think of obtaining my pardon, I reſolved to learn my real ſituation.

Unhappily for me, my conduct had been ſuch that I had no right to depend on my wife's eſteem; and, if ruined, how could I aſk her to return and forget what was paſſed? Would not the ſacrifice that to intereſt, which love alone had inſpired? The idea was inſupportable, and I would rather even never behold Julia more, than be liable to be ſo ſuſpected.

With ſuch fears I returned haſtily to Paris. But what were my ſenſations at entering a houſe which Julia no longer inhabited, and whence I myſelf had had the madneſs and folly to banish her! Attacked by a thouſand afflicting thoughts, overwhelmed with grief and regret, I had one only hope, which was, that by œconomy and care I might again reeſtabliſh my affairs, and afterwards obtain forgiveneſs, and be reconciled to Julia.

I ſent for my ſteward, and began by declaring, the firſt ſtep I ſhould take would be to return my wife's fortune. He ſeemed aſtoniſhed at this, and wanted to diſſuade me, by ſaying he did not think it poſſible I could make this reſtitution without abſolute ruin being the conſequence. I ſaw by this, my affairs were even much worſe than I had imagined.

This diſcovery threw me into the moſt dreadful deſpair; for to loſe my fortune was, according to my principles, to loſe Julia eternally!

Before I ſearched my ſituation to the bottom, I reſtored Julia's whole portion; I then paid my debts; and theſe affairs finiſhed, I found myſelf ſo completely ruined, that, in order to live, I was obliged to purchaſe a trifling life-annuity, with what remained of a large fortune. My eſtates, horſes, houſes, all were ſold, and I hired a ſmall apartment near the Luxembourg, about three months after my ſeparation from my wife. My Uncle was not rich; he had little to live on except a penſion from government, though he offered me aſſiſtance, which I refuſed.

Julia, in the mean time, had retired to a convent. On the very day I had quitted my houſe, I received a letter from her in the following terms:

"Since you have forced me to receive "what you call mine, ſince you treat me "like a ſtranger, I think myſelf juſtified in "doing the ſame. When I left your houſe, "the fear of offending you, in appearing to "deſpiſe your gifts, occaſioned me to take "with me the diamonds and jewels which "you had preſented to me: it was your re"queſt, your command that I ſhould do ſo, "and I held obedience my duty. But ſince "you ſhew me you will not act with the "ſame delicacy, I have determined to part "with theſe uſeleſs ornaments, which never "were valuable but as coming from you. I "found a favourable opportunity of ſelling "them advantageouſly for twenty-four thou"ſand livres (a thouſand pounds), which I "have ſent to your attorney, as a ſum I "was indebted to you, and which you can"not oblige me to take back, ſince it is not "mine.

"I have been in the convent of *** for "theſe two months paſt, where I intend to "remain for ſome weeks at leaſt, unleſs you "take me hence.——*He* have a fine eſtate "in Flanders; they ſay it is a charming "country. Speak but a word, and I am "ready to go with you, to live with you, to "die with you."

How ſhall I deſcribe my feelings at reading this letter! Oh, Julia! cried I, lovely adorable woman! Is it poſſible! Oh God! can it be that I have accuſed you of perfidy! have done every thing in my power to diſhonour you! have abandoned you! What! a heart ſo delicate, ſo noble, did I once poſſeſs, and have I loſt it! Oh miſery! I might have been the happieſt of men; I am the moſt wretched. And can I, in my preſent circumſtances, accept the generous pardon thou offereſt! Oh, no! Better die than ſo debaſe myſelf! No, Julia, though thou mayeſt truly accuſe me of extravagance and injuſtice, thou never ſhalt have reaſon to ſuſpect me of meanneſs.

Streams of tears ran down my cheeks, while

while I reaſoned thus. I wrote twenty anſwers, and tore them all; at laſt I ſent the following:

"I admire the noble manner of your "proceeding, the ſublimity of your mind; "and yet this exceſs of generoſity is not in- "comprehenſible *to me*. Yes, I conceive all "the ſelf-ſatisfaction of ſaying, *All which "the moſt tender love can inſpire, virtue alone "ſhall make me perform.*——But I will not "take advantage of its empire over you—— "Live free, be happy, forget me.——Adieu, "Julia——You have indiſputably all the "ſuperiority of reaſon over paſſion—— "and yet I have a heart, perhaps, not un- "worthy of your's."

With this letter I returned the twenty-four thouſand livres, ordering it to be told her, that the diamonds having been given at her marriage, were undoubtedly her's; and having once received, ſhe had no right to force them back upon me.

I had now made a ſacrifice the moſt painful; Julia had offered to conſecrate her life to me, and I had renounced a happineſs without which there was neither happineſs nor peace on earth for me. My grief, however, was rather profound than violent: I had offered up felicity at the altar of honour, and that idea, in ſome meaſure, ſupported me. Beſides, I did not doubt but my letter would prove to Julia that, notwithſtanding all my errors, I yet was worthy of her eſteem. The hope of exciting her pity, and eſpecially her regret at parting from me, again animated my heart: I ſuppoſed her relenting, and grieved, and the ſuppoſition gave me a little eaſe.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THE LONDON REVIEW, AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

Quid ſit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

Obſervations on the late Conteſts in the Royal Society. By Andrew Kippis, D. D. F. R. S. and S. A. 8vo.

PERHAPS there never was an inſtitution which, both from its own nature, and the rules on which it has been conducted, could be better calculated for the preſervation of peace and order than that of the Royal Society. The total excluſion from it of whatever relates to religion and politics, cuts off two of the chief ſources of diſſenſion among men; and this end is farther promoted by there being no diſtinction made, in the election of members, with regard to their civil or religious principles. What hath likewiſe, perhaps, not a little contributed to the tranquility of the Society, is its never having taken a part, or declared an opinion, in its corporate capacity, with reſpect to different ſyſtems of Natural Philoſophy; theſe being always left to ſtand or fall by their own merits.

By a conduct ſo wiſe and judicious in philoſophical matters, and by the prudence of its regulations in other reſpects, the Society hath been preſerved in harmony, with very little interruption, from its firſt inſtitution to the preſent time; and it has now ſubſiſted as a chartered body more than a hundred and twenty years.

This, for ſo long a period, having been the ſtate of the Royal Society, it muſt have been matter of ſurprize and concern to hear of the diſſenſions which have lately ariſen in that learned body. Theſe diſſenſions, peculiarly intereſting as they muſt be to thoſe who have the honour of belonging to the Society, cannot be objects of indifference to the public at large, and eſpecially to ſuch perſons as are well-wiſhers to the ſciences. Accordingly, it is not ſurpriſing that inquiries have been eagerly made into the cauſes and circumſtances of the late diviſions and debates; nor have attempts been wanting to gratify in this reſpect the public curioſity. But the accounts hitherto publiſhed do not ſeem to have been written with the moderation and impartiality which diſtinguiſh the tract now before us.

The facts that occurred are firſt related without any comment; and then particular obſervations are made upon them, in the order, generally, in which they happened.

The

The ſtate of facts as related by this candid and intelligent writer is as follows:

"At a Council of the Royal Society, holden on Thurſday the 20th of November, 1783, the Preſident, Mr. Iſaac Hawkins Browne, Mr. Frere, Mr. Harriſon, Mr. Holford, Mr. Hooper, Dr. Maſkelyne, Mr. Maty, Mr. Planta, Mr. Stephens, Dr. Watſon, and Mr. Wegg, being preſent, it was reſolved, with two diſſentient votes, 'That 'it is the opinion of the Council, that it 'would be for the benefit of the Society, 'that the buſineſs of the Foreign Secretary be 'done by the perſon conſtantly reſiding in 'London.'

"In conſequence of this reſolution, Dr. Hutton, Mathematical Profeſſor at Woolwich, who was the Foreign Secretary, reſigned that office on Thurſday the 27th of November, to a Society at large, in the following terms:

'Mr. Preſident,

'I have now had the honour to ſerve the 'Royal Society, in the capacity of Foreign 'Secretary, for ſeveral years, having been 'elected to that office in the beginning of 'your own Preſidency: and I ſhould ſtill 'have no objection, but eſteem it an honour 'to ſerve the Society in any thing in which I 'can ever be uſeful. But, underſtanding, 'Sir, that the circumſtance of my reſidence, 'for a great part of my time, at the diſtance 'of nine miles from town, has occaſioned, or 'has been imagined to have occaſioned, 'ſome difficulty or inconveniences, I there-'fore beg leave to return thanks for all fa-'vours, and to give notice that I wiſh to re-'ſign that office.'

"On Thurſday the 11th of December, being the next ordinary meeting of the Society after the anniverſary for the election of the Preſident, Council, and Officers, a motion was made by Mr. Poore, and ſeconded by Mr. Maty, 'That thanks ſhould be given 'to Dr. Hutton, for the ſervices he had done 'the Society in the office of their Foreign 'Secretary, during the time he had held it.' Upon this motion, a previous queſtion was propoſed, 'Whether the main queſtion of 'returning thanks ſhould be put to the vote 'or not;' and on the ballot, it was carried in the affirmative, by thirty-three balls to twenty-eight. The main queſtion being then put, was likewiſe carried in the affirmative, by thirty balls againſt twenty-five. Accordingly, the Preſident, by virtue of his office, returned thanks to Dr. Hutton, in the terms of the motion.

"A meeting of the New Council was holden on Wedneſday the 17th of December. At this meeting there were preſent of the Old Council, the Preſident, Mr. Browne, Mr. Frere, Mr. Maty, and Mr. Planta; and of the new Council, Mr. Aſtle, Mr. Duane, Doctor Garden, Sir William Hamilton, Lord Palmerſton, Earl Spencer, and Mr. Henry Watſon. What had paſſed at the former Council, and in the Society, relative to Dr. Hutton, was upon this occaſion ſtated by Sir Joſeph Banks to the Gentlemen aſſembled; and Mr. Maty at the ſame time produced, from Dr. Hutton, a written Defence of his Conduct as Foreign Secretary. After ſome deliberation, one of the New Council framed the following reſolution: 'That it is the opinion of this Council, 'that the Reſolution of the Council of 'the 20th of November laſt, declaring it 'neceſſary that the Foreign Secretary ſhould 'reſide in London, was well founded, and 'ought to be adhered to.' This reſolution was agreed to with one diſſentient vote.

"On the next day, being Thurſday the 18th of December, the ſame Defence of Dr. Hutton which had been laid before the Council was produced by Dr. Horſley, and read before the Society at large; upon which a reſolution was moved by Governor Pownall, and ſeconded by Mr. Glenie, 'That 'if Dr. Hutton hath been in the opinion of 'any member of the Society criminated, it is 'the opinion of the Society that he hath 'fully juſtified himſelf.' This reſolution was carried by a majority of thirty, there being in favour of it forty-five balls, and againſt it fifteen. Thus ended the tranſactions relative to the affair, in the year 1783.

"On the 8th of January, 1784, being the firſt meeting of the Society after the Chriſtmas receſs, a motion was made by Mr. Anguiſh, and ſeconded by the Honourable Mr. Cavendiſh, 'That this Society do approve of 'Sir Joſeph Banks as their Preſident, and 'mean to ſupport him in that office." The previous queſtion being put upon this reſolution, the numbers for it were fifty-nine, againſt it a hundred and ſix; after which the main queſtion was carried by a hundred and nineteen to forty-two; the majority, in ſupport of the Preſident, being ſeventy-ſeven.

"On the ſame evening, a reſolution was propoſed by Lord Viſcount Mahon, and unanimouſly agreed to. 'That it is the opinion 'of this Society, that no motion be made out 'of the uſual courſe of buſineſs, at any ordi-'nary meeting of this Society, unleſs notice 'thereof ſhall have been given at the meet-'ing next but one preceding it; which no-'tice ſhall be entered on the minutes of the 'meeting at which ſuch notice ſhall be 'given.'

"On the 29th of January, a new ſtatute was paſſed in Council, in addition to thoſe

which

which had formerly been enacted for regulating the ordinary meetings of the Society. The ſtatute was as follows:

VI. 'That the meetings of the Society 'may not be waſted by unprofitable debates, 'contrary to the intent and meaning of the 'fifth Section of this Chapter, it is conſti-'tuted, eſtabliſhed, and ordained, that every 'motion or queſtion propoſed to be ballot-'ed for by the Society, ſhall be fairly tran-'ſcribed on paper, and, being ſigned by ſix or 'more Fellows of the Society, it ſhall be 'by them delivered to one of the Secretaries 'at a meeting of the Society; and ſhall there-'upon be read immediately after the declara-'tion of the preſents on the table; and after 'being marked by the Secretary with the date 'of the day when delivered, it ſhall be fixed 'up at the common meeting room of the So-'ciety at the next ordinary meeting; and on 'the meeting next following the ſame it ſhall 'be put to the ballot, unleſs thoſe who have 'ſigned it agree to withdraw it.

'But nothing contained in this ſtatute 'ſhall be conſtrued to extend to matters re-'lative to elections, or the ordinary buſineſs 'of the Society.'

"The fifth Section of the eleventh Chapter of the Book of Statutes, mentioned in the above extract, ordains, that the buſineſs of the ordinary meetings of the Society ſhall be, to order and take account of philoſophical experiments and obſervations; to read and hear letters, reports, and other papers, concerning philoſophical matters; as alſo to view the productions of nature and art; and thereupon to conſider what may be deduced from them, or any of them; and how far they, or any of them, may be improved for uſes or diſcovery.

"At the meeting of the Society on Thurſday the 29th of January, Mr. Baron Maſeres, in conformity to the reſolution which had been agreed to on the 8th of the ſame month, gave notice that on the 12th of February he ſhould make the following motion:

'That as it appears to be the ſenſe of the 'Society, that Dr. Hutton, by his written de-'fence, and by what has been ſaid in ſupport 'of it, has entirely refuted all the inſinuations 'that had been thrown out concerning his 'neglect of the duties of Secretary for the 'foreign correſpondence, it be recommended 'by the Society to their Preſident and Coun-'cil, to reſcind the order lately made, for 'preventing perſons reſiding out of London 'from holding the ſaid office, and to requeſt 'Dr. Hutton to reſume it.'

"Mr. Maſeres being informed, at this time, by the Preſident, of the new ſtatute which had been paſſed by the Council in the morning, requiring the ſignature of ſix or more Fellows of the Society, the motion was immediately ſigned as follows: Francis Maſeres, Nevil Maſkelyne, Samuel Horſley, Edward Poore, William Brown, James Horſfall, George Shuckburg, Iſaac Goſſet, John Hyacinth de Magellan, William James, John Wilſon, Thomas Brand Hollis.

"On Thurſday the 12th of February, Mr. Baron Maſeres moved his reſolution, which was ſeconded by Dr. Horſley. Before the queſtion was put, Dr. Watſon, a Vice Preſident, and one of the moſt ancient, reſpectable, and learned Members of the Society, preſented the Council's ſtatement of Dr. Hutton's conduct in his late office. This was done in conformity to a reſolution which had paſſed that morning in Council, to the following purpoſe: 'That leave be given, '*ſalvo jure*, to the Council, or to any Member 'thereof, to lay before the Society this even-'ing a ſtatement of the reaſons proceeded 'upon in framing the reſolution in conſe-'quence of which Dr. Hutton reſigned his 'office of Foreign Secretary.'

"Upon the ballot for Mr. Maſeres's motion, it was rejected by a majority of thirty-eight; the affirmative balls being forty-ſeven, the negative eighty five.

"On the ſame evening, notice was given of two other motions to be conſidered on the 26th of February. Theſe were,

I. 'That it would be highly indecent and 'improper, if the Preſident of this Society 'ſhould, in any future inſtance, ſolicit votes 'either for or againſt any perſon, duly recom-'mended by certificate as qualified to be made 'a Fellow of the Royal Society, on the even-'ing of election.'

II. 'That it would be highly indecent and 'improper, if the Preſident of this Society 'ſhould hereafter, either in the election of 'candidates, or upon any other occaſion, en-'deavour to avail himſelf of his ſituation, to 'influence the vote of any officer of the So-'ciety.'

"Theſe two motions, agreeably to the new ſtatute, were delivered to the Secretary in writing, and ſigned by nine Gentlemen; Samuel Horſley, Nevil Maſkelyne, William James, Henry Maty, Charles Hutton, John Hyacinth de Magellan, Francis Maſeres, Thomas Brand Hollis, Richard Paul Jodrell.

"When, on the 26th of February, the preceding motions came to be conſidered, the firſt of them was rejected by a majority of eighty-eight; the affirmative balls being twenty-ſeven, and the negative a hundred and fifteen. To the ſecond queſtion an amendment was prefixed by Lord Mulgrave, which made the whole run as follows:

'*Though it does not appear to this Society,* '

'that the preſent or any former Preſident has 'availed himſelf of his ſituation to influence 'the vote of any officer of this Society, it is now 'neceſſary to declare, "That it would be "highly indecent and improper, if the Preſi-"dent of this Society ſhould hereafter, either "in the election of candidates, or upon any "other occaſion, endeavour to avail himſelf "of his ſituation, to influence the vote of "any officer of the Society."

"Upon putting this motion, it was re-jected, like the former, by a great majority; the affirmatives being twenty-three, and the negatives a hundred and two.

"On Thurſday the 25th of March, Mr. Maty reſigned his office as one of the Secre-taries to the Royal Society; and upon the declaration of the vacancy, two Gentlemen offered themſelves as candidates to ſucceed him, Dr. Hutton and Dr. Blagden. The elec-tion took place on Wedneſday the 5th of May, when Dr. Blagden was choſen by a majority of a hundred, the balls in his favour being a hundred and thirty-nine, and thirty-nine for Dr. Hutton. At the ſame time, Dr. Blagden was elected one of the Council of the Society, in the room of Mr. Duane, who had reſigned."

Such is the ſtate of facts, as taken from the Journal Book of the Society, and other au-thentic information. But before our Author ventures to enter into a more particular diſ-cuſſion of theſe occurrences, he has thought it right to ſay ſomething concerning the ſtate of his own mind at the beginning of the conteſt. "With the Preſident (ſays he) I had no degree of connection, and ſcarcely what can be called a perſonal acquaintance; having never ſpoken to him but once or twice in my life, and then only upon official occaſions. In two or three of the inſtances wherein candidates for the Fellowſhip of the Royal Society had either been rejected on the ballot or had their names withdrawn, I was by no means ſatisfied with his interpoſition, having been warmly ſolicitous for the election of the gentlemen who had not the good fortune to be ſucceſsful. I had, likewiſe, an idea, though I have ſince found it to be a miſtaken one, that, in a literary application which was made to him for ſome information I wanted, he had not treated me with reſpect. From theſe circumſtances, my prejudices did not run in Sir Joſeph Banks's favour. Beſides this, it was repreſented to me, that his behaviour had, in ſeveral caſes, been arbitrary and violent, and that it had particularly been ſo with regard to Dr. Hutton. It was there-fore with a full perſuaſion of the Preſident's having been not a little blameable, that I attended the meeting of the Society on the 21th of December. But, notwithſtanding ſuch was the ſtate of my mind, I ſhould have acted very unworthily, if I had been in-fluenced in my conduct by any other dictates than thoſe of reaſon and conviction. The only views of a candid and liberal man ought to be to promote the welfare of the Society independently of perſonal conſidera-tions and partialities; and in claiming this praiſe to myſelf, I claim nothing peculiar; nothing but what I muſt ſuppoſe to be the object of all my brethren, however different may have been the opinions they have formed, or the parts they have ſuſtained, in the late diviſions."

We cannot undertake to follow the Au-thor through the ſurvey he takes of this buſi-neſs, in the courſe of which he fully juſti-fies the conduct of the Preſident and Council, and as clearly points out the extreme folly and abſurdity of Dr. Hutton and his friends.

After diſmiſſing the affair of Dr. Hut-ton, the Author proceeds to other charges which have been brought againſt the Preſi-dent, and ſupported with no common degree of acrimony and illiberality by Dr. Horſley and his coadjutor Maty. The chief of theſe charges relates to his interference in elections; an interference, it ſeems, which has been conſtantly though tacitly acquieſced in by the Society ſince the time of its inſtitution, and which Dr. Kippis proves to be eſſential to its welfare. "The Preſident, from his ſitua-tion (he obſerves), muſt naturally be con-ſidered as, in a particular manner, the guardian of the honour and intereſt of the Society." And there never was a time in which the Preſidents did not conſider it as a peculiar object of their duty, to enquire into the fitneſs or unfitneſs of the candidates for admiſſion into the Society.

Having gone through the ſeveral crimi-nations which have been ſo illiberally though weakly urged againſt Sir Joſeph Banks, Dr. Kippis proceeds to conſider on what grounds it hath ſo poſitively and repeatedly been aſſerted by the vociferous Horſley and Co. that he is totally unfit to continue at the head of the Royal Society. The Doctor's obſervations on this occaſion are as follow:

"That he (meaning Sir Joſeph Banks) is not defective in point of family, fortune, and rank, will readily be admitted. In theſe re-ſpects he is equal to many, and ſuperior to others, who have ſuſtained the office before him. I am no idolizer of birth, riches, and titles; and no one can feel more ſtrongly of how little value theſe things are, unleſs they be accompanied with the powers of the un-derſtanding, and the virtues of the mind. Nevertheleſs, the external advantages I have mentioned have their importance, when united with more eſſential requiſites. They enable a man to extend his uſefulneſs far be-

yond

yond what he could otherwiſe have done, and to execute purpoſes which perſons, perhaps of ſuperior abilities, but in lower ſtations, could not carry into effect.

" It may, however, ſafely be aſſerted, that Sir Joſeph Banks's qualifications are not confined to family, fortune, and rank. When he had finiſhed the uſual courſe of a claſſical and univerſity education, he did not, as is commonly done by thoſe who poſſeſs ample eſtates, betake himſelf to the enjoyments rather than to the labours of life. One of the firſt things he did, after quitting Oxford, was to croſs the Atlantic, and to viſit the Coaſts of Newfoundland and Labradore. Theſe places were not in themſelves very inviting; but he was led to them by his zeal for knowledge, and eſpecially by his attachment to botany and natural hiſtory, to which he had applied his particular attention. In 1768, he engaged in a nobler expedition: this was to accompany Captain Cook in his voyage to obſerve the Tranſit of Venus; to make diſcoveries in the South Seas; and, in fact, to circumnavigate the globe. Though botanical reſearches conſtituted a principal part of his plan, it was not to botanical reſearches only that his views were limited.

" The knowledge of nature in general, and of the animal kingdom in particular, was enlarged by his enquiries, in conjunction with thoſe of his friends who were connected with him, and indeed ſupported by him, in the proſecution of the ſame laudable purſuits. The public is, likewiſe, indebted to him for deſcriptions of countries and people, their productions, manners, cuſtoms, religion, policy, and language. This is the teſtimony given by Dr. Hawkeſworth; and how much that gentleman's relation of Captain Cook's firſt voyage round the world was enriched by Mr. Banks's communications and papers, is apparent from every part of the work. What a treaſure he brought back with him in natural hiſtory, is known to the curious in that department of ſcience. When he returned to England, the labours and fatigues he had gone through, and the dangers to which he had been expoſed, did not deter him from the deſign of accompanying Captain Cook in his ſecond expedition. Some circumſtances having prevented Mr. Banks from carrying this deſign into execution, he did not give himſelf up to an indolent life, but in a little time engaged in another voyage of diſcovery. The voyage I mean was that to the Weſtern Iſles, and to Iceland. In this navigation Mr. Banks proſecuted his purpoſes of adding to ſcientific knowledge, as is evident from his publication of Van Troil. After that time, beſides his other engagements, he aſſiduouſly employed himſelf in his grand botanical undertaking, which is conducted at great labour and expence, and which, when completed, will be the nobleſt work of the kind that hath appeared in any country.

" The ſeveral circumſtances I have mentioned, cannot certainly be conſidered as having been bad preparations for the honour Mr. Banks obtained of being choſen Preſident of the Royal Society, on the reſignation of Sir John Pringle. That theſe circumſtances were regarded as matters deſerving of eſteem and diſtinction, appears from his having been elected without oppoſition. Beſides what Sir Joſeph Banks has done, in his private and perſonal capacity, towards the promotion of natural knowledge, it cannot, I believe, be denied, that, ſince he hath filled the chair of the Society, he hath been aſſiduous in endeavouring to advance the ends of the inſtitution. His houſe and his library are open to learned and philoſophical men, and he is ready to give them his aſſiſtance in the accompliſhment of their uſeful deſigns. Foreigners, as well as his own countrymen, are freely and liberally received by him, and he carries on an extenſive correſpondence with eminent men abroad. In ſhort, his time, his attention, and his fortune, have been applied to the purpoſes of ſuſtaining the dignity and utility of his ſtation; and that he might not be interrupted in this laudable view, he has declined, what to moſt men of rank and fortune is an object of ambition, and what he might eaſily have obtained, a ſeat in parliament.

" But that it may with greater deciſion be determined how far it is fit to diſplace the Preſident, let it be conſidered, whether the Society has, or has not, proſpered during his adminiſtration. That it has flouriſhed, and that it hath been provided with a due aſſortment of valuable papers, may, with the utmoſt truth, be aſſerted. There have been times in which communications have been ſcarce, and they were not plentiful when Sir Joſeph Banks firſt entered upon his office; but of late years there has been no reaſon to complain upon this head. In 1782, fifty-one papers were ballotted for, of which forty-one were either unanimouſly approved, or unanimouſly rejected. With regard to five of them, there was only the difference of a ſingle voice, and upon the other five the balls were more equally divided. The account for 1783 will be found nearly the ſame; nor will that of the preſent year be leſs honourable. I have already appealed to the public concerning the value of the communications which have appeared in the Tranſactions. Theſe will ſpeak for themſelves, and enable every reader to determine whether the Society hath or hath not been in a ſtate of

profperity during the Prefidency of Sir Joſeph Banks.

"Sarcaſtic hints have been thrown out with reſpect to his ſitting in the chair of Newton. Such reflections are of eaſy fabrication, and they have been made with an equally unjuſt ſeverity on former Preſidents. A Newton is not the produce of every age or country. A Newton only riſes up in the world in the courſe of many centuries, to ſhew, perhaps, what it is to which the human mind may poſſibly attain. If it had been reſolved that the Chair of the Royal Society ſhould never be filled till an equal to Sir Iſaac Newton could be found to ſit in it, it muſt have always been vacant, both before and ſince the time of that illuſtrious philoſopher. The language that hath been uſed in the point I am ſpeaking of, is childiſh and inſignificant. The office of Preſident may be worthily and uſefully diſcharged, though it be not ſuſtained by the greateſt man to whom the univerſe has given birth. This will be apparent from a review of the gentlemen who have poſſeſſed the Chair of the Society, from its firſt inſtitution, as a chartered body, to the preſent day. The liſt of the Preſidents is as follows: William Lord Viſcount Brouncker, appointed in 1663; Sir Joſeph Williamſon, elected in 1677; Sir Chriſtopher Wren, in 1680; Sir John Hoſkins, in 1682; Sir Cyril Wyche, in 1683; Samuel Pepys, Eſq. in 1684; John Earl of Carberry, in 1686; Thomas Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, in 1689; Sir Robert Southwell, in 1690; Charles Montague, Eſq. in 1695; John Lord Somers, in 1698; Sir Iſaac Newton, in 1703; Sir Hans Sloane, in 1727; Martin Folkes, Eſq. in 1741; George Earl of Macclesfield, in 1752; James Earl of Morton, in 1764; James Burrow, Eſq. in 1768; James Weſt, Eſq. in the ſame year; James Burrow, Eſq. in 1772; Sir John Pringle, in the ſame year; and Joſeph Banks, Eſq. in 1778. Upon a peruſal of this liſt, the names of ſeveral gentlemen will be perceived, who, however eminent they were in other reſpects, are little known in the hiſtory of Philoſophical Science; and yet it doth not appear that they diſcharged unworthily the duties of the office to which they were choſen. It is no undue compliment to Sir Joſeph Banks to ſay, that, with regard to his acquaintance with natural knowledge, and his munificence and ſucceſs in promoting it, he is ſuperior to ſome, and equal to others, of the perſons now mentioned. A Preſident cannot be ſuppoſed to excel in every branch of philoſophy; nor is it always to be expected that he ſhould be a profound Mathematician. It is evident, from the preceding catalogue, that no ſuch thing has been deemed eſſential by the members of the Royal Society. Sir Hans Sloane, who ſucceeded Sir Iſaac Newton, was chiefly diſtinguiſhed by his ſkill in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; and other Preſidents have had their particular departments of ſcience, to which they were more eminently devoted. Men are endued with different talents, all of which are uſeful in their turn. This will be the caſe with the gentlemen who are appointed to preſide over the Royal Society; and no reaſonable fault can be found with them, provided they do not diſcountenance the ſtudies and purſuits which are ſomewhat out of their own way. I am not ſenſible that any ſuch charge can juſtly be brought againſt Sir Joſeph Banks. Mathematical and Aſtronomical papers have been ſo far from being neglected during his adminiſtration, that, on the contrary, they occupy a due proportion, and conſtitute, as they will always deſerve to conſtitute, a moſt honourable part of the Tranſactions. It ought to be no reflection upon any Preſident, that he is not poſſeſſed of the ſpecific and peculiar qualities of thoſe by whom he has been preceded. My late excellent friend, Sir John Pringle, was admirable in the ſpeeches which he made on the annual aſſignments of Sir Godfrey Copley's medal; and I eſteem it no ſmall happineſs of my life, that I have endeavoured to do juſtice to his character in this reſpect. But it is not needful, nor indeed would it be proper, that every Preſident ſhould be ambitious of diſtinguiſhing himſelf exactly in the ſame mode. Though Sir Joſeph Banks may not aim at this particular point of honour, it doth not hence follow that he is diſqualified for ſuſtaining, with real reputation and utility, the high ſtation he holds in the Royal Society. A cenſure, not very liberal, has been paſt upon the purity and elegance of his ſtyle. I ſuppoſe that he doth not pretend to any extraordinary ſkill in the little turns and niceties of compoſition. Theſe things are chiefly to be expected from thoſe who are in the habit of writing for the preſs; and yet they are not always to be found even in ſuch perſons. It is poſſible for a man to be a profeſſed ſcholar and author, to ſit in the chair of criticiſm, to aſſume the office of directing the taſte and judgment of the public, and, at the ſame time, to fall into many inaccuracies of language. Nevertheleſs, I ſhould be unwilling, even in ſuch a caſe, to condemn with ſeverity. In ſuch a caſe I would be thankful for the inſtruction received; I would do juſtice to the general learning of the writer; I would teſtify to the vigour of his mind; and I would applaud the free and independent ſpirit with which he delivered his opinions, though they might not happen to coincide with the dictates of my own underſtanding.

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"The temper of the Preſident has been repreſented as greatly deſpotic. Whether it be ſo or not, I am unable to determine from perſonal knowledge. I do not find that a charge of this kind is brought againſt him by thoſe who have it in their power to be better judges of the matter. He appears to be manly, liberal, and open in his behaviour to his acquaintance, and very perſevering in his friendſhips. Thoſe who have formed the cloſeſt intimacy with him have continued their connection, and maintained their eſteem and regard. This was the caſe with Capt. Cook and Dr. Solander; and other inſtances might, I believe, be mentioned to the ſame purpoſe. The man who, for a courſe of years, and without diminution, preſerves the affections of thoſe friends who know him beſt, is not likely to have unpardonable faults of temper.

"It is poſſible that Sir Joſeph Banks may have aſſumed a firm tone in the execution of his duty as Preſident of the Society, and have been free in his rebukes where he apprehended that there was any occaſion for them. If this hath been the caſe, it is not ſurpriſing that he ſhould not be univerſally popular. That ſoftneſs of mind which never adopts the language of reproof, will always be admired and loved, whilſt the hand of diſcipline will be found, in ſome degree, uneaſy even to the worthieſt perſons."

In the courſe of his narrative, the candid author takes occaſion to expreſs his wiſhes that Mr. Maty may be induced to abate ſomething of the warmth of his diſpoſition; and he alſo holds out, ſomewhat particularly, the errors which Dr. Horſley hath fallen into in point of literary haughtineſs.

Upon the whole, this well-timed publication, while it ſerves as a clear and ſatisfactory vindication of the conduct of the Preſident and Council, tends to convince and to conciliate both parties, and to reſtore peace and harmony. We are, therefore, not ſurpriſed to learn (and we mention it with pleaſure) that at the late Anniverſary Meeting of the Society, Nov. 30, 1784, as well as at the different meetings ſince that time, the moſt perfect amity has appeared to prevail; and the Preſident, we are told, was unanimouſly re-elected by a far greater number of Members than ever attended before on any ſimilar occaſion.

Biographia Britannica: or, The Lives of the moſt eminent Perſons who have flouriſhed in Great-Britain and Ireland, from the earlieſt Ages to the preſent time: Collected from the beſt Authorities, Printed and Manuſcript, and digeſted in the Manner of Mr. Bayle's Hiſtorical and Critical Dictionary. The Second Edition, with Corrections, Enlargements, and the Addition of new Lives. By Andrew Kippis, D. D. F. R. S. and S. A. with the Aſſiſtance of the Rev Joſeph Towers, LL. D. and other Gentlemen. Vol. III. [*Continued.*]

AFTER taking notice of the Doctor's Preface, and giving a general character of the work, we, in our laſt, ſelected the life of Mr. John Canton as a ſpecimen of the performance: for our readers' farther information and amuſement, we ſhall now add a liſt of the new lives inſerted in this laſt edition.

The new lives in this volume are no leſs than thirty-ſix, viz.

	Born A. D.	Died A. D.
Burgh (James), moral and political writer —	1714	1775
Burton (John), divine and critic,	1696	1771
Bentham (Edward), divine	1707	1776
Butler (Joſeph), prelate and ethical writer —	1692	1752
Byrom (John), poetical writer	1691	1763
Cabot (Sebaſtian), navigator	1477	1557
Campbell (John), Duke of Argyle, warrior and ſtateſman	1678	1743
Campbell (Archibald), Duke of Argyle, ſtateſman	1682	1761
Campbell (John), hiſtorical, biographical, and political writer	1707-8	1775
Canton (John), natural philoſopher ——	1718	1772
Carew (Richard), antiquary	1555	1620
Carew (Sir George), ambaſſador ——		1613
Carleton (Dudley), Viſcount Dorcheſter, ambaſſador and ſtateſman ——	1573	1628
Carſtares (William), divine and political agent —	1649	1715
Carte (Thomas), hiſtorian	1686	1754
Carteret (John), Earl Granville, ſtateſman ——	1690	1763
Cartwright (Thomas), divine	1535	1603
Caſlon (William) letter-founder	1692	1766
Caſtell (Edmund), divine and lexicographer —	1606	1685
Cave (Edward), printer	1691	1754
Cavendiſh (Margaret), Ducheſs of Newcaſtle, author ——		1673
Centlivre (Suſannah), dramatic writer ——	1667	1723
Chambers (Ephraim), author of the Cyclopoedia —	——	1740

Chandler

	Born A.D.	Died A.D.
Chandler (Samuel), divine	1693	1766
Chapman (George), poet	1557	1634
Cheſelden (William), ſurgeon and anatomiſt —	1688	1752
Cheyne (George), phyſician	1671	1742
Cuſhul (Edmund), divine and antiquary ——	——	1733
Chubb (Thomas), controverſial writer ——	1679	1746-7
Churchill (Charles), ſatiric poet	1731	1764
Cibber (Colley), actor and dramatic writer —	1671	1757
Clarke (William), divine and antiquary —	1696	1771
Clayton (Robert), Iriſh prelate and divine ——	1695	1758
Cleveland (John), poet	1613	1658
Clive (Robert), Lord Clive, warrior ——	1725	1774
Cockburn (Catharine), poetical and ethical writer —	1679	1749

In a future Number of our Magazine we propoſe to inſert extracts of ſuch lives as appear moſt deſerving our readers' attention.

The Virtuous Villagers; a Novel. In a Series of Letters. By John Potter, M. B.

AMONG the various modes adopted to convey entertainment and inſtruction, none ſeems more generally approved of than that ſpecies of writing which relates ideal adventures with ſuch probable connection of events, that though we know it to be fiction, yet we are obliged to allow that it is natural. And of all the different ſtyles in which the ſportive hiſtorian may expatiate, not any one has met with greater ſucceſs, or appears more congenial with the volatility of the fair ſex, to whoſe patronage the effuſions of literary invention are ſo liberally indebted, than that eaſy epiſtolary communication which, with the generous privilege of friendſhip, delineates the features of the ſoul under every emotion; and, regardleſs of the rigid ſtrictures of the cenſorious, ſcatters with graceful negligence the flowers of the imagination.

Happy the author whoſe volumes, a memorial of gratitude to his country, while they amuſe the lovelier ſex, enrich their leiſure, and, by refining their delicacy and pointing their penetration, open new ſources of virtuous ſatisfaction. The delighted readers tread on enchanted ground; but are conducted by the Genius of Diſcretion along ſilvery ſparkling ſtreams, and through bloomy bowers, to the ſublime temple of immortal Truth.

From amid the croud of trivial or vicious productions which have lately poiſoned the ſprings of information, and uſurped the name of Novels, it is a peculiar pleaſure to announce one in which learning, genius, taſte, and ſentiment, are united under the auſpices of moral improvement. The Virtuous Villagers blends the ſenſe of age with the fire of youth; and, to uſe the author's own words, "without ſubſcribing to the wiſhes of juvenile indiſcretion," paints characters with that vivacity, as muſt ſnatch the attention of the fair and the gay, yet leave the heart untainted, while the mind is profitably enlarged.

* * * * * * *

Anecdotes of the Author.

When a literary work, profeſſedly out of the common road, and above the common ſtandard, makes its appearance, curioſity is impatient for anecdotes of the writer. The eſtimation in which the volumes before us are held, would lead us to be aſſiduous in collecting a circumſtantial account of their author, were we not given to underſtand, that in another compoſition, by way of novel, in three volumes, which he is preparing for the preſs (though we have not been favoured with its title), he has introduced an accurate and elegant hiſtory of the ſtriking viciſſitudes in his life. We ſhall therefore only obſerve, that this gentleman is a ſon of a branch of the late Archbiſhop Potter's family: his father was author of "A Syſtem of Mathematics," publiſhed many years ſince in octavo, "The Authority of the Old and New Teſtament," &c. &c.

This ſon, the author of The Virtuous Villagers, was born in London, as we apprehend, about fifty years ago; for ſo early as the year 1754 he publiſhed ſome poems, in one of which it was aſſerted that the writer was only twenty years of age.

Having received the beſt claſſical education, he ſtudied mathematics and phyſic principally with his father, and afterwards made ſome progreſs in the ſcience of muſic.

About the year 1756, he ſettled in the Weſt of England, in a ſituation by no means ſuited to one whoſe mind was perpetually engaged in a variety of purſuits. Here he privately continued the ſtudy of phyſic, and eſtabliſhed a periodical paper, printed weekly at Exeter, entitled, "The Devonſhire Inſpector;" in which, though ſo young a man, he diſcovered much genius and ſolidity of underſtanding.

In

In 1762 he left Devonſhire, and returned to London, and for a time read the muſic lecture at Greſham College. Soon after this, his enterprizing genius introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Garrick; and he occaſionally connected himſelf with the theatre, by writing ſeveral good prologues and epilogues; having alſo a conſiderable hand in the pantomime of the Rites of Hecate, or Harlequin from the Moon; and the Maſk of Hymen, written on the marriage of the Princeſs Auguſta with the Hereditary Prince of Brunſwick, and jointly ſet to muſic by himſelf and Mr. Arne. His connection with Mr. Garrick brought him acquainted with the late memorable proprietor of Vauxhall gardens, and he enliſted under his banner, to aſſiſt that gentleman in the management of thoſe Elyſian ſcenes, which he continued to do for Mr. Tyers during his life, and many years afterwards for the family of Mr. Tyers; but a difference happening between him and them about the year 1777, he reſigned and retired.

At different intervals between thoſe periods, for relief from a ſtrict application to the duties of his ſtation, his playful genius painted with comic humour the real ſcenes of life, under the titles of Arthur O'Bradley and the Curate of Coventry. The language of the former is ſurpaſſed by the invention; but in the latter, the merits of both may claim an happy equality. And indeed the public opinion in favour of theſe books gratified the utmoſt ambition of their author, by a rapid and extenſive ſale.

About the year 1768 he publiſhed a judicious critique on the dramatic performances at both houſes in a news-paper, which was afterwards collected and printed in two volumes, under the title of "The Theatrical Review," ſaid to have been written by a Society of Gentlemen, but in reality the ſole work of our author.

But, while he ſoared on the pinions of genius, his ſedulous induſtry did not diſdain to ſtoop to more laborious efforts, where utility bears the palm from novelty, and accuracy ſuperſedes the ſplendid excurſions of the imagination. Of this, his corrections and additions to the General Gazetteer of Salmon, Ogilvy's Book of Roads, the copious and elaborate Indexes to Dryden's Tranſlation of Virgil's Works, &c. &c. are proofs in general circulation.

In the liſt of his literary acquaintance, he had the honour to rank the late incomparable Dr. Johnſon, and the ingenious Dr. Hawkeſworth, with whom he lived in the habits of a moſt agreeable friendſhip.

From what cauſe we know not, but ſoon after his reſignation of the appointment at Vauxhall, his circumſtances ſuffered an unfortunate revolution, when he left England and went to the Continent, where he was not inattentive to the intereſts of his country, in communicating what intelligence he could procure for the ſervice of Government; and at Leyden, or Louvain, he renewed his medical ſtudies, and took a degree in phyſic. From this time, it is ſaid that he devoted himſelf entirely to the practice of phyſic, and the ſtudy of polite literature. We are informed that he has written ſeveral pieces beſides thoſe above mentioned and what are at preſent in the hands of the London booksellers for publication. In our next we hope, through the endeavours of a literary correſpondent, to give a complete liſt of all this gentleman's works.

The Frequented Village; a Poem. Inſcribed to the late Dr. Oliver Goldſmith. A new Edition, improved, with Additions. London, printed: Dublin, reprinted by R. Marchbank, 1784.

THE peruſal of this poem afforded us little pleaſure. There is nothing ſtriking in it. The verſification is tolerably ſmooth; and that is its chief praiſe. The Author has given us a few good lines; what pity he was ſo ſparing of them! With the thoughts of other writers he has made free; however, in return for the loan, he dreſſes them ſometimes to advantage. To inſtance one: We have often heard that the ſhadows lengthen as the ſun deſcends; but we never heard till now that

"Giant ſhadows from the mountains ſtride."

Our Author is neither happy in deſcription nor in the pathetic: he never delights the fancy, nor moves the paſſions. In ſhort, he may be a worthy, ſenſible man, and a good ſcholar; but Horace would not allow that he is a poet.

However, every lover of the fine arts ought to purchaſe "The Frequented Village"—for the ſake of the Vignette in the title-page. We may boldly aſſert, that a more elegant engraving does not adorn any book in Europe. It would do honour to the graver of a Bartolozzi. Were we to attempt to do it juſtice, we muſt dwell on every touch; but our buſineſs is with the pen, not the graver. This Vignette is the production of Mr. Thomas Milton, a young Engliſh artiſt, now in Ireland, who is engaged in engraving "Views of Seats of Ireland," ſeveral of which have already appeared, and been highly and juſtly applauded.

We

We will here give our Readers the paſſage which the Vignette is meant to illuſtrate.

But ſee, remoter plac'd, a happier pair,
Their vows, their warmeſt wiſhes, who declare,
Seal each profeſſion with a balmy kiſs,
And live to joys of more extatic bliſs!
Thus, whilſt they ſeem to interchange their ſouls,
Some quaff the generous liquor from the bowls,
While ſome to muſic lend a greedy ear,
And taſte the while pure draughts of ſparkling beer.
In every face a placid ſmile appears,
Bereft of cares, and uncontroul'd by fears,
A buz of mingling voices ſpreads around,
Of tuneful accent, and of tickling ſound.
The ſelf-ſame ſounds, the ſelf-ſame murmurs ſwell,
When bees in ſummer court their ſtraw-built cell;
In buſy troops reviſiting their ſtore,
Still perſevering to encreaſe it more.
Next Sukey, blitheſt of the virgin train,
The neateſt wench that trips along the plain,
On tip-toe moving, ſoon a ſwain eſpies,
On whom ſhe fixes her obſerving eyes.
They both in merry circles beat the ground,
And tune their feet to muſic's gladd'ning ſound:
Thus mirth and joy the ſocial tribe delight,
Till winged moments uſher in the night;
When each a calm repoſe is ſure to find,
The ſweet poſſeſſion of a peaceful mind.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

This Poem is attributed to Counſellor King, eldeſt ſon of Sir Anthony King, Knt. an Alderman of Dublin. He does not ſhine at the Bar, but he is unqueſtionably a man of deep learning. He ſat once for a Fellowſhip in Trinity-College, Dublin, and anſwered well; but not well enough to deſerve the Fellowſhip.

Fairy-Hill; or May-Day. A Paſtoral Opera, in Three Acts: as it was originally written for a Private Theatre. By William Manſell, Eſq. London. S. W. Fores, 1784. Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

ESQUIRE Manſell, in his Preface to this ingenious production, has given a ſtriking proof of the force of friendſhip; no leſs an one than ſacrificing his reputation to the earneſt deſire of his friends, by ſending this *Paſtoral Opera* into "the world, as it was *originally* written, without *any emendations whatever*." He was led to the latter part of this reſolution by probably recollecting the Coachman's reply to Mr. Pope's oath—— "God mend me!"——Mend you! he had better make a dozen new ones.—Nothing but an unwillingneſs to diſappoint the Author's *confidence* that he ſhould be noticed by the Critics, could have prevailed on us to ſnatch him for a moment from that oblivion into which, in ſpite of our endeavours, he muſt inevitably ſink. "If (ſays he) in the peruſal, *it* ſhould give any ſatisfaction to the *more gentle part of the creation*, every wiſh of mine will be gratified; and thoſe who are only happy when they can diſcover errors—may indulge themſelves."—The Author has afforded ample room indeed for indulgence; but we much fear he will be diſappointed in the gratification of his wiſhes. This piece is perfectly innocent of plot, and the characters, however *originally* drawn, wretched copies.—It reminds us of thoſe motley pieces of patchwork exhibited in the windows of a woollendraper's ſhop, with only this difference, that there is ſome judgement diſplayed in the arrangement of their party-coloured materials; whereas not even the fainteſt glimmer of it can be diſcovered throughout this performance. The following Soliloquy and Song will ſufficiently ſhew our Author's claim to a ſeat on Parnaſſus.

Enter Henry, with his Dog.

See! through yon hawthorn *peeps* the ſilent moon,
And ſmiles upon my *harmleſs, ſleeping* flock:
O happy innocents! ſleep, ſleep, in peace,
And let my *unconnected* thoughts rove on.
If Sophy, gentleſt of her ſex, but knew
The many times that I have quit my cot,
And call'd the moon to witneſs how I lov'd,
Sophia, ever mild, would pity me;
And tender pity leads the mind to love.
When balmy ſleep had cloſ'd the ſhepherd's eye,
And all was *huſh*, except the bird of night,
Who, ever watchful at the midnight hour,
Proclaim'd my viſit to her ivy manſions,
Here counting all * *her* beauties have I been;

* What an happy ambiguity of expreſſion! It is not eaſy to determine whoſe beauties he has been counting, the bird's or his Miſtreſs's; he ſurely could not miſtake the one for the other, an Owl for a Lady.

Attended

Attended only by my dog, who knows
The name of Sophy better than his own,
And gently fawns on him who mentions it.

SONG.

"*Ally Croker.*"

There ne'er was a girl yet like unto Molly,
For no one alive e'er saw her *melancholy*;
When she brings me the ale, how slyly I thank her,
My mistress to her is a thousand times lanker:
Oh my pretty, pretty Molly of the Anchor!
Oh! sweet Molly! Molly Brewer of the Anchor!

She's always at home to friend and to stranger,
She kisses all round her without fear or danger;
She looks so at me as if she'd a hanker,
And I look at her as if I could thank her.
Oh my pretty pouting Molly of the Anchor, &c.

Whene'er I go there, she's always so handy,
Drawing pots of beer, or filling out the brandy;
She's not fit, I think, for a hedger or a banker;
She's only fit for me because I can spank her.
Oh, my pretty, tidy Molly of the Anchor!
Oh, *fat Molly!* Molly Brewer of the Anchor!

Delicacy like this *must* entitle our Author to the approbation of the *more gentle part of the creation*, disarm the malice of snarling Critics, and justify the charge of an additional shilling for this Opera, equally calculated to amuse and to improve.

Remarks on the Report of the East-India Directors, respecting the Sale and Prices of Tea. By Richard Twining. And Observations on the Tea and Window Tax Act, and on the Tea Trade, by the same Author. London, T. Cadell, 1784.

IN the first of these Pamphlets Mr. Twining, in order, as he observes, to prevent the possibility of its being imagined that he has, intentionally, misrepresented any part of the Report, has, as it is not to be purchased, annexed a copy of it to his Remarks. In these he endeavours to prove, that the East-India Company have misstated several circumstances in their Report; that they have frequently drawn wrong conclusions from right principles, and attempted to injure in the opinion of the public that *respectable and immaculate* body of men, the Tea Dealers, whose defence he boldly undertakes: among other things he charges the Directors with want of candour in suppressing their intention of discontinuing to allow the usual discount. The Directors in their Report having asserted, "That upon this *single Sale* (meaning the first since the Act) a saving to the buyers of Tea has arisen from the alteration of no less than 825,717l."; Mr. Twining makes the following remark: "It is, indeed, certain, that if the Company had put up, under the old regulation, 6,254,947lb. of Tea, to be followed in the course of three months by another quarterly sale of two millions and a half (for that was the quantity upon which the buyer at the former sale was to reckon), and *if* the Company had got for those Teas the average price of ten years past, *then* there would, indeed, be a difference of 825,717l. in favour of the Teas which have been sold since the alteration of the duty. But who will build upon such hypothetical accounts? *I* will venture to assert, that the East-India Company never could have sold at any quarterly sale near six millions and an half of tea, subject to the old duty, at any thing like the average prices at which Teas have sold of ten years past. If the Company had put up to sale for the supply of one quarter more Tea than they had sold annually, upon an average of ten years, at the prices at which each species had, during that time, been put up, it is so far from true that they would have got any thing like the prices at which the Report calculates this Tea, that the chief part of it would not have been sold at all. The annual average consumption of Tea which paid duty was 4,889,390lb. weight. To whatever sum the actual reduction of price upon that quantity of Tea shall amount, that sum will certainly be saved." Mr. Twining affirms, that whatever sum the Public may have saved, it is at least (including the sum the discount would have amounted to) 200,000l. less than it should have been. To follow the author through his various remarks, (many of them evidently shrewd at least, if not altogether solid) would equally clash with our limits and our inclinations. Whether the Company or the Tea-dealers be the gainers upon the new plan, may be a disputable point; that the Public, *who ought to be benefited*, are the sufferers, is a melancholy and self-evident truth. Mr. Twining's *Family Confession*, as he calls it, in the second pamphlet, relative to mixing Teas, is plausible and pleasant; nor is his distinction between *mixing* and *adulterating* them, devoid of either subtlety or art. Our grandmothers might *peradventure* be highly

delighted with *ſeeing* Mr. Twining's "*good grandfather*" mix his Teas, and ſuit them to each "little peculiarity of thoſe who were to drink them;" but their grandchildren may be ſomewhat ſceptical, and inclined to doubt whether Mr. T—— has inherited the family noſtrum of (as Paddy ſays) improving Tea of the *beſt*, by *mixing*—not adulterating—it with Tea of an *inferior* quality.

Should Mr. Twining intend favouring the Public with any farther remarks, we would recommend it to him to leave the *art of mixing* behind the counter; whatever effect it may have *there*, the ſcraps of Latin ſo copiouſly introduced into his pamphlets are by no means an improvement of *that commodity*. *Bohea and Belles Lettres, Congou and the Claſſics, Hyſon and Hyſon*, are ſuch an incongruous mixture, however *happily* blended, as can never ſuit the taſte of common-ſenſe, though it may be flattering to the palate of vanity and ſelf-conceit.

Modern Times; or, The Adventures of Gabriel Outcaſt: Suppoſed to have been written by himſelf, in Imitation of Gil Blas. In 3 Vols. London: Printed for the Author, by the Literary Society at the Logographic Preſs, and ſold by J. Walter, Printing-Houſe-Square, Blackfriars. 1785.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Gabriel Outcaſt's *modeſt* requeſt to the Reviewers to peruſe with attention the twentieth chapter of this curious performance, before they hazarded their opinions on it; we ſhall not, for a moment, heſitate to declare, that it is, without exception, the moſt illiberal, as well as illiterate, production that ever was attempted to be crammed down the throats of the public. It contains nothing either new, intereſting, or inſtructing. *Honeſt* Gaby has not only purloined the greateſt part of the ſcraps of which this inſipid olio is compoſed, but has jumbled its heterogeneous materials together in ſo aukward a manner, as to make it inſupportably diſguſting even to the elegant inhabitants of *Dyot ſtreet* or *Hedge-lane*, to whoſe taſte it ſeems beſt adapted. It has been aſſigned as a reaſon why rakes and libertines ſpeak diſreſpectfully of the moſt beautiful part of the creation, that they have formed their ideas from the moſt abandoned of the ſex, with whom only they have aſſociated. Might we not, with the greateſt appearance of juſtice, *a fortiori*, conclude, from the dark *daubing* (we cannot call it picture) of human nature which is here exhibited, that the author never kept better company than the g-ng of thieves of which he informs us he was (for his merits no doubt) unanimouſly elected Chief.

This literary *abortion* was, we find, introduced into the world by the obſtetric aid of a literary ſociety, inſtituted under the auſpices of the Rev. Dr. Truſler (to whoſe profound lucubrations the World of Science is ſo much indebted), for the emancipation of *indigent and oppreſſed merit* from the cruel fangs of thoſe inhuman *anthropophagi* hight booksellers. This *amiable corps*, to uſe the phraſe of that arch patriot John Wilkes, propoſe printing and publiſhing, for the *ſole benefit* of *poor* authors, ſuch works as, for their *originality*, ſhall, in their impartial opinion, merit ſuch diſtinction. *Modern Times* may ſerve as a ſpecimen of their judgment, and cannot fail of encouraging the *manufacture* of books, and cauſe every *coatleſs* garretteer to exclaim with rapture, *Redeunt Saturnia regna.*

The Tales of the Caſtle; or, Stories of Inſtruction and Delight. Being *Les Veilles du Chateau*, written in French by Madame la Comteſſe de Genlis, Author of the Theatre of Education, Adela and Theodore, &c. Tranſlated into Engliſh by Thomas Holcroft. 5 vols. London, G. Robinſon. 1785.

MADAME de Genlis in this, as well as her former works, has diſcovered that ſhe poſſeſſes, in an eminent degree, the power of communicating inſtruction in the moſt pleaſing manner, *dilettando docere*, to inform the mind, and improve the heart, by diverting and pleaſing the imagination. To inſpire the youth of both ſexes with a love of virtue, and a rooted averſion to every thing that is either vicious or mean; to teach them obedience to their parents, a due reſpect to their ſuperiors, a diſintereſted friendſhip to their equals, and an unbounded humanity and benevolence to thoſe whom fortune has placed in a ſtate of dependence, or adverſity reduced to diſtreſs; ſeems invariably to be the grand object of her writings, and entitles her to no common degree of praiſe and admiration. The Counteſs has diſplayed, particularly in the ſecond volume, a fund of philoſophical knowledge; nor is ſhe a leſs able critic: her ſtrictures on Voltaire are ſpirited and juſt, as are thoſe on the celebrated Moral Tales of Marmontel. Nor has ſhe been partial to her own ſex: Madame Dacier, tho' ſhe allows her every merit her warmeſt eulogiſts could exact in

point

point of knowledge and abilities, when ſhe loſes the delicacy of ſentiment, thoſe tender feelings which ſhould be the peculiar characteriſtic of the ladies, both in their writings and actions, becomes the object of her critical reprehenſion.

In beſtowing theſe commendations on the work now before us, we are only doing an act of juſtice; but we are equally in juſtice bound to declare, that there is much inequality in the execution: it is not all brightneſs; it has its ſhades. Her young folks are too perfect; they are, to uſe an expreſſion of her own, *des enfans precoces*, untimely fruit. She ſeems to have done away the old Engliſh proverb, which ſays, It is impoſſible to put "old heads on young ſhoulders:" nor can we help obſerving a too great ſameneſs in the *denouement* of two of her tales; we mean Don Ramirez being found by his ſon in the ſilver mines of Sweden, and —— by his father among the Moravians at Zaſt. Thoſe blemiſhes, however, are few and trifling when compared with beauties which occur in almoſt every page of this performance. The peruſal of it will afford pleaſure where inſtruction is not wanted; and where it is, it will yield both.

We are ſorry not to be able to ſpeak as warmly in favour of the tranſlation as of the original. Mr. Holcroft ſeems either to have forgotten, or never to have known, the truth of the motto, *Sat cito, ſi ſat bene*. He has made more haſte than good ſpeed. We, in a former Review, remarked, that he had fallen into ſome little errors of diction, and were in hopes, as we kindly attributed them to inattention, that he would have profited by the hint; but as he has perſiſted in them, we fear the diſtemper either admits of, or deſerves, no cure. AUTOMATONS and IDYLLIONS, *between you and I*, and a conſtant unnatural tranſpoſition of the ſign of the infinitive mood, as if wilfully intended to produce an horrid cacophony, are ſo frequent, that they cannot eſcape general obſervation. There is no neceſſity, we acknowledge, to be a complete claſſical ſcholar to be able to tranſlate the Tales of the Caſtle; but a man who is in a habit of writing for the preſs ought to avoid ſuch blunders as a ſchool-boy would deſervedly be corrected for.

Obſervations on the Treatment of Ruptures; containing an Examination of Mr. Brand's Opinions upon that Subject. By T. Sheldrake. Price 1s. 6d.

MR. Brand, in his Chirurgical Eſſays on the Treatment of Ruptures, has particularly enlarged on the dangers that patients are expoſed to from quacks and truſsmakers. He concludes with remarking, "*Theſe are facts which I believe cannot be denied, but in the language of quackery.*" Whether Mr. Brand's prophecy be verified, may be determined by thoſe who have read Sheldrake's Obſervations, which in point of compoſition may not unjuſtly be ranked with the lucubrations of the famous advertiſers Geiſler, Raynes, and Patence. Indeed, Sheldrake's capacity to make obſervations on a Chirurgical work may be eaſily decided on his own declaration—that he is an uninformed truſsmaker.

Sympathy Defended; or, the State of Medical Criticiſm in London, &c. 8vo.

THE Sympathy here alluded to is a treatiſe on that ſubject publiſhed in the year 1781, by one Henry Seguin Jackſon, who might not improperly be ſtiled the *incomprehenſible Doctor*, ſo perfectly unintelligible (and we might add ridiculous) is the work in queſtion. Nothing can be more truly contemptible than the performance before us; it is in general a collection of unmeaning ſentences, equally offending againſt the rules of grammar and common-ſenſe, with here and there a trait of abuſe of a reſpectable individual writer, whoſe character is not to be affected by ſo puny an attack.—The iraſcibility and inſignificance of this pamphleteer remind us of the Ichneumon, a very contemptible animal of which we recollect lately to have read an account. And what is the Ichneumon? our readers will naturally aſk. Why the Ichneumon is a little, buſy, impertinent fly, extremely iraſcible, and armed with a long ſting; but this ſting is ſo flexible and feeble, that it has not power to do much harm. Every thing excites its ire, and its ire ungratified ſerves only to conſume itſelf: it will ſtrike an Elephant, though it cannot perforate a Mouſe.——So much for Dr. Jackſon and the Ichneumon.

Here, boy, take this pamphlet to the paſtry-cook's.

CRITIQUE on the ROLLIAD.

No. IX.

OUR author, in the progreſs of his plan, which, like that of Milton, in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, has the univerſe for its ſcene, and *angels* for its agents, has at laſt arrived at an object whom all the world will acknowledge every way worthy of the writer; a fit *hero* for ſuch a *poet*.

——*dignus vindice nodus*

will be the common ſentiment of all mankind, when it is related that the ſublime builder of "The Rolliad" (for ſurely the *conditor carminum* was never ſo well applied to any individual before) has ſelected his Grace the DUKE of NORTHUMBERLAND, Earl Percy, Lord Loraine, Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum of the counties of Middleſex and Northumberland, Vice-admiral of Northumberland, Preſident of the Middleſex Hoſpital and Weſtminſter Diſpenſary, a Vice-preſident the Small-pox Hoſpital, and a Truſtee of the Britiſh Muſeum, as the next ſubject of his diſtinction, or, in other words, as the next theme of his panegyric; for from ſuch an author the leaſt notice is an *eulogium*, and the leaſt compliment is *immortality*.

We have accompanied the introduction of the noble Duke's name, as our readers will perceive, with a pretty correct enumeration of his virtues, as Duke of N—, Earl P—, &c. &c. but how would our faint powers have been equal to the taſk of giving them that brilliancy of ſetting, which marks, and ever will, and ever muſt mark, the poetic jewelry of our eternal Bard, who,

Non ante vulgatâ per artes,

adds new charms to every theme he honours with his touch, and has the dexterity of making

"Vigour more ſtrong, and beauty's ſelf more "fair."

He confeſſes, however, that he ſhrunk a little at firſt from the contemplation of ſuch ſurpaſſing grandeur as the blazing virtues of the noble Duke; but ſoon deriving comfort from the recollection of thoſe leading authorities, "that a Cat may look at a King," and "that an eagle can ſurvey the ſun," he determined to proceed. He felt particular pleaſure in calling to mind the famous compariſon in the eleventh *Æneid* of Virgil, wherein an eagle is repreſented to take a *ſnake* in his talons, to contend with him for ſome time in the air, after ſome ſtruggle and difficulty to obtain a deciſive victory, and then,

——*Simul ceruice ſeuerat alis*——

"Thus," adds this great author in his annotations, "having got the better of all initiatory dangers, I flattered myſelf that I and my hero would riſe together; and that *I*, like a *Pierian Eagle*, and *he*, like a true *ariſtocratic Snake*, would mount with a reciprocal ſtimulus in company.

The author condeſcends juſt in this part to quote from a Scribbler of the Fifteenth Century, Mr. *William Shakſpeare*, and thus moſt paſſionately exclaims, as he eſſays to encounter the mighty ſubject of his rapture,

Oh! for a Muſe of fire that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a ſtage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the high and many-titled HUGH
Aſſume the port of *Plutus*——

——Pardon, gentles all,
The flat, unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an OBJECT.

The Poet now proceeds to the promiſed detail of the noble Duke's tranſcendencies. He ſpeaks in proper terms, of his unbounded and diſintereſted benevolence; of his undeſcribable contempt of parade, and all the little weak vanities of *lordly* oſtentation; of his humility; his generous attachment to his Sovereign, which the author demonſtrates by the circumſtance of his having ſerved his Majeſty for ſome years in the character of a principal menial, at a time when he was not in the receipt of more than 60,000 *pounds per ann.* did not get more than 4000l. a-year for the execution of the employment, and had hardly a leg to ſtand upon; the uncommon reverence and affection which is borne his Grace by all mankind, and particularly *by thoſe who know him beſt*; his unexampled patronage of literature, conſidering the contracted limits of his means; his total exemption from ſordid feelings of *all* ſorts; his exertions in behalf of his country; and particularly in *ſupport of the purity of its Democracy, &c. &c.*

Our author, now making a very eaſy and natural tranſition from the noble Duke's *patriotiſm in general* to his conſtitutional abhorrence of all *foreign manufactory in particular*, grows inflamed with the contemplation of ſuch uncommon excellencies; finds himſelf unable to reſtrain the fury of his admiration; perceives his *Pegaſus* running away with him; foams, blows, and frets, till, half-choaked with the generous rage that had ſeized him, he begins to feel, for the firſt time, his

his power ſink beneath the vaſt bulk of his ſubject, and that for once in his life

——*Materia ſuperavit opus.*

His wonder works itſelf off in *hemiſtichs*; in little poetic ſpaſms; in half lines, ſuch as the learned reader knows ever characterize the poetry of the ancient claſſics, in ſituations of difficulty and paſſion; and all that his labouring muſe is capable of bearing, is ſuch half-formed abortions as the following——

How ſhall I find words?——
What power in language!——
Aſſiſt me, all ye Nine!——
Deſcription's ſelf is lame.——

He concludes this ſtrain of convulſive harmony with a parody:

——A Muſe! a Muſe! my kingdom for a Muſe!

Recollecting juſt at this moment that there were other parts of this great man's character, though perhaps leſs ſuſceptible of poetical ornament, yet better calculated for general entertainment, he ſuddenly takes leave of his *heroics*, and, bearing in mind that the fame of the noble Houſe of *Percy* had been rather tranſmitted to poſterity on account of their *actions* than by the ſtudied puffs of their hiſtorians, he inſtantly determines upon telling a ſtory, and judiciouſly adopting a new meaſure ſuited to the new occaſion (for no author underſtands better

——*reddere convenientia cuique*,

than the immortal writer of the Rolliad), he thus proceeds:

A TALE.

AT Brookes's once it ſo fell out
The box was paſh'd with glee about,
With mirth reciprocal inflam'd,
'Twas ſaid, they rather *play'd* than *gam'd*:
A gen'rous impulſe thro' them ran,
And *ſeem'd* to actuate every man:
But as all human pleaſures tend
At ſome ſad moment to an end,
The hour at laſt approach'd, when lo!
'Twas time for ev'ry one to go.
—Now, for the firſt time, it was ſeen,
A certain ſum unown'd had been;
To no man's ſpot directly fix'd,
But plac'd—ambiguouſly betwixt;
So doubtfully indeed it lay,
That none with confidence could ſay,
This caſh is mine—I'm certain on't—
—But moſt declin'd with—"Sir, I won't,—
"I can't in conſcience urge a right
"To what I am not certain quite."
—*Northumbria's Duke*, who with'd to put
An end to this polite diſpute,
Whoſe generous nature yearn'd to ſee
The ſmalleſt ſhew of enmity,
Aroſe and ſaid—"This caſh is mine;
"For being aſk'd to day to dine,
"You ſee I'm furbelow'd and fine;
"With full-made ſleeves and pendent lace,
"Rely on't, this was juſt the caſe,
"That when by chance my arm I mov'd,
"The money from me then I ſhov'd;
"This clearly ſhews how it was ſhifted:"
Thus ſaid—the rhino then he lifted—
"Hold, hold, my Lord"—ſays thoughtleſs HARE,
Who never made his purſe his care;
A man who thought that money's uſe
Was real comfort to produce,
And all the pleaſures ſcorn'd to know,
Which from its *ſnug* enjoyments flow;
Such as ſtill charm their gladden'd eyes,
Who feel the bliſs of avarice;—
"Hold, hold, my Lord—how is it known
"This caſh is certainly your own?
"We each might urge as good a plea,
"Or Fox, or Sheridan, or me;
"But we, tho' leſs it were to blame,
"Diſdain'd ſo putiful a claim.
"Then here let me be arbitrator,
"I vote the money to the waiter."
Thus oft will generous Folly think,
But Prudence parts not ſo with chink.
On this occaſion ſo it was,
For gravely thus my Lord Duke ſays:
"Conſider, Sir, how great the ſum,
"To full eight guineas it will come:
"Shall I, for your quaint verbal play,
"Conſign a whole eſtate away?
"Unjuſt, ridiculous, abſurd!
"I will not do it, on my word;
"Yet rather than let fools deride,
"I give my *firſt* to divide;
"So 'twixt the Waiter and myſelf
"Place equal portions of the pelf:
"Thus eighty ſhillings give to Ralph,
"To *Alnwick's Duke* the other half."
Hare and the reſt (imprudent croud!)
At this deciſion laugh'd aloud:
"What," ſay theſe wild unthinking men,
"Are you and *Ralph* ſo equal then?
"Will *Percy's* noble houſe deſcend
"To take a Waiter for a friend?
"Or he who plenty never lacks,
"Thus with a *Scrub* go meanly ſnacks,
"And be partaker in a gain,
"That e'en we prouder poor diſdain?"
"Rail if you like," replied the Duke,
Then to himſelf his portion took.
Thus ſpite of all the witleſs rakes,
The Duke and Waiter part the ſtakes.

MORALS.

1. This maxim, then, ye ſpendthrifts, know,
'Tis money makes the mare to go.

2. By

2. By no wife man be this forgot,
A penny fav'd 's a penny got.

3. This rule keep ever in your head,
Half a loaf 's better than no bread.

4. Though fome may rail, and others laugh,
In your own hand ſtill keep the ſtaff.

5. Forget not, Sirs, ſince Fortune's fickle,
Many a little makes a mickle.

6. By gay men's counſels be not thwarted:
Fools and their money ſoon are parted.

7. Save, ſave, ye prudent—who can know
How ſoon the high may be quite low?

8. Of Chriſtian virtues hear the ſum,
True charity begins at home.

9. Neglect not farthings, careleſs elves,
Shillings and pounds will guard themſelves.

10. Get caſh with honour if you can,
But ſtill to get it be your plan.

Such an incident ſo admirably related as the reader has perceived the above to be, can require no inducement of collateral teſtimony for the moſt implicit belief of it, and can receive no illuſtration or ornament from the moſt elaborate criticiſm.

No. X.

ALTHOUGH in our laſt number, as well for the ſake of variety as of an opportunity to diſplay the univerſality of our Author's genius, we gratified the reader with a ſpecimen of his talents in a metre different from that in which we have hitherto been accuſtomed to admire him, we have by no means exhauſted the beauties of that part of his work in which the characters of the leading Members of the Houſe of Commons are ſo poetically and forcibly delineated. What can be more ſublime or pictureſque than the following deſcription:

Erect in perſon, ſee yon knight advance,
With truſty 'ſquire, who bears his ſhield and lance,
The Quixotte *Howard!* Royal Windſor's pride,
And Sancho Pancha *Pewney* by his ſide;
A monarch's champion, with indignant frown
And haughty mien, he caſts his gauntlet down;
Majeſtic ſits, and hears, devoid of dread,
The dire Philippicks whizzing round his head.
Your venom'd ſhafts, ye ſons of Faction, ſpare,
However keen, they cannot enter there.

And how well do theſe lines, immediately ſucceeding, deſcribe the manner of ſpeaking of an orator of ſuch conſiderable *weight* and authority!

He ſpeaks, he ſpeaks! Sedition's chiefs around,
With unfeign'd terror hear the ſolemn ſound,
While little *Pewney* chears with livelier note,
And ſhares his triumph in a ſilent vote.

Some have ignorantly objected to this as an inſtance of that figure for which a neighbouring kingdom is ſo generally celebrated, vulgarly diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of a Bull, erroneouſly conceiving a ſilent vote to be incompatible with the vociferation here alluded to: thoſe, however, who have attended parliamentary debates, will inform them, that numbers who muſt loudly exert themſelves in what is called *cheering* ſpeakers, are not, upon that account, entitled to be themſelves conſidered as ſuch.——Our author has indeed done injuſtice to the worthy Member in queſtion, by claſſing him among the number of mutes, he having uniformly taken a very active part in all debates relating to the militia, of which truly conſtitutional body he is a moſt reſpectable pillar, and one of the moſt conſpicuous ornaments.

It is unqueſtionably the higheſt praiſe we can beſtow upon a Member of the Britiſh Houſe of Commons, to ſay, that he is a faithful repreſentative of the people, and upon all occaſions ſpeaks the real ſentiments of his conſtituents; nor can an honeſt ambition to attain the firſt dignities of the ſtate, by honourable means, be ever imputed to him as a crime: the following encomium, therefore, muſt be acknowledged to have been juſtly merited by a noble Lord whoſe *independent* and *diſintereſted* conduct has drawn upon him the cenſures of diſappointed faction:

The Noble Convert, *Berwick*'s honour'd choice,
That faithful echo of the people's voice,
One day to gain an Iriſh title glad,
For *Fox* he voted—to the people bade;
'Mongſt Engliſh Lords ambitious grown to ſit,
Next day the people bade him vote for *Pitt*:
To join the ſtream our Patriot nothing loth,
By turns diſcreetly gave his vote to both.

The title of *Noble Convert*, which was beſtowed upon his Lordſhip by a Speaker of the degraded Whig faction, is here moſt judiciouſly adopted by our author, implying thereby that this denomination, intended no doubt to convey a ſevere reproach, ought rather to be conſidered as a ſubject of panegyric: this is turning the artillery of the enemy againſt themſelves—

Neque lex eſt juſtior ulla, &c.

In

In the next character introduced ſome perſons may perhaps object to the ſeeming impropriety of alluding to a bodily defect; eſpecially one that has been the conſequence of a moſt cruel accident; but when it is conſidered that the mention of the perſonal imperfection is made the vehicle of an elegant compliment to the ſuperior qualifications of the mind, this objection, though founded in liberality, will naturally fall to the ground.

The circumſtance of one of the Repreſentatives of the firſt City in the world having loſt his leg, while bathing in the ſea, by the bite of a ſhark, is well known; nor can the dexterity with which he avails himſelf of the uſe of an artificial one, have eſcaped the obſervation of thoſe who have ſeen him in the Houſe of Commons, any more than the remarkable humility with which he is accuſtomed to introduce his very pointed and important obſervations upon the matters in deliberation before that auguſt aſſembly.

" One moment's time might I *preſume* to beg?"
Cries modeſt *Watſon*, on his wooden leg.
That leg, in which ſuch wond'rous art is ſhewn,
It almoſt ſeems to ſerve him like his own.;
Oh! had, the monſter, who for breakfaſt eat
That luckleſs limb, his nobler noddle met,
The beſt of workmen, nor the beſt of wood,
Had ſcarce ſupply'd him with a head ſo good.

To have aſſerted that neither the utmoſt extent of human ſkill, nor the greateſt perfection in the materials, could have been equal to an undertaking ſo arduous, would have been a ſpecies of adulation ſo fulſome, as to have ſhocked the known modeſty of the worthy Magiſtrate; but the forcible manner in which the difficulty of ſupplying ſo *capital* a loſs is expreſſed, conveys, with the utmoſt delicacy, a handſome, and, it muſt be confeſſed, a moſt juſtly merited compliment to the Alderman's abilities.

The imitation of celebrated writers is recommended by Longinus, and has, as our readers muſt have frequently obſerved, been practiſed with great ſucceſs by our Author; yet we cannot help thinking that he has puſhed the precept of this great critic ſomewhat too far, in having condeſcended to copy, may we venture to ſay with too much ſervility, a genius ſo inferior to himſelf as Mr. Pope, in the following lines:

Can I *Newbaven*, *Ferguſon* forget,
While Roman ſpirit charms, or Scottiſh wit?
Macdonald, ſhining a refulgent ſtar
To light alike the ſenate and the bar;
And *Hayley*, conſtant to ſupport the throne,
Great follower of its intereſts, and his own?

The ſubſtitution of Scottiſh for Attic, in the ſecond line, is unqueſtionably an improvement, ſince, however Attic wit may have been proverbial in antient times, the natives of Scotland are ſo confeſſedly diſtinguiſhed among modern nations for this quality, that the alteration certainly adds conſiderable force to the compliment.

However happily and juſtly the characters are here deſcribed, we cannot think this merit ſufficient to counterbalance the objection we have preſumed to ſuggeſt, and which is principally founded upon the extreme veneration and high reſpect we entertain for the genius of our Author. Mr. Addiſon has obſerved, that Virgil falls infinitely ſhort of Homer in the characters of his Epic Poem, both as to their variety and novelty; but he could not with juſtice have ſaid the ſame of the Author of the Rolliad; and we will venture to aſſert, that the ſingle book of this poem now under our conſideration, is in this reſpect ſuperior to the whole both of the Iliad and the Æneid together. The characters ſucceed each other with a rapidity that ſcarcely allows the reader time to admire and feel their ſeveral beauties.

Galloway and *Gideon*, in themſelves a hoſt,
Of *York* and *Coventry* the ſplendid boaſt;
Whitbread and *Ongley*, pride of *Bedford's* vale,
This fam'd for ſelling, that for ſaving ale;
And *Nancy Poulett*, as the morning fair,
Bright as the ſun, but common as the air,
Inconſtant nymph! who ſtill with open arms
To ev'ry Miniſter devotes her charms.

But when the poet comes to deſcribe the character of the hero of his work, the preſent Member for the county of Devon, whom Merlin points out to his illuſtrious anceſtor as uniting in himſelf all the various merits of the worthies whoſe excellencies he has recorded, he ſeems to riſe even above himſelf. It is impoſſible to do juſtice to this character without tranſcribing the whole, which would exceed our limits; we ſhall therefore only give to our readers the concluding lines, becauſe they contain characteriſtic obſervations upon other diſtinguiſhed Members, moſt of whom have hitherto paſſed unnoticed.

In thee, my ſon, ſhall ev'ry virtue meet,
To form both Senator and Man complete;
A mind like *Wray's*, with ſtores of fancy fraught,
The wiſe Sir *Watkin's* vaſt extent of thought;

Old

Old *Nugent's* ſtile, ſublime yet ne'er obſcure,
With *B*———'s Grammar, as his conſcience pure;
Brett's brilliant ſallies, *Martin's* ſterling ſenſe,
And *Gilbert's* wit that never gave offence;
Like *Wilkes*, a zealot in his ſov'reign's cauſe,
Learn'd as *Macdonald* in his country's laws;
Acute as *Aubrey*, as Sir *Lloyd* polite,
As *Eaſtwicke* lively, and as *Ambler* bright.

The juſtice of the compliment to Sir Cecil Wray will not be diſputed by thoſe who have been fortunate enough to have met with the beautiful ſpecimens of juvenile poetry with which ſome of his friends have lately indulged the public.

Johannes Scriblerus, a lineal deſcendant of the learned and celebrated Martinus, reads "*Starling* Martin's ſenſe," alluding to that powerful opponent of the deteſtable Coalition having recommended, that a bird of that ſpecies ſhould be placed on the right of the Speaker's chair, after having been taught to repeat the word Coalition, in order to remind the Houſe of that diſgraceful event, which had nearly eſtabliſhed an efficient and ſtrong government in this country; to which ſevere and admirable ſtroke of ſatire, the object of it clumſily and uncivilly anſwered, that whilſt that gentleman ſat in the Houſe, he believed the Starling might be allowed to perform his office by deputy: we have, however, ventured to differ from this great authority, and ſhall continue to read "Martin's ſterling ſenſe," as well becauſe we are of opinion that theſe words are peculiarly applicable to the Gentleman alluded to, as that it does not appear probable our author ſhould have been willing to make his poem the vehicle of an indecent ſarcaſm upon a perſon of ſuch eminent abilities.

The compliment to Mr. B—— G——, in the compariſon of the purity of his language to the integrity of his conduct, is happily conceived; but that to the ingenious Mr. Gilbert, the worthy Chairman of the Committee of Supply, is above all praiſe, and will, we are perſuaded, notwithſtanding the violence of party, be by all ſides admitted to be ſtrictly juſt.

Having now concluded our obſervations upon this part of the poem, we ſhall cloſe them with remarking, that, as our Author evidently borrowed the idea of this viſion, in which the characters of future times are deſcribed, from Virgil, he has far ſurpaſſed his original; and as his deſcription of the preſent Houſe of Commons may not improbably have called to his mind the Pandæmonium of Milton, we do not ſcruple to aſſert, that in the execution of his deſign, that great maſter of the ſublime has fallen infinitely ſhort of him.

No. XI.

AMONGST the various pretenſions to critical approbation which are to be found in the excellent and never-ſufficiently to be admired production which is the object of theſe comments, there is one that will ſtrike the claſſical obſerver as peculiarly prominent and praiſe-worthy;——namely, the uncommon ability ſhewn by the Author in the ſelection of his Heroes. The *perſonæ* that are introduced in the courſe of this poem, are characters that ſpeak for themſelves. The very mention of their names, is a ſummons to approbation; and the relation of their hiſtory, if given in detail, would prove nothing more than a lengthened panegyric. Who that has heard of the names of a *Jenkinſon*, a *Robinſon*, or a *Dundas*, has not in the ſame breath heard alſo *what they are?* This is the ſecret of our author's ſcience and excellence. It is this that enables him to omit the dull detail of introductory explanation, and to faſten upon his buſineſs, if one may uſe the expreſſion, ſlap dash, and at once.

Semper ad eventum feſtinat, et in medias res,
Non ſecus ac notas *auditorem rapit.*

HOR.

Homer himſelf yields, in this reſpect, to our author; for who would not perceive the evident injuſtice done to the modern Bard, if we were to place the wiſdom of an *Ulyſſes* on any competition with the experience of a *Pitt*; to mention the bully *Ajax* as half ſo genuine a bully as the bully *Thurlow*; if we were to look upon *Neſtor* as having a quarter of the intereſting circumlocution of the ambiguous *Nugent*; to conſider *Achilles* as poſſeſſed of half the anger of a *Rolle*; or to ſuppoſe for a moment, that the famous ποδας ωκυς of antiquity could run nearly ſo faſt in a *rage*, as the Member for Devon in a *fright*; to conceive the yellow-haired *Paris* to have had half the beauty of the ten times more yellow-haired *Villiers*; to look upon *Agamemnon* as in any degree ſo dictatorial to his *chiefs* as the high-minded *Richmond*; to conſider the friendſhip of *Patroclus* as poſſeſſed of a millionth portion of the diſintereſted attachment of a *Dundas*; to have any conception that the choſen band of *Theſſalian Myrmidons* were to be any way compared, in point of implicit ſubmiſſion, to the ſtill more dexterouſly choſen band which conſtitute the majority of the *Britiſh Houſe of Commons*; or—but there is no end to

ſo

ſo invidious a compariſon, and we will not expoſe poor *Homer* to the farther mortification of purſuing it.

Merlin proceeds in his relation, and fixes upon an object that will not, we believe, prove any diſgrace to our author's general judgment of ſelection; namely, that worthy Baronet, and univerſally admired wit, Sir *Richard Hill*, of whom it may be truly ſaid,

——— *Pariter pictate vel jocis*
Egregius.

He looks upon him as an individual meriting every diſtinction, and has thought proper therefore, although he has been ſlightly touched upon before, to reſcue him from the more indiſcriminate mob, for a particular deſcription. Speaking of Sir *Richard*'s ſtyle of elocution, our author obſerves—

With bible bawdy, and with ſacred ſmut,
His rev'rend jokes ſee pious *Richard* cut;
He to the wond'ring Senate firſt reveal'd,
That *Goſpel* was for joke ſo wide a field,
That no reſource was ever found for wit
Half ſo prolific as the *Holy Writ*;
And that of all the *jeſt-books* man has known,
The *Bible*'s merits moſt diſtinguiſh'd ſhone.

This deſcription will be readily felt, and, we truſt, not leſs cordially admired, by all thoſe who may have enjoyed the pleaſure of auricular evidence to Sir *Richard*'s oratory. The thought of converting the *Bible* into a JEST BOOK, is, we believe, quite new, and not more original in itſelf than characteriſtically juſt in its application to the ſpeaker. We all know that *Saul* affected inſanity for the ſake of religion, in the earlier periods of our holy faith; and why ſo great an example ſhould not be imitated in later times, we leave it to the prophane to ſhew.

We know not whether it is worth obſerving, that the eloquence of this illuſtrious family is not confined to Sir *Richard* alone; but that his brother inherits the ſame gift, and if poſſible in a greater degree. It is ſaid there is an intention of diveſting this latter Gentleman of his cleric robe, and bringing him into the Senate, as the avowed competitor of our modern CROMWELL. If this happy event ſhould luckily take place, we ſhall literally ſee the obſervation then realized, that the Miniſtry will give to their wicked enemies, on the other ſide of the Houſe, what they have ſo long wanted and deſerved,

——"——A *Rowland* for their *Oliver*."

This, however, by the way. Our author reſumes his ſubject with the following ſpirited apoſtrophe———

Methinks I ſee him from the Bench ariſe,
His words all keenneſs—but all meek his eyes,
Define the good religion might produce,
—Practiſe its higheſt excellence—*abuſe*,
And with his tongue, that two-edg'd weapon, ſhew,
At once, the double worth of *Job* and *Joe*.

Job, as ſome of our more learned readers may know, is a book in the Old Teſtament, and is uſed here *per ſynecdochen*, as part for the whole. Nothing can be more natural than the preference given to this book, on this occaſion, as Sir *R.* is well known in his ſpeeches to be ſo admirable an auxiliary to its precepts. The perſon of the name of *Joe*, who has received ſo laconic a mention in the laſt line of the above extract, will be recognized by the critical and the intelligent, as the ſame individual who diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo eminently in the ſixteenth century, as a writer and a wit, namely, Mr. *Joſeph Miller*; a great genius, and an author, avowedly in the higheſt eſtimation with our learned Baronet.

The buſineſs of the compoſition goes on.—It is evident, however, the poet was extremely averſe to quit a ſubject upon which his congenial talents repoſed ſo kindly. He does not leave Sir Richard therefore without the following finiſhed and moſt high-wrought compliment:

With wit ſo various—piety ſo odd,
Quoting by turns from *Miller* and from—GOD;
Shall no diſtinction wait thy honor'd name?
No lofty epithet tranſmit thy fame?
Forbid it Wit, from mirth refin'd away!
Forbid it Scripture, which thou mak'ſt ſo gay!
Scipio, we know, was *Africanus* call'd,
Richard ſtyl'd *Long-ſhanks*—*Charles* ſurnam'd
The Bald.
Shall theſe, for petty merits, be renown'd,
And no proud phraſe, with panegyric ſound,
Swell thy ſhort name, great *Hill*?—Here
take thy due,
And hence be call'd—the SCRIPT'RAL KILLIGREW.

The adminiſtration of baptiſm to adults, is quite conſonant to Sir R.'s creed; and we are perfectly ſatisfied, there is not a Member in the Houſe of Commons, that will not ſtand *ſponſor* for him on this honourable occaſion. Should any one aſk him in future—Who gave you that name? Sir R. may fairly and truly reply, My *God-father*, &c. and quote the whole of the Lower Aſſembly as coming under that deſcription.

Merlin, led, as may be eaſily ſuppoſed, by ſympathy of rank, talents, and character, now pointed his wand to another worthy Baronet, hardly leſs worthy of diſtinction than the laſt perſonage himſelf, namely, Sir *Joſeph Mawbey*. Of him the author ſets out with ſaying,

Let this, ye wiſe, be ever underſtood,
Sir *Joſeph* is as witty as he's good——

Here, for the firſt time, the annotators upon this immortal poem find themſelves compelled, in critical juſtice, to own, that the author has not kept entire pace with the original which he has affected to imitate. The diſtich, of which the above is a parody, was compoſed by the worthy hero of this part of the ROLLIAD, the amiable Sir Joſeph himſelf, and runs thus:

Ye ladies, of your hearts beware,
Sir *Joſeph*'s falſe as he is fair.

How kind and how diſcreet a caution!—This couplet, independent of its other merits, poſſeſſes a recommendation not frequently found in poetry, the tranſcendent ornament of truth. How far, indeed, the falſhood of this reſpectable individual has been diſplayed in his gallantries, it is not the province of ſober criticiſm to enquire. We take up the aſſertion with a larger comprehenſion, and with a ſtricter eye to general character—

Sir *Joſeph*'s *falſe* as he is *fair*—

Is it neceſſary to challenge, what no one will be abſurd enough to give—a contradiction to ſo acknowledged a truth? Or is it neceſſary to ſtate to the faſhionable reader, that whatever may be the degree of Sir Joſeph's boaſted falſhood, it cannot ſurpaſs the fairneſs of his complexion? The poſition, therefore, is what logicians call converſible; nothing can equal his falſhood but his fairneſs;—nothing his fairneſs but his falſhood.—Incomparable——!

Proceeding to a deſcription of his eloquence, he ſays,

A ſtye of pigs, though all at once it ſqueaks,
Means not ſo much as *Maſcley* when he ſpeaks;
And hiſt'ry ſays, he never yet has bred
A pig with ſuch a voice—or ſuch a head:
Except, indeed, when he eſſays to joke,
And then his wit is truly *pig in poke*.

Deſcribing Sir J—'s acquiſitions as a ſcholar, the author adds,

His various knowledge I will e'er maintain,
He is indeed a knowing man in grain.

Some commentators have invidiouſly ſuggeſted, that the laſt line of this couplet ſhould be printed thus,

He is indeed a knowing man—*in grain:*

aſſigning as their reaſon, that the phraſe *in grain* evidently alludes to bran, with which Sir J—'s little grunting commonwealth is ſupported; and for the diſcreet and prudent purchaſe of which our worthy Baronet is famous.

Our author concludes his deſcription of this great ſenator with the following diſtich:

Such adaptation ne'er was ſeen before,
His trade a hog is—and his wit—a *bear*.

It has been propoſed to us to amend the ſpelling of the laſt word thus, *bore*; this improvement, however, as it was called, we reject as a calumny.

Where the beauty of a paſſage is preeminently ſtriking as above, we waſte not criticiſm in uſeleſs efforts at emendation.

The writer goes on. He tells you he cannot quit this hiſtory of wits, without ſaying ſomething of another individual; whom, however, he deſcribes as every way inferior to the two laſt mentioned, but who, nevertheleſs, poſſeſſes ſome pretenſions to a place in the *Rolliad*. The individual alluded to is Mr. *George Selwyn*. The author deſcribes him as a man poſſeſſed of

A plenteous ſtore of ready retail wit,
Made for each ſize, that ſome it ſure may fit;
Cut for ſuppos'd occaſions, like the trade
Where old new things for every ſhape are made!
Such as in Monmouth-ſtreet for e'er we ſee,
At hand for ev'ry make—for you—for me.
To this aſſortment well prepar'd at home,
No human chance unfitted e'er can come:
No accident, however ſtrange or queer,
But meets its ready, well-kept comment here.
The very beavers thus their ſtores encreaſe,
And ſpend the winter on the ſummer's greaſe.

The whole of the above deſcription will, doubtleſs, remind the claſſic reader of the following beautiful paſſage in the Tuſculan Queſtions of Cicero:

Neſcio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quaſi ſæculorum quoddam augurium futurorum—*idque in* MAXIMIS INGENIIS ALTISSIMISQUE ANIMIS *exiſtit maxime et apparet facillime.* This will eaſily account for the ſyſtem of previous fabrication ſo well known as the character of Mr. Selwyn's jokes. Speaking of an accident that befel this gentleman in the *wars*, our author proceeds thus:

In ancient times, when men did fevers 'ſcape,
They ſacrific'd a COCK to *Æſculape*;
From love's hot fever, now reviv'd and free,
No more the prey of amorous malady,
See *Selwyn* well—Oh, pious gratitude,
In theſe ſad times ſo little underſtood!
Selwyn remembers what his tutor taught,
That *old examples* ever ſhould be fought!
And now recover'd, to his *ſurgeon* cries,
"I've given to you——the ANCIENT SACRIFICE."

The delicacy with which this hiſtorical incident is pourtrayed, would of itſelf have been ſufficient to tranſmit our author's merit to poſterity: and with the above extract we ſhall finiſh the preſent number of our commentaries.

For

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

JOHNSONIANA.

OF the various Anecdotes of Dr. JOHNSON which have been given in the Public Papers, we ſelect the preſent Collection, as we have every reaſon to rely on their authenticity.

I HAVE been told, Dr. Johnſon, ſays a friend, that your tranſlation of Pope's Meſſiah was made either as a common exerciſe, or as an impoſition for ſome negligence you had been guilty of at College. "No, Sir, replied the Doctor. At Pembroke the former were always in proſe, and to the latter I would not have ſubmitted. I wrote it rather to ſhew the tutors what I could do, than what I was willing ſhould be done. It anſwered my purpoſe; for it convinced thoſe who were well enough inclined to puniſh me, that I could wield a ſcholar's weapon as often as I was menaced with arbitrary inflictions. Before the frequency of perſonal ſatire had weakened its effect, the petty Tyrants of Colleges ſtood in awe of a pointed remark, or a vindictive epigram. But ſince every man in his turn has been wounded, no man is aſhamed of a ſcar."

"I wrote the firſt ſeventy lines in the *Vanity of Human Wiſhes* in the courſe of one morning, in that ſmall houſe beyond the church [at Hampſtead]. The whole number was compoſed before I threw a ſingle couplet on paper. The ſame method I purſued in regard to the Prologue on opening Drury-Lane Theatre. I did not afterwards change more than a word in it, and that was done at the remonſtrance of Garrick. I did not think his criticiſm juſt; but it was neceſſary he ſhould be ſatisfied with what he was to utter."

To a Gentleman who expreſſed himſelf in diſreſpectful terms of Blackmore, one of whoſe poetic bulls he happened juſt then to recollect, Dr. Johnſon anſwered, "I hope a blunder, after you have heard what I ſhall relate, will not be reckoned deciſive againſt a poet's reputation. When I was a young man, I tranſlated Addiſon's Latin poem on the *Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies*, and muſt plead guilty to the following couplet:

"Down from the guardian boughs the neſts they flung,
"And *kill'd* the yet *unanimated* young:"

And yet, I truſt, I am no blockhead.—I afterwards changed the word *kill'd* into *cruſh'd*."

When Dr. Percy firſt publiſhed his Collection of Ancient Engliſh Ballads, perhaps he was too laviſh in commendation of the beautiful ſimplicity and poetic merit he ſuppoſed himſelf to diſcover in them. This circumſtance provoked Johnſon to obſerve one evening at Miſs Reynolds's tea table, that he could rhyme as well, and as elegantly, in common narrative and converſation. For inſtance, ſays he,

As with my hat upon my head
I walk'd along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.

Or to render ſuch poetry ſubſervient to my own immediate uſe,

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and ſugar ſoften'd well,
Another diſh of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once into the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown;—
Thou canſt not make the tea ſo faſt
As I can gulp it down.

And thus he proceeded through ſeveral more ſtanzas, till the Reverend Critic cried out for quarter. Such ridicule, however, was not unmerited. The editor of the *Biographia Dramatica* judiciouſly obſerves, "it has ſometimes happened that thoſe who have been tempted to reprint ſpecimens of the rude poetry of our early writers, have likewiſe perſuaded themſelves that theſe trifles were poſſeſſed of a further degree of value than they may juſtly challenge as the records of fugitive cuſtoms, or the repoſitories of ancient language. When Rowe, in his Prologue to Jane Shore, without exception, declared that

"Theſe venerable ancient ſong enditers
"Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers,"

he certainly ſaid what he neither believed himſelf, nor could wiſh any part of his audience or his readers to believe. Such literary falſhoods deſerve to be expoſed as often as they are detected."

"Pray, ſaid Garrick's mother to Johnſon, "what is your opinion of my ſon David?" "Why, Madam," replied the Doctor, "David

will either be hanged, or become a great man."

When Bolingbroke died, and bequeathed the publication of his works to Mallet, Johnſon obſerved—"His Lordſhip has loaded a blunderbuſs againſt Religion, and has left a Scoundrel to pull the trigger." Being reminded of this a few years ago, the Doctor exclaimed, "Did I really ſay ſo?" "Yes, Sir." He replied, "I am heartily glad of it."

You knew Mr. Capel, Dr. Johnſon?—"Yes, Sir; I have ſeen him at Garrick's." And what think you of his abilities? "They are juſt ſufficient, Sir, to enable him to ſelect the black hairs from the white ones, for the uſe of the perriwig-makers. Were he and I to count the grains in a buſhel of wheat for a wager, he would certainly prove the winner."

When one Collins, a ſleep-compelling Divine, of Herefordſhire, with the aſſiſtance of Counſellor Hardinge, publiſhed a heavy half-crown pamphlet againſt Mr. Steevens, Garrick aſked the Doctor what he thought of this attack on his coadjutor. "I regard Collins's performance," replied Johnſon, "as a great gun without powder or ſhot." When the ſame Collins afterwards appeared as Editor of Capel's Poſthumous Notes on Shakſpeare, with a Preface of his own, containing the following words, "A ſudden and moſt ſevere ſtroke of affliction has left my mind too much diſtracted to be capable of engaging in ſuch a talk [that of a further attack on Mr. Steevens,] though I am prompted to it by inclination as well as duty;" the Doctor aſked to what misfortune the foregoing words referred. Being told that the Critic had loſt his wife, Johnſon added, "I believe that the loſs of teeth may deprave the voice of a ſinger, and that lameneſs will impede the motions of a dancing-maſter; but I have not yet been taught to regard the death of a wife as the grave of literary exertions. When my dear Mrs. Johnſon expired, I ſought relief in my ſtudies, and ſtrove to loſe the recollection of her in the toils of literature.—Perhaps, however, I wrong the feelings of this poor fellow. His wife might have held the pen in his name. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Nay, I think I obſerve, throughout his two pieces, a woman's irritability with a woman's impotence of revenge." Yet ſuch were Johnſon's tender remembrances of his own wife, that, after her death, though he had a whole houſe at command, he would ſtudy no where but in a garret. Being aſked the reaſon why he choſe a ſituation ſo incommodious, he anſwered, "Becauſe in that room only I never ſaw Mrs. Johnſon."

What think you, Dr. Johnſon, of Mr. M——n's converſation? "I think, Sir, it is a conſtant renovation of hope, and an unvaried ſucceſſion of diſappointment.

My dear Sir, don't diſturb my feelings (ſaid Garrick to Johnſon one night behind the ſcenes); conſider the exertions I have to go through. "As to your feelings, David, replied Johnſon, Punch has juſt as many; and as for your exertions, thoſe of a man who cries turneps about the ſtreets are greater."

Were you ever, Sir, in company with Dr. Warburton?—"I never ſaw him till one evening about a week ago, at the Biſhop of St. ——'s. At firſt he looked ſurlily at me; but after we had been joſtled into converſation, he took me to a window, aſked me ſome queſtions, and, before we parted, was ſo well pleaſed with me, that he patted me." You always, Sir, preſerved a reſpect for him? "Yes, and juſtly. When as yet I was in no favour with the world, he ſpake well of me*, and I hope I never forgot the obligation."

Though you brought a Tragedy, Sir, to Drury-Lane, and at one time were ſo intimate with Garrick, you never appeared to have much theatrical acquaintance.—"Sir, while I had, in common with other dramatic authors, the liberty of the ſcenes, without conſidering my admiſſion behind them as a favour, I was frequently at the theatre. At that period all the wenches knew me, and dropped me a curtſey as they paſſed on to the Stage. But ſince poor Goldſmith's laſt Comedy, I ſcarce recollect having ſeen the inſide of a playhouſe. To ſpeak the truth, there is ſmall encouragement there for a man whoſe ſight and hearing are become ſo imperfect as mine. I may add, that, Garrick and Henderſon excepted, I never met with a performer who had ſtudied his art, or could give an intelligible reaſon for what he did."

Though Dr. Johnſon was no enemy to a proper and well-timed compliment, he would ſometimes expreſs his diſlike of awkward and hyperbolical adulation. To a literary dame, who had perſecuted him throughout a whole afternoon with coarſe and inceſſant flattery (after making ſeveral fruitleſs efforts to ſtop her career), he ſaid, and loud enough for half the company preſent to hear—"My dear, before you are ſo laviſh of your praiſe, you ought to conſider whether it be worth having."

* In his Preface to Shakſpeare.

"I am

"I am convinced (faid he to a friend) I ought to be preſent at divine ſervice more frequently than I am; but the provocations given by ignorant and affected preachers too often diſturb the mental calm which otherwiſe would ſucceed to prayer. I am apt to whiſper to myſelf on ſuch occaſions—How can this illiterate fellow dream of fixing attention, after we have been liſtening to the ſubliméſt truths, conveyed in the moſt chaſte and exalted language, throughout a Liturgy which muſt be regarded as the genuine offſpring of piety impregnated by wiſdom?—Take notice, however—though I make this confeſſion reſpecting myſelf, I do not mean to recommend the faſtidiouſneſs that led me to exchange congregational for ſolitary worſhip."—Dr. Johnſon, notwithſtanding, was at Streatham-church when the unfortunate Dodd's firſt application to him was made. The Doctor went out of his pew immediately, wrote a ſuitable reply to the letter he had received, and afterwards, when he related this circumſtance, added,—"I hope I ſhall be pardoned, if for once I deſerted the ſervice of God for that of man."

On the night before the publication of the firſt edition of his Shakſpeare, he ſupped with ſome friends in the Temple, who kept him up, "nothing loth," till paſt five the next morning. Much pleaſantry was paſſing on the ſubject of commentatorſhip; when, all on a ſudden, the Doctor, looking at his watch, cried out—"This is ſport to you, gentlemen; but you do not conſider there are at moſt only four hours between me and criticiſm."

Previous to this convivial meeting, Mr. Tonſon had deſired a gentleman to aſk our Author if he could aſcertain the number of his ſubſcribers? "No, replied the Doctor; two material reaſons forbid even a gueſs of mine on the ſubject—I have loſt all the names, and ſpent all the money. It came in ſmall portions, and departed in the ſame manner.'—There were afterwards receipts for near a thouſand copies carried in to Tonſon.

"I have ſeldom met with a man whoſe colloquial ability exceeded that of Mallet.—I was but once in Sterne's company, and then his only attempt at merriment conſiſted in his diſplay of a drawing too indecently groſs to have delighted even in a brothel.—Colman never produced a luckier thing than his firſt Ode in ridicule of Gray. A conſiderable part of it may be numbered among thoſe felicities which no man has twice attained.—Gray was the very Potté of poetry. He played his corruſcations ſo ſpeciouſly, that his ſteel-duſt is miſtaken by many for a ſhower of gold."

At one period of the Doctor's life, he was reconciled to the bottle. Sweet wines, however, were his chief favourites. When none of theſe were before him, he would ſometimes drink Port, with a lump of ſugar in every glaſs. The ſtrongeſt liquors, and in very large quantities, produced no other effect on him than moderate exhilaration. Once, and but once, he is known to have had his doſe; a circumſtance which he himſelf diſcovered, on finding one of his ſeſquipedalian words hang fire.—He then ſtarted up, and gravely obſerved—"I think it time we ſhould go to bed."—After a ten years forbearance of every fluid, except tea and ſherbet, "I drank, ſaid he, one glaſs of wine to the health of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, on the evening of the day on which he was knighted. I never ſwallowed another drop till old Madeira was preſcribed to me as a cordial during my preſent indiſpoſition; but this liquor did not reliſh as formerly, and I therefore diſcontinued it."

Every change, however, in his habits, had invariable reference to that infinity which, from his two-and-twentieth year, he had taught himſelf to apprehend. Whether he had once ſuffered from a temporary alienation of mind, or expected it only in conſequence of ſome obſcure warning he ſuppoſed himſelf to have received, will always remain a ſecret. To diſpel the gloom that ſo conſtantly oppreſſed him, he had originally recourſe to wine. Afterwards, he ſuſpected danger from it: "For (ſaid he) what ferments the ſpirits may alſo derange the intellects, and the means employed to counteract dejection may haſten the approach of madneſs. Even fixed, ſubſtantial melancholy is preferable to a ſtate in which we can neither amend the future, nor ſolicit mercy for the paſt." Impreſſed as he was with ſuch ideas, each precaution he could adopt appeared hazardous in its turn. Even his favourite, tea, had been gradually drank by him in reduced quantities, and at laſt was totally laid aſide. Milk became its ſubſtitute; and he looked forward to the ſpring, when he expected his new beverage would prove yet more ſalutary. "Perhaps, (ſays he) I ſhall conclude with what I ought to have begun. Milk was deſigned for our nutriment; tea and ſimilar potations are all adſcititious."

At laſt, perhaps, his death was accelerated by his own imprudence. If "a little learning is a dangerous thing," on any ſpeculative ſubject, it is eminently more ſo in the practical

tical ſcience of phyſick. Johnſon was too frequently his own patient. In October, juſt before he came to London, he had taken an unuſual doſe of ſquills, but without effect. He ſwallowed the ſame quantity on his arrival here, and it produced a moſt violent operation. He did not, as he afterwards confeſſed, reflect on the difference between the periſhed and inefficacious vegetable he found in the country, and the freſh and potent one of the ſame kind he was ſure to meet with in town. "You find me at preſent (ſays he) ſuffering from a preſcription of my own. When I am recovered from its conſequences, and not till then, I ſhall know the true ſtate of my natural malady." From this period, he took no medicine without the approbation of Heberden.—What follows is known by all, and by all lamented,—ere now, perhaps,—even by the prebends of Weſtminſter.

For the ſhortneſs of Dr. Johnſon's ſtay at college, and his retirement from it without taking a degree, no reaſons have hitherto been aſſigned. There is cauſe, however, to ſuſpect that he was ſent to the univerſity by the private ſubſcription of a few individuals belonging to the cathedral of Litchfield, who, with "the prophetic eye of Taſte," looked forward to his future attainments. Theſe gentlemen, in a fit of zeal which rarely enquires into its own duration, might have deſigned to become his laſting patrons; but it is equally probable that the ſtream of their bounty diminiſhed gradually, and was dried up at laſt:—Every one is acquainted with the uncertain influx of voluntary contributions——To this circumſtance we may add, that the peculiar manners of Johnſon were by no means adapted to conciliate favour among a ſet of men who are more frequently influenced by a ſpecious outſide than by ſolid learning *. His ſuperior application and vivacity might alſo be conſidered as a reproach on the idle, and as a contraſt to the dull; nor would people who regarded him in ſuch lights prove at all anxious for his accommodation among them by the aid of thoſe ſtipendiary indulgencies which many colleges can beſtow. It is not unlikely, therefore, that (as he himſelf has ſaid of Gray) he "lived ſullenly on," till he was either diſguſted with his quarters, or ſtarved out of them.—But Dr. Adams,—once tutor to Dr. Johnſon,—and now Maſter of Pembroke college, Oxford,—is ſtill in being, and can perhaps illuſtrate to obſcure a period of our Author's life.—Be thankful, ye future biographers, for this intelligence! It may ſerve as a uſeful hint to ſuch of you as are not too mean and inglorious to expect aſſiſtance, or too inſolent and illiberal to deſerve it.

While Johnſon, however, remained at college, he was in a ſtate not very far removed from indigence. He has been ſeen with his naked feet appearing through the upper leathers of his ſhoes. A new pair was once left at his door; but he threw them away with indignation. He could not ſtoop to accept any thing ſo indelicately obtruded on his neceſſities.

Even after his arrival in London, he acknowledged himſelf to have rambled more than once all night about the ſtreets with his friend Savage, becauſe their joint purſes could not raiſe a ſum ſufficient to pay for the moſt humble lodging.

He confeſſed himſelf likewiſe to have been ſometimes in the power of bailiffs. Richardſon, the author of Clariſſa, was his conſtant friend on ſuch occaſions. "I remember writing to him (ſaid Johnſon) from a ſponging-houſe; and was ſo ſure of my deliverance through his kindneſs and liberality, that before his reply was brought, I knew I could afford to joke with the raſcal who had me in cuſtody, and did ſo over a pint of adulterated wine, for which, at that inſtant, I had no money to pay."

It has been already obſerved, that Johnſon had loſt the ſight of one of his eyes. Mr. Ellis, an ancient gentleman now living (Author of a very happy burleſque tranſlation of the thirteenth book added to the Æneid by Maffeo Vegio), was in the ſame condition. But, ſome years after, while he was at Margate, the ſight of his eye unexpectedly returned, and that of its fellow became as ſuddenly extinguiſhed. Concerning the particulars of this ſingular but authenticated event, Dr. Johnſon was ſtudiouſly inquiſitive, and not without reference to his own caſe.—Though he never made uſe of glaſſes to aſſiſt his ſight, he ſaid he could recollect no production of art to which man has ſuperior obligations. He mentioned the name of the original inventor of ſpectacles with reverence, and expreſſed his wonder that not an individual, out of the multitudes who had profited by them, had, through gratitude, written the life of ſo great a benefactor to ſociety.

His knowledge in manufactures was extenſive, and his comprehenſion relative to mechanical contrivances was ſtill more extraordinary. The well known Mr. Arkwright pronounced him to be the only perſon who,

* See the Hiſtory of a Fellow of a College, in Pompey the Little.

on

on a firſt view, underſtood both the principle and powers of his moſt complicated piece of machinery.

Dr. Johnſon delighted in the company of women. "There are few things, he would ſay, that we ſo unwillingly give up, even in an advanced age, as the ſuppoſition that we have ſtill the power of ingratiating ourſelves with the Fair Sex."—Among his ſingularities, his love of converſing with the proſtitutes whom he met with in the ſtreets was not the leaſt. He has been known to carry ſome of theſe unfortunate creatures into a tavern, for the ſake of ſtriving to awaken in them a proper ſenſe of their condition. His younger friends now and then affected to tax him with leſs chaſtiſed intentions; but he would anſwer—"No, Sir; we never proceeded to the *Opus Magnum*. On the contrary, I have rather been diſconcerted and ſhocked by the replies of theſe giddy wenches, than flattered or diverted by their tricks. I remember aſking one of them for what purpoſe ſhe ſuppoſed her Maker had beſtowed on her ſo much beauty? Her anſwer was——To pleaſe the gentlemen, to be ſure; for what other uſe could it be given me?"

The Doctor is known to have been, like Savage, a very late viſitor; yet at whatever hour he returned, he never went to bed without a previous call on Mrs. Williams, the blind lady who for ſo many years had found protection under his roof. Coming home one morning between four and five, he ſaid to her——"Take notice, Madam, that for once I am here before others are aſleep. As I returned into the court, I ran againſt a knot of bricklayers."—You forget, my dear Sir, replied ſhe, that theſe people have all been a-bed, and are now preparing for their day's work.—"Is it ſo then, Madam? I confeſs that circumſtance had eſcaped me."

"Garrick, I hear, complains that I am the only popular author of his time, who has exhibited no praiſe of him in print; but he is miſtaken; Akenſide has forborn to mention him.——Some, indeed, are laviſh in their applauſe of all who come within the compaſs of their recollection. Yet he who praiſes every body, praiſes nobody. When both ſcales are equally loaded, neither can preponderate."

Perhaps, ſaid a gentleman, a *Congé d'Elire* has not the force of a poſitive command, but implies only a ſtrong recommendation.—"Yes (replied Johnſon, who overheard him), juſt ſuch a recommendation as if I ſhould throw you out of a three pair of ſtairs window, and recommend you to fall to the ground."

The laſt effuſion of our Author's pleaſantry was the following.—I hope, Sir, ſaid a friend, that the man whom I recommended to ſit up with you was both wakeful and alert.—"Sir, (anſwered the Doctor) his vigilance was that of a dormouſe, and his activity that of a turnſpit on his firſt entry into a wheel."

MEMOIRS of Mr. LEVET, with Dr. JOHNSON's ELEGY on HIM.

MR. LEVET, though an Engliſhman by birth *, became early in life a waiter at a coffee-houſe in Paris. The Surgeons who frequented it, finding him of an inquiſitive turn, and attentive to their converſation, made a purſe for him, and gave him ſome inſtructions in their art. They afterwards furniſhed him with the means of other knowledge, by procuring him free admiſſion to ſuch lectures in Pharmacy and Anatomy as were read by the ableſt profeſſors of that period. Hence his introduction to a buſineſs which afforded him a continual though ſlender maintenance. Where the middle part of his life was ſpent is uncertain; he reſided, however, almoſt thirty years under the roof of Johnſon, who never wiſhed him to be regarded as an inferior, or treated him like a dependent†. He breakfaſted with the Doctor every morning, and perhaps was ſeen no more by him till midnight. Much of the day was employed in attendance on his patients, who were chiefly of the loweſt rank of tradeſmen. The remainder of his hours he dedicated to Hunter's Lectures, and to as many different opportunities of improvement as he could meet with on the ſame gratuitous conditions. "All

* He was born at Hull, in Yorkſhire.

† Dr. Johnſon has frequently obſerved, that Levet was indebted to him for nothing more than houſe-room, his ſhare in a penny-loaf at breakfaſt, and now and then a dinner on a Sunday.

his

his phyſical knowledge (ſaid Johnſon), and it is not inconſiderable ‡, was obtained through the ear. Though he buys books, he ſeldom looks into them, or diſcovers any power by which he can be ſuppoſed to judge of an Author's merit."

Before he became a conſtant inmate of the Doctor's houſe, he married a woman who had perſuaded him (notwithſtanding their place of congreſs was a ſmall coal-ſhed in Fetter-lane) that ſhe was nearly related to a nobleman, but was injuriouſly kept by him out of large poſſeſſions. It is almoſt needleſs to add, that both parties were diſappointed in their views.—If Levet took her for an heireſs who in time might be rich, ſhe regarded him as a Phyſician already in conſiderable practice.—Compared with the marvels of this tranſaction (as Johnſon himſelf declared when relating them), the Tales in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments ſeem familiar occurrences. Never was infant more completely impoſed on than our Hero.—He had not many days been married before he was arreſted for debts incurred by his wife.—In a ſhort time afterwards ſhe was tried (providentially in his opinion) for theft, at the Old-Bailey. Levet attended the Court, in the hope ſhe would be hanged; and very angry was he with the Counſel who undertook her defence.—I once thought, ſaid he, the man had been my friend, but this behaviour of his has proved the contrary.—She was acquitted, and Johnſon himſelf concerted the terms of ſeparation for this ill-ſtarred couple, and, then took Levet home, where he continued till his death, which happened ſuddenly, without pain, and at the age of more than eighty.—As no relations of his were known to Dr. Johnſon, he adverti'ed for them. In the courſe of a few weeks an heir at law appeared, and aſcertained his title to what effects the deceaſed had left behind him.

Levet's character was rendered valuable by repeated proofs of honeſty, tenderneſs, and gratitude to his benefactor, as well as by an unwearied diligence in his profeſſion.——His ſingle failing (if it may be called one) was an occaſional departure from ſobriety. Johnſon would obſerve, he was perhaps the only man who ever became intoxicated through motives of prudence. He reflected, that if he refuſed the gin or brandy offered him by ſome of his patients, he could have been no gainer by their cure, as they might have had nothing elſe to beſtow on him. This habit of taking a fee in whatever ſhape it was exhibited, could not be put off by advice or admonition of any kind. He would ſwallow what he did not like, nay what he knew would injure him, rather than go home with an idea that his ſkill had been exerted without recompence. "Had (ſaid Johnſon) all his patients maliciouſly combined to reward him with meat and ſtrong liquors, inſtead of money, he would either have burſt like the dragon in the Apocrypha, through repletion, or have been ſcorched up, like Portia, by ſwallowing fire."—But let not from hence an imputation of rapaciouſneſs be fixed upon him. Though he took all that was offered him, he demanded nothing from the poor, nor was known, in any inſtance, to have enforced the payment of even what was juſtly his due.

His perſon was middle-ſized and thin; his viſage ſwarthy, aduſt, and corrugated; his converſation—except on profeſſional ſubjects—barren. When in diſhabille he might have been miſtaken for an Alchemiſt, whoſe complexion had been hurt by the fumes of the crucible, and whoſe clothes had ſuffered from the ſparks of the furnace.

Such was Levet, whoſe whimſical frailty, if weighed againſt his good and uſeful qualities, was

"A floating atom, duſt that falls unheeded
"Into the adverſe ſcale, nor ſhakes the ba-
"lance."

IRENE.

The following Elegy was written by Dr. Johnſon on Mr. Levet's Death.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's deluſive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By ſudden blaſts or ſlow decline,
Our ſocial comforts drop away.

Well tried thro' many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave deſcend,
Officious, innocent, ſincere,
Of ev'ry friendleſs name the friend.

Yet ſtill he fills affection's eye,
Obſcurely wiſe and coarſely kind;
Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
Thy praiſe to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring Death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy diſplay'd
The pow'r of art without the ſhew.

‡ He had acted for many years in the capacity of Phyſician, Surgeon, and Apothecary to Johnſon. After the good and learned Dr. Lawrence retired from buſineſs, the care of our Author devolved to Levet. Heberden was not called in to him till his illneſs in the year 1783. Levet died in January 1782.

In

In Mif'ry's darkeſt caverns known,
His uſeful care was ever nigh;
Where hopeleſs Anguiſh pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retir'd to die.

No ſummons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain diſdain'd by pride;
The modeſt wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day ſupplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pauſe nor left a void;
And ſure th' Eternal Maſter found
His ſingle talent well employ'd.

The buſy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no throbbing fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his ſoul the neareſt way.

SAM. JOHNSON.

THE HIVE:

A COLLECTION of SCRAPS.

The following Lines were written about a year and a half ago on a window at Salthill, deſcribing the different Inns which the Author has uſually ſtopped at, in the courſe of frequent Journies from Bath to London. They really contain a correct hiſtory:—The Bear, at Devizes, was kept by Falconer; the Caſtle at Marlborough, by White; Smith kept the Inn at Speenhill; and Hancock the Pelican, a little lower down. Tillenſon had juſt ſucceeded Flack in the King's-Arms, at Reading; the Ship, at Maidenhead-bridge, was then empty; and March, who had formerly been the Innkeeper at Salthill, but had retired in favour of Mrs. Partridge, was then returned to it again, in conſequence of her bankruptcy.

FALCONER Urſam tenet in Deviſis;
Marlburi claram regit Albus arcem;
Speneos Colles Faber ille, et infra
Pellican Hancock.
Qui fuit Flaccus novus eſt Tillenſon;
Virginis Pons eſt Capitis relictus;
In Salis Clivo redivivus eſt March,
Perdice fracta.

SONG.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, Eſq.

IF life is a bubble, and breaks with a glaſs,
You muſt toſs off your wine, if you'd with it to laſt;
For the bubble may well be deſtroy'd with a puff,
If 'tis not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flower, as philoſophers ſay,
'Tis a very good thing underſtood the right way;
For if life is a flower, any blockhead can tell,
If you'd have it look freſh, you muſt moiſten it well.

This life is no more than a journey, 'tis ſaid,
Where the roads for moſt part are confoundedly bad;

So let wine be our ſpurs, and all trav'llers will own,
That whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a Theatre liken'd has been,
Where each man around has a part in the ſcene;
'Tis our part to be drunk, and 'tis matter of fact,
That the more you all drink, boys, the better you act.

This life is a dream, in which many will weep,
Who have ſtrange ſilly fancies, and cry in their ſleep;
But of us, when we wake from our dream, 'twill be ſaid,
That the tears of the tankard were all that we ſhed.

AMORE ASSOMIGLIATO ALL' APE.

TASSO NEL' AMINTA.

PICCIOLA e l'Ape, e fa col picciol morſo
Pur gravi, e pur moleſte le ferite.
Ma qual coſa e piu picciola d'Amore,
Se in ogni breve ſpazio entra, e l'aſconde
In ogni breve ſpazio: or ſotta all' ombra
Delle palpebre, or tra minuti rivi
D'un biondo crin, or dentro le pozzette,
Che forma un dolce riſo in bello guancia.
E pur fra tanto grandi, e ſi mortali,
E coſi immedicabile le piaghe.

A Tranſlation of the above.

LOVE likened to a BEE.

From TASSO's AMINTA.

SMALL is the Bee, but from its ſmaller ſting
Tormenting pains and direful tortures ſpring;
Yet Love more ſubtile enters every ſpace,
Lurks in the eye, and lives in every grace;
Below the ſhadowy eye-brow is immur'd,
Or on the ſnow-white boſom fits ſecur'd,
And in the dimpled cheeks, the bluſhing ſmiles,
The mind bewilders, and the heart beguiles.
All hope is vain—no medicine can remove
The wounds occaſioned by the ſhafts of Love.

LINES ſent to a GENTLEMAN with the PORTRAIT of a young LADY printed off on white ſatin.

LET ſuch as prize thy lovely favorite leſs,
On ſubſtance rude her ſculptur'd charms impreſs,
Where caſual ſtains may hide ſome trait divine,
Dim the clear hue, or thwart the graceful line,
While blackett tints the injur'd white invade
With harſh ſuffuſion of unblended ſhade.
O'er Fanny's eyes this gentler ſattin throws
A placid radiance, and a ſweet repoſe:
Her form, her worth, the ſoft diſtinction claim,
Mild as her beauty, ſpotleſs as her fame.

EPITAPH.

On a favourite HORSE.

THOUGH long untrodden on poetic ground,
On me no Pegaſean duſt is found!
Your kind aſſiſtance, gentle Muſes, lend,
To pay this tribute to a parted friend:
Let no *rough-trotting* lines my theme diſgrace,
But ſmoothly *canter* in harmonious pace.
Sorrel deceas'd demands my grateful lay,
The *willing* Sorrel to his lateſt day.
Upright he jogg'd through life's myſterious round,
In *temper gentle, conſtitution ſound.*
Stranger to *vice*, no guilty *ſtart* he knew,
Excell'd by none, and equall'd but by few.
Whether the full portmanteau to ſuſtain,
Or proudly gallop o'er th' extended plain;
To ſmoke the foremoſt in the eager chace,
Or ſhine unrivall'd in the unequal race;
Sorrel in each two grateful Lords obey'd,
Who lov'd him living, and lament him dead.

MILES.

CARDING and SPINNING.

An EPIGRAM.

TO ſpin with art, in ancient times, has been
Thought not beneath the noble Dame and Queen;
From that employ our maidens had the name
Of SPINSTERS, which the moderns never claim.
But ſince to Cards each damſel turns her mind,
And to that dear delight is ſo inclin'd,
Change the ſoft name of Spinſter to a harder,
And let each woman now be call'd a CARDER.

EPIGRAM,

Written by Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, on ſeeing a Temple of the Winds, erected by Lord Anſon in the Gardens of his Country Seat.

QUI nil virtuti, ſed debuit omnia Ventis,
Quam bene Ventorum ſurgere Templa jubet!

WHO all his Wealth to Winds, not Valour, ow'd,
With juſt devotion makes the Wind his God.

NOT *Providence* * he courted to be kind,
To *Æolus* and *Fortune* more inclin'd,
He well might raiſe this Temple to the Wind.

WHO all to Winds, and nought to Valour owes,
May Temples build to every Wind that blows.

* Providence is not once mentioned in thoſe celebrated Voyages.

WHO

WHO nought to Valour ow'd for fame,
But to propitious gales;
How juſt to deify his name,
Who fill'd the ſwelling ſails.

OLD Boreas effects what his Valour ne'er tries:
——'Tis then but gratitude to ſacrifice.

SINCE nought to Courage, all to Winds is due,
Their Temples then how juſtly rais'd by you.

HE who his all (without fair Virtue's aid)
By the propitious Winds hath haply made,
Sure judgeth right, and acts with feelings fine,
To thoſe wild powers to conſecrate a Shrine.

Or thus, more literally.

HE who owes all to the Winds, to Virtue nought,
To the Winds to conſecrate a Temple *ought*.

Dr. MEAD and a PATIENT, an ANECDOTE.

AS nothing can afford more conſolation to the inferior rank of mankind, than the frequent viciſſitudes of fortune which thoſe in elevated ſtations experience; ſo the paſſions of men endowed with the brighteſt talents and moſt excellent qualities, will ſometimes level them with thoſe whoſe incapacity places them below envy.

Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wiſe,

ſays Pope, whoſe perfect acquaintance with the world had often diſcovered flaws in characters the moſt diſtinguiſhed for wiſdom and abilities.

Dr. Mead was ſo juſtly celebrated for his many ſocial virtues and extenſive benevolence, as well as his great learning and profound ſkill in medicine, that the compliment beſtowed on him by the Editor of Lord Bacon's Works, "That he had conquered envy itſelf," was univerſally admitted to be true.

Yet this great and good man had a failing, which neither his philanthropy nor his philoſophy could entirely ſubdue; I mean a ſovereign contempt for others, which would break out on certain occaſions. The following Anecdote will beſt acquaint the Reader with the truth of the obſervation.

It was a conſtant rule with Dr. Mead to take no fee from a Clergyman. Mr. Robert Leake, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, a valetudinarian, who from reading Cheyne's works had followed his preſcriptions too cloſely, and by this imprudent practice became much emaciated, was perſuaded by his friends to apply to Dr. Mead. Mr. Leake followed their advice, but unadviſedly told the Doctor he had hitherto obſerved the directions of Dr. Cheyne, as laid down in his writings. Mead's dignity was alarmed. He d———d Cheyne and his regimen, but added, Follow my preſcriptions, and I will ſet you up again. Leake ſubmitted, but every now and then perſiſted to aſk the Doctor about the efficacy of Cheyne's rules.—This Mead highly reſented.

As ſoon as the patient was pretty well recovered, he aſked the phyſician what fees he expected. Sir, ſaid the Doctor, I never in the courſe of my practice have taken or demanded any fee from a Clergyman; but ſince you have been pleaſed to preſcribe to me, rather than to follow my preſcriptions, when you had committed the care of your health to my truſt and ſkill, you muſt not take it amiſs if I demand of you ten guineas.

Mr. Leake paid the money, it is ſuppoſed, with ſome reluctance. You may come to me again, ſaid the phyſician, before you leave London. He did ſo, and Mead returned ſix of the ten guineas.

EPITAPH

On Mr. PAYNE, of the Theatre Royal, Bath.

BENEATH lie lamented the manes of *Payne*,
Bereft of what's mortal, gay, giddy, or vain!
Of *Payne*, who was *Pleaſure*'s briſk ſon thro' the year—
But *Pleaſure* now droops, and for *Payne* ſheds a tear.
In autumn *Payne* wither'd, in winter he died,
And *ſummer*'s ſweet ſunſhine to *Payne* was denied.
The dart of grim Death enter'd *Payne*'s pleaſant breaſt,
And a *dart* of religion conſign'd him to reſt.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY-LANE.

THURSDAY evening, the 20th inſt. a Pantomime, called the Cauldron, was performed for the firſt time.

This is a collection of incidents and ſurpriſes from old pantomimes, and has nearly as much merit as new and original productions of this kind.

COVENT-GARDEN.

SATURDAY evening, the 8th inft. a young Gentleman, whofe name is Pope, appeared for the firft time in the part of Oroonoko, in the tragedy of that name.

The alacrity with which the manager of this Theatre introduces new performers, does honour to his character. It is by fuch conduct that the bufinefs of the Drama can be executed to the fatisfaction and entertainment of the public. Though Mr. Holman has been but lately introduced, and engaged on very liberal terms, the manager has difregarded his own immediate intereft, by giving him a formidable competitor. Mr. Pope has the advantage of moft performers on the Stage, in the general effect of his perfon, and in the compafs and flexibility of his voice. What his countenance may be capable of, it is difficult to judge in Oroonoko.

Though we heartily join in the applaufe with which he was received, and would with to encourage him, by fincerely declaring, that he has talents that may enable him to difpute the palm with any performer now on the Stage; yet it is neceffary to obferve, that, by giving into the mode of recitation which is now prevalent, he will lofe many of the advantages of his powers. The various tranfitions of the paffions are marked moftly by the voice; and when he forces it to a confiderable height, he does not utter the tones of poignant emotions.

"It is the lark that fings fo out of tune,
"Straining harfh difcords and unpleafing fharps."

Indeed, the principal effect of acting, fince the decease of Mr. Garrick, has arifen from the art of recital. This is partly owing to writers; but principally to thofe perfons who have chanced to take the lead in patronizing performers. Scottifh and Irifh Barriters, with whom the *pronunciation* of the Englifh Language is of greater importance than the repreſentation of paffions, regard Mrs. Siddons with an enthufiafm which is not felt by the Englifh, to whom a model in the art of elocution is not of fo much importance. Ordinary judges join in their applaufe, and reciting is fubftituted for acting.

This error every man aiming at excellence fhould be aware of, and avoid. And this is not fo eafy as may be imagined. For the pleafure arifing from a juft recital is of a high and excellent kind; and not to be diftinguifhed by every man from that of a well performed character. Fenelon defcribes this effect in a maſterly manner; and we fhall tranfcribe the paffage, that neither our readers, nor thofe performers who are attentive to friendly hints given them in this Magazine, may have an excufe for miftaking *reciting* for repreſentation or *acting*.

"While Philoctetes was thus relating his adventures, Telemachus remained, as it were, fuſpended and motionleſs, with his eyes fixed on the great man that was fpeaking. All the different paffions that had agitated Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulyffes, and Neoptolemus, feemed by turns repreſented on the artleſs countenance of Telemachus. During the courfe of this narration, he fometimes called out, and interrupted Philoctetes, without knowing what he did. Sometimes he appeared thoughtful, like one maturely weighing the conſequences and occurrences; and when Philoctetes was deſcribing the confufion of Neoptolemus, who knew not how to diſſemble, Telemachus feemed to be in the fame confufion: at that inſtant one would have taken him for Neoptolemus himſelf:"—We have feen a Scottifh Barriſter in a ſituation fomething fimilar to that of Telemachus, when Mrs. Siddons has been reciting: He *repreſented* the effects of the paffions, while Mrs. Siddons recited the poetry in which they were conveyed. In theſe cafes, every man of taſte and judgment muſt pronounce the Barriſter, not Mrs. Siddons, to be the *performer*.

Wednefday evening, the 12th inft. Mr. Holman appeared, for the firft time, in the part of Richard the Third.

We have already hinted, that if Mr. Holman fhould not fucceed to the utmoſt wiſhes of his friends, it will be owing to his having attempted too early, and with too much rapidity, to poſſeſs himſelf of the firft Characters of the Drama.

Mr. Garrick is the only *young* man on record, who conceived and repreſented the wily and yet boiſterous fool of Richard. But Garrick ſtands alone, in England, as a dramatic genius; and we become daily the more ſenſible of his aſtoniſhing merit by the attempts of others to approach him.

Wednefday evening, the 19th inft. Otway's *Venice Preſerved* was performed, to introduce Mr. Pope in the part of Jaffier.

Mr. Pope's firft appearance (in Oroonoko) was in a kind of diſguiſe, as the audience could not judge of the effect of his features; he now ſhewed his countenance a little heightened in the colouring by the inſtruments of his former art. His face is rather agreeable, but the features are not ſufficiently flexible for the purpoſes of an actor. All his expreſſions of diſtreſs, all the variations of his emotions on the part of Jaffier, were therefore too ſimilar; and his ſucceſs and

fame

fame will too much depend on the uſe of his voice (which is good) and the effect of his elocution.

Mr. Henderſon's Pierre was not according to our apprehenſion of the character. The firſt part, when he ſeduces Jaffier into the conſpiracy, is intended by the author to be inſinuating and perſuaſive; Mr. Henderſon gives it the air of a ſchool-maſter documenting a boy into his purpoſes: he was throughout didactic and harſh. This kind of error is not uſual with Mr. Henderſon; he conceives his character juſtly, even when his powers will not admit the execution of his conceptions.

Mrs. Crawford is ſtill a dramatic luminary; but with half its ſplendour beneath its evening horizon. Thoſe who have not known her in her beſt days, by what ſhe is can judge of what ſhe has been. In all ſituations of high exertion, her powers of paſſionate exclamations and voice fail; in tender emotions ſhe is ſtill natural, and ſtill unequalled. She gives way with great reputation to all-ſubduing Time, and to the more youthful and vigorous talents of a popular rival. Thoſe lovers of the drama who ſhall have lived to ſee the *whole career* of theſe two actreſſes, will ſay, "Mrs. Crawford inſinuated, attracted, and was deeply engraven in the heart: Mrs. Siddons dazzled and inflamed the imagination, but ſhe aſtoniſhed too much to delight."

POETRY.

LIFE. A POEM.

By Dr. JOHN CAMPBELL,

Author of the POLITICAL STATE of GREAT BRITAIN.

WHILE through life's thorny road I go,
I will not want companions too:
A dreary journey, and alone,
Would be, alas! too troubleſome.
But company that's choice and good,
Makes trouble hardly underſtood:
For toil, divided, ſeems to be
No toil, but a felicity.
Therefore will I companions take,
As well for eaſe, as ſafety's ſake.

Fair Truth ſhall ſerve me for a guide,
Juſtice ſhall never leave my ſide;
Integrity, my truſty guard;
Nor ſhall I Caution quite diſcard:
Experience ſhall my tutor be,
Nor will I wiſer ſeem than he:
Diſcretion all my thoughts ſhall weigh,
And Modeſty my words convey:
Soft Innocence protect my ſleep,
And Charity my purſe ſhall keep.

Thus thro' this wilderneſs I'll ſtray,
Nor ever fear to loſe my way:
The Sages I ſometimes will ſee,
Be ſometimes with the *Muſes* free.
With guiltleſs *Mirth* an hour beguile,
Or with free-ſpoken *Satire* ſmile;
With *Meditation* often walk,
Or with ſweet *Melancholy* talk.
With theſe companions dear I'll ſport,
Nor heed the journey, long or ſhort,
So *Health* ſupply the Doctor's place,
And, for a Chaplain, I've *God's Grace*.

THE NEGLECTED LOVER: A BALLAD

Te ſpectem, ſuprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.
Flebis, et arſuro poſitum me, Delia, lecto;
Triſtibus et lacrymis oſcula mixta dabis.

TIBULL.

HOW oft adown yon peaceful vale,
Where fragrant wild-flow'rs ſpring,
Where murmuring rills melodious glide,
And penſive warblers ſing,

My Delia's praiſe I've fondly ſung,
Love's glowing flame avow'd;
While ſhe my fervent vows believ'd,
And gladd'ning ſmiles beſtow'd.

But vaniſh'd are the fleeting joys
My boſom then poſſeſt;
Deſerted are Love's genial charms,
And Sorrow is my gueſt:

Since lovely Delia (tender once)
My tale no longer hears,
But, ſway'd by Avarice, Colinet
For glitt'ring wealth prefers.

Farewel then, unrelenting fair,
Ambition fires thy heart;
And every heavenly tranſport's fled
Thy ſmiles could once impart.

Now throbs my breaſt with many a pang,
Defying med'cine's aid;
And ſoon beneath the verdant turf
My reliques will be laid.

Then Delia, tho' unkindly now
She wounds me with her hate,
Perchance may wander near my grave,
And mourn my hapleſs fate:

While village-maids, aſſembled round,
Her flowing tears ſhall view:
And ſay, "Here ſleeps a ſlighted youth,
"Who never lov'd but you!" ALBERT.

THE

THE MUSE RECALLED,

AN ODE;

Occasioned by the Nuptials of Lord Viscount Althorp *and Miss* Lavinia Bingham, *eldest Daughter of* Charles *Lord* Lucan, March *6th*, 1781.

By Sir WILLIAM JONES.

RETURN, celestial Muse,
By whose bright fingers o'er my infant head,
Lull'd with immortal symphony, were spread
Fresh bays and flow'rets of a thousand hues;
Return! thy golden lyre,
Chorded with sunny rays of temper'd fire,
Which in Astræa's fane I fondly hung,
Bold I reclaim: but ah! sweet maid,
Bereft of thy propitious aid,
My voice is tuneless, and my harp unstrung.
In vain I call—What charm, what potent spell,
Shall kindle into life the long unwaken'd shell!

Haste! the well-wrought basket * bring,
Which two Sister Graces wove,
When the third, whose praise I sing,
Blushing sought the bridal grove,
Where the flow'r-descending sun
Gilt the bow'rs of Wimbledon.
In the vase mysterious fling
Pinks and roses, gumm'd with dew,
Flow'rs of every varied hue,
Daughters fair of early spring,
Laughing sweet with dipplure eyes,
Or with Iris' mingled dyes:
Then around the basket go,
Tripping light with silent pace,
While, with solemn voice and flow,
Thrice pronouncing, thrice I trace
On the silken texture bright,
Character'd in beamy light,
Names of more than mortal pow'r,
Sweetest influence to diffuse;
Names, that from her shadiest bow'r
Draw the soft, reluctant Muse.

First, I with living gems enchase
The name of her, whom, for this festive day,
With zone and mantle elegantly gay,
The Graces have adorn'd, herself a Grace,
Molesworth—hark! a swelling note
Seems on Zephyr's wings to float;
Or has vain Hope my flatter'd sense beguil'd?
Next, her who braided many a flow'r,
To deck her sister's nuptial bow'r,
Bingham, with gentle heart, and aspect mild:
The charm prevails—I hear, I hear
Strains nearer yet, and yet more near.
Still, ye nymphs and youths, advance,
Sprinkle still the balmy show'r,
Mingle still the mazy dance:
Two names of unrefitted pow'r,
Behold! in radiant characters I write—
Oracle! O leave thy secret shrine,
For they who all thy nymphal train out-shine,
Duncannon †, heav'nly Muse, and Devonshire ‡ invite.

Saw ye not yon myrtle wave?
Heard ye not a warbled strain?
Yes! the harp which Clio gave,
Shall his ancient sound regain.
The dearer name remains. Prepare, prepare!
She comes—how swift th'impatient air
Drinks the rising accent sweet!
Soon the charm shall be complete.
Return, and wake the silent string;
Return, sweet Muse, for Althorp bids me sing.

'Tis she; and, as she smiles, the breathing lyre
Leaps from his silken bands, and darts ethereal fire.

"Bright son of ev'ning, lucid star,
Auspicious rise, thy soften'd beam,
Admir'd ere Cynthia's pearly car
O'er heav'n's pure azure spreads her gleam:
Thou saw'st the blooming pair,
Like thee, serenely fair,
By love united and the nuptial vow;
Thou seest the mirthful train
Dance to th' unlabour'd strain,
Seest round with myrtle ev'ry youthful brow.
Shine forth, ye silver eyes of night,
And gaze on virtues crown'd with treasures of delight.
"And thou, the golden-tressed child of morn,
Whene'er thy all-inspiring heat
Bids bursting rose-buds hill and mead adorn,
See them with ev'ry gift that Jove bestows,
With ev'ry joy replete,
Save, when they melt at sight of human woes!
Flow smoothly, circling hours,
And o'er their heads unblended pleasure pour;
Nor let your fleeting round
Their mortal transports bound,
But fill their cup of bliss, Eternal Pow'rs,
Till Time himself shall cease, and suns shall blaze no more.

* Miss Louisa Bingham, and Miss Frances Molesworth, her cousin, decked a basket with ribbands and flowers, to hold the nuptial presents.

† Lady Henrietta Spencer, second daughter of John Earl Spencer, and wife of Lord Duncannon, eldest son of the Earl of Bessborough.

‡ Lady Georgiana, eldest daughter of Earl Spencer, and wife of William Cavendish, fifth Duke of Devonshire.

" Each morn reclin'd on many a roſe,
Lavinia's * pencil ſhall diſcloſe
New forms of dignity and grace,
Th' expreſſive air, the impaſſion'd face,
The curled ſmile, the bubbling tear,
The bloom of hope, the ſnow of fear,
To ſome poetic tale freſh beauty give,
And bid the ſtarting tablet riſe and live:
Or with ſwift fingers ſhall ſhe touch the
ſtrings,
And in the magic loom of harmony
Notes of ſuch wond'rous texture weave
As lift the ſoul on ſeraph wings,
Which, as they ſoar above the jaſper ſky,
Behold them ſuns unknown and worlds unnumber'd leave.

" While thou, by liſt'ning crouds approv'd,
Lov'd by the Muſe, and by the Poet lov'd,
Althorp, ſhould emulate the fame
Of Roman Patriots and th' Athenian name:
Should charm with full perſuaſive eloquence,
With all thy mother's † grace, and all thy father's ſenſe,
Th' applauding ſenate; whilſt, above thy head,
Exulting Liberty ſhould ſmile,
Then bidding dragon-born Contention ceaſe,
Should join the dance with meek-ey'd Peace,
And, by thy voice impell'd, ſhould ſpread
An univerſal joy around her cherriſh'd iſle.

"But ah! thy public virtues, youth, are vain
In this voluptuous, this abandon'd age,
When Albion's ſons with frantic rage,
In crimes alone and recreant baſeneſs bold,
Freedom and Concord, with their weeping train,
Repudiate; ſlaves of vice! and ſlaves of gold!
They, on their ſtarry pinions failing
Through the cryſtal fields of air,
Mourn their efforts unavailing,
Loſt perſuaſions, fruitleſs care.
Truth, Juſtice, Reaſon, Valour, with them fly
To ſeek a purer ſoil, a more congenial ſky.

" Beyond the vaſt Atlantic deep,
A dome by viewleſs genii ſhall be rais'd,
The walls of adamant compact and ſteep,
The portals with ſky-tinctur'd gems emblaz'd:
There on a lofty throne ſhall Virtue ſtand;
To her the youth of Delaware ſhall kneel;
And, when her ſmiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, tyrants, bow beneath th' avenging ſteel!
Commerce with fleets ſhall mock the waves,
And Arts, that flouriſh not with ſlaves;
Dancing with ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Muſe,
Shall bid the vallies laugh, and heav'nly beams diffuſe."

She ceaſes; and a ſtrange delight
Still vibrates on my raviſh'd ear:
What floods of glory drown my ſight!
What ſcenes I view! what ſounds I hear!
This for my friend—but, gentle Nymphs, no more
Dare I with ſpells divine the Muſe recall:
Then, fatal harp, thy tranſient rapture o'er,
Calm, I replace thee on the ſacred wall.
Ah! ſee how lifeleſs hangs the lyre,
Not lightning now, but glitt'ring wire!
Me to the brawling bar and wrangles high
Bright-hair'd Sabrina calls and roſy-boſom'd Wye.

THE FAIR THIEF.

By the late Earl of EGREMONT.

BEFORE the urchin well could go,
She ſtole the whiteneſs of the ſnow;
And more,—that whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the bluſhes of the morn;
Stole all the ſweets that *Ether* ſheds
On primroſe buds or vi'let beds.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,
She ſtole the *Graces'* ſilken ſmiles:
She ſtole *Aurora's* balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth:
The cherry, dipt in morning dew,
Gave moiſture to her lips and hue.

Theſe were her infant ſpoils, a ſtore
To which, in time, ſhe added more:
At twelve ſhe ſtole from *Cyprus'* Queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole *Juno's* dignity, and ſtole
From *Pallas* ſenſe to charm the ſoul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey,
Her next the beam that lights the day.
She ſung; amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to aſſert their voice appear'd:
She play'd; the Muſes from the hill
Wonder'd who thus had ſtol'n their ſkill.

Great *Jove* approv'd her crimes and art;
And t'other day ſhe ſtole my heart.
If lovers, *Cupid*, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on this fair;
To trial bring her ſtolen charms,
And let her priſon be my arms.

* Lady Althorp has an extraordinary talent for drawing hiſtoric ſubjects, and expreſſing the paſſions in the moſt ſimple manner.

† Georgiana Poyntz, Counteſs Spencer.

Written in the TEMPLE OF HEALTH at GREAT BARRINGTON, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Countess TALBOT, near the Banks of the Windrush.

By the Rev. Mr. MAVOR.

BLEST Health, I feel thy genial tide
Thro' all my veins with freedom glide;
Around me lavish Nature pours
Her od'rous store of blooming flow'rs;
Thro' all yon high umbrageous grove,
The little warblers sing of love;
Etesian gales inspiring play,
To wake the Muses hallow'd lay;
And ev'ry beauty paints the ground,
And ev'ry pleasure smiles around.
But, ah! my heart, too soft to bear
Pride's swelling taunt, or Envy's sneer;
Unfit to meet life's varied woes,
O'erlooks those scenes that interpose,
Where Taste and Nature are combin'd,
To please a TALBOT'S polish'd mind.
Sure life is but a painful dream,
Where Bliss scarce darts a transient gleam;
A land by Fancy painted gay,
But cut with many a thorny way;
Where Ignorance alone can taste
Without disgust the tainted feast.
In youth the prospect opens fair;
Fallacious Joy dispread her snare;
Fond Hope with eager eye pervades
A world of joy, nor dreams of shades.
In specious guise firm Friendship stands,
With open heart and ready hands;
While Love invites to myrtle bow'rs,
And laughing Cupids glad the hours.
On me their fair deceivers smil'd;
Their glozing arts my youth beguil'd;
Fond easy faith my bosom fir'd,
I felt as truth divine inspir'd;
And foe to Art's fictitious way,
In Nature's praise I tun'd the lay.
Oft, WINDRUSH! on thy willow'd side,
I've sung in all the Muses pride;
Thy smooth meanders idly trac'd,
Without a care to vex my breast;
Indulg'd the fond enthusiast's dream,
That men were really what they seem,
That love was true, and friendship strong,
And happiness still fresh and young.
The baseless vision disappears,
And flies the search of riper years;
The painted meteor dies away,
As Reason pours her lucid ray;
And Life, in genuine tints, is shewn,
But fair and lovely while unknown,
A state where storms and waves assail,
The bitter foe, the adverse gale;
Where Virtue cannot promise bliss,
Nor injur'd Honour meet redress.
Eternity, to thee I fly,
To thee I ope my ardent eye:
Beyond this little scene of things
My soul ascends on rapid wings,
Where GOD his creature's name will own,
As low I bend before his throne;
Where faith will meet its due reward,
And virtue merit Heaven's regard.

INSCRIPTION on a HERMITAGE in a LADY'S GARDEN.

SEQUESTER'd from the storms of life,
From Fortune's frowns, and party strife,
From Envy's keen envenom'd sting,
And all the cares that riches bring,
How oft in this romantic cell,
Where smiling Peace and Virtue dwell,
Unseen I pass my summer-days,
Nor parch beneath the solar blaze!
Hence rapture'd view the distant fields
And fragrant sweets that Flora yields;
The primrose pale, the violet blue,
And cluster'ring flow'rs of varied hue:
Here, wrapt in Contemplation's arms,
Explore enliv'ning Nature's charms;
Taste every joy that mild content,
And competence, and health can grant;
While mean Ambition shuns my breast,
Nor dares my peaceful soul molest.

ALBERT.

ODE for the NEW-YEAR,

As performed before their MAJESTIES.

Written by WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq. Poet-Laureat.

And set to Music by Mr. STANLEY.

DELUSIVE is the Poet's dream,
Or does prophetic truth inspire
The zeal which prompts the glowing theme,
And animates the according lyre!

Trust the Muse, her eye commands
Distant times and distant lands;
Through bursting clouds, unop'ning skies,
Sees from discord union rise;
And friendship binds unwilling foes
In firmer ties than duty knows.

Torn rudely from its parent tree,
You Scion rising in the West
Will soon its genuine glory see,
And court again the fost'ring breast,
Whose nurture gave its powers to spread,
And feel their force, and lift an alien head:

The parent tree, when storms impend,
Shall own affection's warmth again,
Again its fost'ring aid shall lend,
Nor hear the suppliant plead in vain;
Shall stretch protecting branches round,
Extend the shelter, and forget the wound:

Two

Two Britains, through th' admiring world
Shall wing their way with fails unfurl'd;
Each from the other kindred State
Averts by turns the bolts of fate;
And acts of mutual amity endear
The Tyre and Carthage of a wider
fphere.
When Rome's divided eagles flew,
And different Thrones her Empire knew,
The varying language foon disjoined
The boafted Maffers of mankind.

But here no ills like thofe we fear,
No varying language threatens here;
Congenial worth, congenial flame,
Their manners and their arts the fame;
To the fame tongue fhall glowing themes
afford,
And Britifh Heroes act, and Britifh Bards
record.

Fly fwift, ye years; ye minutes, haſte,
And in the future lofe the paſt.
O'er many a thought-afflicting tale,
Oblivion, caſt thy friendly veil;
Let not mem'ry breathe a figh,
Or backward turn th' indignant eye;
Nor the infidious arts of foes
Enlarge the breach that longs to clofe;
But acts of amity alone inſpire
Firm faith and cordial love, and wake the
wifling lyre.

A JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of the SECOND SESSION of the SIXTEENTH PARLIAMENT of GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

TUESDAY, January 25.

THIS day his Majeſty went to the Houſe of Peers, and, both Houſes attending, made the following moſt gracious Speech from the Throne:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

After the laborious attendance of the laſt ſeſſion of Parliament, it has given me peculiar pleaſure, that the ſituation of public affairs has admitted of ſo long a receſs.

Among the objects which now require conſideration, I moſt particularly recommend to your earneſt attention the adjuſtment of ſuch points in the commercial intercourſe between Great Britain and Ireland, as are not yet finally arranged. The ſyſtem which will unite both kingdoms the moſt cloſely on principles of reciprocal advantage, will, I am perſuaded, beſt enſure the general proſperity of my dominions.

I have the ſatisfaction to acquaint you, that, notwithſtanding any appearance of differences on the Continent, I continue uniformly to receive from all foreign powers, the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of their good diſpoſition towards this country.

Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

I have ordered the eſtimates for the enſuing year to be laid before you. I confide in your liberality and zeal to grant the neceſſary ſupplies, with a juſt regard as well to the œconomy requiſite in every department, as to the maintenance of the national credit, and the real exigencies of the public ſervice.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The ſucceſs which has attended the meaſures taken in the laſt ſeſſion towards the ſuppreſſion of ſmuggling, and for the improvement of the revenue, will encourage you to apply yourſelves, with continual aſſiduity, to thoſe important objects. You will, I truſt, alſo take into early conſideration, the matters ſuggeſted in the Reports of the Commiſſioners of Public Accounts, and ſuch further regulations as may appear to be neceſſary in the different offices of the kingdom.

I have the fulleſt reliance on the continuance of your faithful and diligent exertions in every part of your public duty. You may at all times depend on my hearty concurrence in every meaſure which may tend to alleviate our national burthens, to ſecure the true principles of the conſtitution, and to promote the general welfare of my people.

When his Majeſty and the Commons had retired, the Marquis of Buckingham and Marquis of Lanſdown were introduced, and took their ſeats. The Marquis of Bucks was introduced between the Duke of Northumberland and Marquis of Lothian; and the Marquis of Lanſdown between the Marquis of Lothian and the new Marquis of Bucks. The Earl of Galloway officiated as Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Earl of Surrey attended as Deputy Earl Marſhal.

About half paſt four the Lord Chancellor read the King's Speech; upon which

The Duke of Hamilton and Brandon roſe to move an Addreſs of Thanks. His Grace ſaid, that he roſe, in the ſenſe of the duty which he owed to his Majeſty, to expreſs his feelings and gratitude on a Speech ſo graciouſly conceived, and ſo indicative of his Majeſty's zeal and love for his people. He was ſorry that a duty ſo honourable was not to be diſcharged by an abler perſon; but he truſted in the goodneſs of their Lordſhips that they would indulge him for a minute, while he declared how much he approved of the Speech which they had heard. The ſe-

tlement of the commercial connection between this country and Ireland was an object of such serious concern, that he knew their Lordships would agree with him in thinking, that it could not be more zealously recommended from the Crown than it would be chearfully taken up by the House. It must be highly pleasing to their Lordships, as well as creditable to his Majesty's Ministers, that at a time when alarms were given of contests on the Continent, we had so borne ourselves as to receive pacific assurances from all the neighbouring powers. The suppression of smuggling was an object the most desirable, and the reforms suggested by the Commissioners of Public Accounts, whose labours did them so much honour, were productive of such obvious benefit, that he was sensible their Lordships would be happy to give his Majesty assurances of their readiness to second his gracious ideas in that respect. On the whole of the Speech he was convinced there needed no argument to induce their Lordships to agree with him in the propriety of an Address of Thanks. He therefore should content himself with moving, that an Address be presented to his Majesty, in the usual terms of acknowledgement, and assurance of their readiness to fulfil his Majesty's wishes as declared in the Speech.

Lord Walsingham said, that in seconding the motion of the noble Duke, he should presume only to trouble their Lordships with a few sentences, in addition to what his Grace had so forcibly and fully recommended to their notice. The topics held out to the attention of Parliament in his Majesty's most gracious Speech were so worthy of their most serious regard, and were in themselves so important, that he was conscious there needed not the weighty influence of his Majesty's recommendation, to induce their Lordships to take them into their view. The full and final accomplishment of a liberal system of commercial connection between the two kingdoms of England and Ireland, was a thing which every good man of both countries must be anxious to behold. Their Lordships would, no doubt, be most ready to give his Majesty assurances, that they would co-operate with his Majesty in his patriotic views on this subject; and that, from their earnest efforts on this head, they might hope to see a system formed so broad and liberal, so becoming the enlarged sentiments of an intelligent people, and framed on such principles of justice and wisdom, as might at once be beneficial to the two countries respectively, and conducive to the general interests of the united empire.

The conduct of his Majesty's Ministers in so wisely and advantageously preserving us from all share in the differences which appeared on the Continent, was highly deserving the thanks of that House. Relieved so lately from a war which had cost us so much, and panting for repose, their determined neutrality had been dictated by the best policy; for by these means we should have leisure and opportunity to review our circumstances, which, he thanked Heaven, were yet prosperous, and to improve them by those means of internal regulation, that he averred we had in our power; and by which we should be enabled to assert our station among the kingdoms of Europe. The reforms of office, and the various regulations suggested by the Commissioners of Public Accounts, were certainly most deserving of their Lordships regard, and they would therefore, he was persuaded, most chearfully concur with his Majesty in that object.

In regard to the suppression of smuggling, he believed there was but one sentiment. It was an evil of so ruinous a nature, that their Lordships must be happy to hear that the measures of last session had been productive of good. It would be their object to persevere in their endeavours to fulfil the work they had begun, and totally to suppress the evil. It would be unnecessary for him to enlarge on the injuries which the unrestrained practice of smuggling brought on a commercial country, in the destruction of the morals, in the alienation of the minds of the citizens, in the debaucheries which it occasioned, as well as in the loss of revenue, and the consequent increase of burthens which it brought on the fair trader and industrious artizan. The number of people engaged in contraband trade, before the late acts, would astonish such Lords as might not have turned their eyes to the subject. It would surprize them to hear that it cost the nation no less than 200,000l. a-year for the efforts which they made to watch and prevent the commission of their frauds; and they would be happy to hear that the measures taken lately by Parliament had been so successful, that in the last year there had been an increase in the Customs of 400,000l. and in the Excise of a million. This was not all; these advantages had not been accompanied by the evils which were foreseen. Apprehensions had been entertained, that when the adventurous body of men engaged in the smuggling trade were prevented from the further practice of their frauds, they would emigrate, that they would carry with them their capital and enterprise to foreign countries. This, however, had not ensued; for he was happy to find, that by the liberal and prudent act of oblivion which had been passed, these men had not been induced to abandon their country, but were daily striking out new and legal paths, and that numbers of them were at this time solicitous of being engaged in a trade highly beneficial to the country——the Newfoundland fishery. The noble Lord said there was much to be done yet for the entire suppression of contraband dealing; and he was persuaded that the further wisdom and ability of Parliament employed on this

this point, would give an acceſſion of vigour to the ſtate beyond the warmeſt imaginations of men. He concluded with ſaying, that the Speech having thus, in all its points, his entire concurrence, he with pleaſure had riſen to ſecond the noble Duke in his motion for an Addreſs.

The Lord Chancellor then put the queſtion, and the Addreſs was agreed to *nemine diſſentiente*.

HOUSE of COMMONS.

TUESDAY, January 25.

ABOUT twenty minutes before three o'clock, the Gentleman Uſher of the Black Rod knocked at the door of the Houſe of Commons, and being admitted, informed the Speaker, "It was his Majeſty's command, that the Hon. Houſe of Commons do attend upon him immediately in the Houſe of Peers." On the Speaker's return, and having informed the Houſe he had iſſued two new writs, one for the town of Shrewſbury, in the county of Salop; the other for Thirſk, in the county of York; and eight new Members being ſworn in, he acquainted the Houſe, his Majeſty had been pleaſed to deliver a moſt gracious Speech from the Throne, a copy of which he held in his hand, and read to the Houſe. Upon which

Mr. Phelips, jun. roſe up, and ſaid, he felt himſelf happy that it was in his power, by a conduct equally conſiſtent with his own ſentiments, and becoming the dignity of his conſtituents, to give his full approbation of his Majeſty's moſt gracious Speech, which expreſſed ſo much anxiety and warm wiſhes for the welfare of his people, as muſt inſpire them with the utmoſt ſenſe of gratitude and loyalty; and he begged leave, therefore, in ſympathy with ſuch feelings, to propoſe an humble Addreſs of Thanks to the Throne, which was, as uſual, a recitation of the Speech.

Mr. Noel Edwards ſeconded the motion, and gave much praiſe, and commented on the many circumſtances of attention to the good of this country, which appeared in all his Majeſty's character.

Lord Surrey roſe, and ſaid, he felt a hearty concurrence with many parts of the Speech, and the propoſed Addreſs, but thought it in many points deficient, and forgetful of ſeveral matters which were of the moſt important concern, and engaged the expectations of all men at the preſent moment. He wiſhed to know whether by the eſtimates for this year being ordered to be laid before the Houſe, and the expectation of ready ſupplies, with the aſſurance alſo of the utmoſt œconomy in the expenditure, they were to remove the neceſſity of any new load of taxes: if that was the meaning, and which it certainly implied, and ought to be unequivocally the truth, he ſhould be happy to hear it ſo explained in the courſe of the diſcuſſion of the argument; but he was aſtoniſhed on the mention of œconomy, there was no intimation of any reduction of the army. He could not but think from this, there was the utmoſt ambiguity and evaſion in the conduct of Miniſters: why did they make his Majeſty delude his ſubjects with the mere ſhew of decorum, with the ſimple expreſſion and mention of the objects which deſerved his attention, but always eſcaped unexecuted for the benefit of his people? He wiſhed them to adhere to their intentions and fulfil their engagements. In a ſiſter kingdom, the proſecuting Sheriffs *ex officio* for their conduct, grounded on charges againſt them of partiality, was a matter of nice conſideration. The meaſure, he conceived, was violent, and unjuſtified by precedent. The reform which was ſo much talked of in the repreſentation of this kingdom, was an important affair, and he long'd to know if it was to meet with the ſerious ſupport of the Miniſter: till his doubts and ſuſpicions were done away, he could not but give his hearty negative to the Addreſs.

Mr. Chancellor Pitt got up, and ſaid, he conceived he might requeſt the Houſe would indulge him with ſome obſervations, which he would make on ſeveral ſuggeſtions which the noble Lord had offered on the ſubject of the Addreſs. From the tenor of the Speech, and the ſilence he had obſerved all around him, he could not imagine there was one diſſenting voice to the Addreſs which his Hon. Friend had propoſed. He was highly flattered that the noble Lord had approved of any part of his Majeſty's Speech; and though he had ſtated there were many deficiencies in it, he could not think the noble Lord had made them appear. With regard to the eſtimates for the year, and the neceſſary ſupplies to be granted, whether their amount would preclude the neceſſity of a new loan, and whether there would be any reduction of the army, thoſe were queſtions totally dependent on ſucceeding events, and the circumſtances of the times. With regard to the reform in the repreſentation of this kingdom, he hoped to be able in a few days to give notice to the Houſe of ſome future day, which he meant ſhould be preceded by a Call of the Houſe, when he intended to lay a propoſition of this nature before it. He hoped it would appear to be founded on a juſt conception of the preſent deficiencies in the ſtate of the repreſentation of this country, that it would be found calculated to eſtabliſh the rights of the people on a ſure and firm baſis, and tend to the permanent ſecurity of the true principles of the Conſtitution. And he muſt intreat and conjure every gentleman in this Houſe to come on that day, with a

mind free of all impreſſion from general prejudices, and give the ſubject that impartial, fair, and ſolid diſcuſſion which its importance, its weight, and ſolemnity required.

Lord North roſe and ſaid, he would not deny his hearty aſſent to the Addreſs. The affairs of Ireland, which were recommended to our attention, and the adjuſtment of them on a ſyſtem which would unite both countries moſt cloſely on principles of reciprocal advantage, he feared, might be connected with the doctrine of the ſettlement of the laſt peace, where the conceſſions were ſaid to have been reciprocal; but he found all the conceſſions on one ſide: he therefore found himſelf totally at a loſs for the meaning of the word Reciprocity, and therefore begged Miniſters would interpret, whether it was to be tailored to its antient meaning, or what it now ſignified? He could not but view moſt alarming conſequences from any idea of a reform in the repreſentation of this country, and ſuch as muſt be unpeaceably dangerous. He obſerved there had been a letter from a Reverend Gentleman, intimating the ſupport of Miniſtry to the reform, but nothing of their ſyſtem. He dreaded every thing from the diſtraction it might occaſion in this country, which had ſo long ſupported itſelf ſo well on its antient principles. He ſaid it was obſervable there was a progreſſive principle in the minds of all men, which led them to improve and perfect whatever was the ſubject or deſign of human endeavours, *ſed diffeciles mora in fummo eſt*; and it belonged only to ſuperior and elevated minds to know and fix the zenith of improvement, thence to turn the proceſs of the mind to the laſting preſervation of an object that had arrived at perfection, which little minds, incapable of ſuch diſcernment, were ever prone to mutilate and deform.

Mr. Burke treated the entire of the Addreſs with the greateſt aſperity; he had never ſeen, he ſaid, a performance of ſuch trifling length which had occaſioned ſo great a diverſity of opinion: it was, however, happily accommodated to the ideas of all. In its equivocation every ſentiment found a refuge, and every opinion found ſome degree of ſanction: it had alſo, he obſerved, the merit of conciſeneſs. A celebrated Speech from the Throne, which opened the firſt ſeſſion of the laſt Parliament, had taught every ſucceeding Miniſter an uſeful leſſon: that Speech was in itſelf ſuch a farrago of minute facts, as could not but ſuggeſt the moſt ludicrous ideas. It was like the *enormous fye* which the hoſpitable Lord before him, Lord Surrey) had preſented to his tenantry*. It reminded him of the numerous litter and parent ſow, which being the completion of a prophetic dictate, cauſed Æneas to build a city on the ſpot:

"*Alba ſolo recubans, albi circum ubera nati triginta.*"

The reception, ſaid he, which this Speech met with, has operated as a caution to Miniſters to avoid a multiplicity of ideas, and inſtead of particular appliance to ſhield themſelves behind general equivocation.

After dwelling ludicrouſly and ſeverely for ſome time on this head, he adverted to the late proceedings againſt the Iriſh Sheriffs, unjuſtifiable, he ſaid, on principles of reaſon or of law. They were not by way of information or indictment, but by an attachment *ex officio*, wherein, without any application made, the King's Bench aſſumed a power unknown to the conſtitution. I do not, continued he, mean to make any particular inferences from the affairs of Ireland, diſtinct as it is from this, an imperial kingdom itſelf; but muſt arraign the conduct of that Miniſter who can thus puniſh in one kingdom what all his authority is employed to recommend in another. Will any perſon ſay, that on the face of things it implies not a manifeſt contradiction, or that the *Ivri bilingues* of antiquity are not renewed in our preſent hopeful Adminiſtration?

I muſt alſo aſk, continued he, why is the Speech entirely ſilent on the affairs of India? This ſilence is indeed an alarming confeſſion of that diſtreſs which it forbears to mention. But though the Speech of the Miniſter conveys no information, I have lately ſeen a King's Speech, which was ſufficiently explicit on the dreadful occaſion: a King *(alluding to Mr. Haſtings)* who rules even with more authority than the Britiſh Monarch, who has told of diſtreſſes which were not before believed, and proved the falſhood of thoſe repreſentations on the faith of which the nation had been induced to grant the aids of laſt Seſſion. It now appears that Hindoſtan, which was heretofore our boaſted reſource, is itſelf the prey of diſtreſs and famine; a diſtreſs occaſioned by oppreſſion, and a famine exaggerated by the exactions of deſpotiſm. Theſe facts, he ſaid, appeared from the letter of Mr. Haſtings; but there were others not leſs alarming, which he would come prepared to prove, elſe he deemed the baſeſt of mankind. Though the affairs of the Eaſt were enveloped in a myſterious ſecrecy, though the Proprietors looked at preſent more for diamonds than diſcoveries, yet that the country was in a ſtate of diſtracted rebellion could not long be concealed. That the criminal againſt whom that Houſe fulminated its cenſures, yet retained the reins of Government, that he has had the inſolence to level his deſigns againſt the man (Lord Macartney) who had been honoured by the approbation of that Houſe, were facts well known. It remained only for him to add, that profuſion on the one hand and peculation on the other, had left no money to purchaſe the inveſtments of the Company; that even their Treaſury orders paſſed at a diſcount of 12 per cent. that the expences of the eſtabliſhment had been gradually

* Containing a whole buck, nine geeſe, and a great quantity of different kinds of game.

daily raiſed to the enormous ſum of 512,000l. per annum, and that thus ſituate Mr. H. had dared, without the knowledge of Government, or the Proprietors, actually to engage in a war, hazardous and deſperate in the extreme, as if to fill the meaſure of calamity. Mr. Burke was exceedingly diffuſe upon this ſubject, and reprobated the idea of thinking to extract from the diſtreſſes of Hindoſtan any alleviation of our burdens; pledged himſelf in the moſt ſolemn manner to ſupport his aſſertions with proofs the moſt irrefragable; and concluded his long ſpeech by moving an amendment to the addreſs to the following purport:

"Convinced by fatal experience, that every diverſion of the revenues of the Eaſt-Indies from the local eſtabliſhments or juſt appropriation, muſt ultimately tend to the ruin of that country, and to lay additional burthens upon this, your faithful Commons beg leave to aſſure your Majeſty, that we will enquire minutely into the circumſtances, to prevent peculation in future, and to puniſh the offenders, if they can poſſibly be diſcovered."

Mr. Fox remarked on the omiſſion of India affairs in the Speech, that it was perfectly unuſual, and what had never before occurred, though it ſeemed now more particularly requiſite, when the Government was veſted in the hands of Adminiſtration. But as this ſubject, he ſaid, would in future come frequently before the Houſe, either for *advice*, or *examination*, he would diſmiſs it for the preſent. He would vote for the Addreſs, becauſe in that caſe he never oppoſed, unleſs the purport were entirely abhorrent to his feelings. He could give a qualified aſſent; he could interpret it according to his own ideas; but when it was mentioned that "The true principles of the Conſtitution were to be ſecured," no perſon, in his opinion, could vote as he did, unleſs convinced with him, that cauſes of danger at preſent exiſt. He then adverted to the late proceedings in Ireland, which he condemned in terms of the utmoſt energy.

On the meaſure of Reform, he ſaid he muſt avow his ſentiments; he entered largely on the ſubject, and promiſed his decided ſupport. He proceeded to remark on a letter circulated by the Reverend Gentleman (Mr. Wyvill), wherein Mr. Pitt was ſaid to have promiſed his ſupport as a *man* and a *miniſter*. Of this he required an explanation. To ſupport as a *miniſter* could literally but mean, as a ſervant of the King, nor could it be tortured into any other ſenſe, unleſs it applied to the exertion of an undue influence, which the conſtitution did not acknowledge, and which therefore he hoped the Hon. Gentleman would diſavow. He then alluded to the Weſtminſter Scrutiny, of which, he ſaid, he would not at preſent anticipate a future diſcuſſion, but that ſurely every pretenſion to reform was in itſelf a mockery, when ſuch a power was permitted in a returning officer, as to delay the return for years perhaps, according to his pleaſure. His Majeſty's aſſurances for the ſuppreſſion of ſmuggling, he ſhould take for granted; but muſt not be underſtood in conſequence to imply the moſt diſtant approbation of the Commutation Act, the moſt raſh, crude, and injudicious meaſure of finance that had ever been attempted. He concluded with recommending to Adminiſtration, in the moſt ſtrenuous manner, their attention to a ſubſtantial and effective Sinking Fund, as the only means of extinguiſhing at leaſt a part of our debt, retrieving our credit, and finally of ſaving the country from deſtruction.

Mr. Chancellor Pitt mentioned in reply, that the reaſon why the affairs of India had been omitted in the Speech, was, that the neceſſity no longer exiſted, but was precluded by the ſyſtematic and concluſive arrangements which had laſt Seſſion been made. Theſe, he aſſerted, were in the higheſt degree effectual, and that meaſures more deciſive and beneficial had been adopted by the Board of Controul, than had ever appeared in five times the ſpace; meaſures ſuperior to thoſe of any former Adminiſtration, and infinitely more eligible than that plan of deſpotiſm, which was defeated by the *bitter preſages* of the nation.

As to the mention of Iriſh affairs, it had, he ſaid, at preſent, no place with propriety; that Houſe was not competent to decide on the legality of the proceedings of their King's Bench; nor, indeed, did the general allegations of the Gentlemen in oppoſition on that head merit a particular reply. The letter of the Gentleman ſo much alluded to, (Mr. Wyvill) was certainly, he ſaid, not written by him; the phraſe, therefore, ſo much cenſured, was not his, yet he ſhrunk not from the diſcuſſion.

There was an interference, as a Miniſter, which he would be always proud to own, which cauſed no ſhame, and diſgraced no feeling. Though the noble Lord on the floor (Lord North) knew perhaps no influence but what was originated by corruption, yet an influence may exiſt which virtue need not bluſh to own. The function of Adminiſtration would, he hoped, inſpire the idea, that the meaſure came not from the hand of deſperate experiment, or unaſcertained innovation; and that though the Houſe had formerly rejected the ſame meaſure under the ſhape of a general propoſition, it now came forward as a *ſpecific* plan, which he truſted they would not reject without examination. In vindicating the Commutation Act, he was as profuſe in his encomiums on its effects as Oppoſition had been in reprobating its tendency; it had produced, he ſaid, the moſt

moſt ſalutary effects with the moſt aſtoniſhing expedition; and beſides the ſuppreſſion of ſmuggling, which was its primary object, had benefited the revenue in ſeveral reſpects, as he promiſed to prove at a future period. In reply to the queſtion, Whether there would be any neceſſity for any additional taxes, he declared that he entertained the moſt ſanguine hopes of being able to avoid the neceſſity of laying any farther burthens on the people, merely by attending to the improvements of the revenue.

Lord North ſaid, he was not bleſt like the Right Hon. Gentleman, Mr. Pitt, with the talent of words, with that flow of elegant phraſes which ſo much delighted his auditory, and which were the only recompence he made them for the abſence of every thing elſe; but in his plain conception of things, he endeavoured to make himſelf plainly underſtood. He had ſaid that he was an avowed and public advocate for the original principles of the conſtitution, and an enemy to that ſpirit of innovation which ſeemed for ſome time to have become the faſhion, and which was cheriſhed in the minds of the people by all the powers of eloquence, and all the arts of party. For this adherence to original principles he was charged with bigotry. If by bigotry was meant a rational adherence to ſentiments which were the reſult of deliberate conviction, and an adherence ſubject at the ſame time to the humble ſenſe which he had of his own faculties, and the reſpect which he was diſpoſed to feel for the ſuperior judgment of others, ſuch bigotry he profeſſed to entertain, and he conſidered it neither as diſhonourable nor blind. But it was aſked, why ſince he held theſe ſentiments, did he coaleſce with his Right Honourable Friend, who was ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed by his contrary ſentiments?—The Union they conceived to be advantageous to their country without being diſgraceful to themſelves. They had made no ſacrifice of ſentiments in conſequence of their junction; they had met on a great and moſt important occaſion, the ſettlement of the peace; and upon that occaſion they acted in concert.

The Earl of Surrey concluded the debate with a few ſentences, in which he ſaid that he had received no ſatisfaction from the Miniſter's explanation of his intentions on the ſubject of Reform, and that he was therefore convinced it would fall to nothing; but he ſhould not in the mean time oppoſe the Addreſs.

The queſtion on the amendment was then put and negatived, and the Addreſs was carried *nem con.* *(To be continued.)*

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

JANUARY 1

BEING New-Year's Day, was obſerved at St. James's as a high Feſtival. Their Majeſties, the Prince of Wales, Princeſs Royal, and others of the Royal Family, received the compliments of the Nobility and Gentry on this occaſion. At noon the Ode, (inſerted in p. 61) written by Wm. Whitehead, Eſq. Poet Laureat, and ſet to muſic by Mr. Stanley, Maſter of his Majeſty's Band, was performed by the Gentlemen of his Majeſty's Chapel, and the Choirs of Weſtminſter and St. Paul's Cathedral.

5. George Owen, convicted for forging and publiſhing an order upon the Aſſay-Office at Goldſmiths-hall, with intent to obtain ſeveral pairs of ſilver buckles ſent there to be aſſayed and marked, who was ordered for execution laſt Wedneſday, but reſpited the preceding day, was executed on a ſcaffold erected before the debtors door of Newgate. This victim was but about twenty years of age; he had ſerved part of an apprenticeſhip, about three years, to the trade of a ſilverſmith.

Extract of a letter from Birmingham, Jan. 5.

"Yeſterday at a quarter after 12, Mr. Harper ſet out from the Tennis Court in this place, on his promiſed aerial tour, after receiving a pair of flags from two young Ladies. When he had reached the top of the ſcaffold erected to keep the populace at a proper diſtance, he deſcended almoſt upon the heads of the immenſe and wondering throng below; and after being ſaluted by their ſky-rending plaudits, and receiving their warmeſt wiſhes for his ſafety and ſucceſs, he threw out a bag of ballaſt, and, inſtantly riſing again, bore away before the wind in the direction of N. by N. W. with great velocity; and in a few ſeconds was hid from every eye. He travelled with prodigious ſwiftneſs till he found himſelf in the centre of a large green, four miles beyond Newcaſtle-under-Lyne in Staffordſhire. Here he regained his native earth, having, from the beſt calculation, rode, in *one hour and eight minutes*, not a leſs ſpace than 70 *miles*. He returned that night to Litchfield; and to-day, between 12 and one o'clock, was uſhered into this town in triumphal ſtate."

7 The wind being N. N. W. very moderate, and the ſky clear, Mr. Blanchard, accompanied by Dr. Jefferies, took his departure for the Continent in his balloon, from the Caſtle at Dover. Three guns were fired from the Caſtle at nine in the morning, and the flag was hoiſted upon the firing of the firſt gun, as a ſignal that the aeronauts were preparing to fill the balloon. About ten minutes before its aſcenſion, a fourth gun

was

was fired, as a ſignal that the aerial veſſel and voyagers were about to depart. The balloon was completely filled by one o'clock; the veſſel which aſcended with it in the former voyages, was affixed; the courageous and intrepid voyagers took their ſeats; the oars and fly uſed in the laſt voyage, were placed in the boat; nine bags of ballaſt; the French edition of Mr. Blanchard's voyage with Mr. Sheldon; a large inflated bladder, containing a number of letters from people of the firſt diſtinction in this country to ſeveral of the French Nobility; a compaſs and ſome philoſophical inſtruments; a ſmall bottle of brandy; two beautiful ſilk enſigns, Engliſh and French; a few biſcuits, and two cork jackets, made the whole of their cargo. Mr. Blanchard had adapted an apparatus to ſuſtain himſelf and friend without the boat, which weighed 64 pounds, if they ſhould have occaſion for an addition of levity upon the voyage. The balloon was filled in about two hours and a half, and the proceſs conducted by Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Decker, of Berwick-ſtreet, Soho.—They aſcended at 13 minutes paſt one, cloſe to the large gun well known by the name of Queen Anne's pocket-piſtol. Mr. Blanchard kept the balloon in exact equilibrium for a conſiderable time. The greateſt ſilence reigned among the numerous concourſe of ſpectators, until Mr. Blanchard had got ſo far from the Cliff, as to be over the ſea; he ſtood erect in the car, and ſaluted the ſpectators moſt gracefully, by bowing, taking off his hat, and waving his enſign. He was then cheered by the loudeſt acclamations.

The balloon continued its route in the horizontal direction; then appeared to riſe; and at one time the balloon was ſo low, as apparently to touch the ſea; then roſe again, and was ſeen much above the Cliffs upon the French coaſt, and diſappeared in the horizon far beyond them.

The balloon reached the Continent between Calais and Boulogne; was ſeen by glaſſes from the Engliſh ſhore till ten minutes paſt three, far over the land; and an account was brought by a King's cutter at five o'clock, that the balloon deſcended at 25 minutes paſt three in the midſt of the foreſt de Felmores.

12. The Seſſions began at the Old Bailey, when 17 priſoners were tried, four of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

Edward Payne, for feloniouſly ſtealing, in company with others, in the ſhip Elbe, lying on the navigable river Thames, bound for Hamburg, two caſks and two boxes, containing 10,000 dollars, the property of Joel Goddard, maſter of the ſaid ſhip.

Joſeph Fitzpatrick, for burglariouſly breaking open the dwelling-houſe of David Richardſon, in Wapping, and ſtealing ſeven ſilk handkerchiefs.

John Brice, for burglariouſly breaking open the dwelling-houſe of John Scott Whiting, at Limehouſe, and ſtealing a quantity of ſilver plate.

Thomas Brown, for feloniouſly aſſaulting Mr. James Cook, on the highway near Cronch-End, and robbing him of ſix guineas, a metal watch, and a gold ſeal.

13. Thirty-five priſoners were tried at the Old Bailey, but none of them capitally convicted.

14. Samuel Davis, for aſſaulting Robert Lowth, Eſq. ſon of the learned Biſhop of London, and robbing him of his watch, and other articles, as he was endeavouring to paſs from Drury-lane Theatre to his carriage:

—— Hart, for aſſaulting Mr. John Walker on the high road, in the neighbourhood of Southgate, and robbing him of a metal watch, and a ſmall ſum of money:

Ann Read, for feloniouſly aſſaulting Sarah Giles on the highway in Short's Gardens, St. Giles's, and robbing her of a cloak, &c.

Joſeph Jeffs, for burglariouſly breaking the ſhop window of the houſe of Peter Bond, and ſtealing one piece of flowered velveret; and

James, alias William, Bolding, and Tho. Till, for burglariouſly breaking and entering the dwelling-houſe of Elizabeth Marſhall, and ſtealing a cotton gown and a ſhirt, were capitally convicted at the Old-Bailey.

15. Thomas Mills, formerly a letter-carrier at the Poſt-office, was capitally convicted, for ſtealing from the ſaid office a letter ſent by Mr. Childs, of Neath, in Glamorganſhire, and directed to Meſſ. Holmer and Company, at the Steel-yard in Thames-ſtreet.

Ann Jones was likewiſe capitally convicted for feloniouſly uttering and ſelling 150 pieces of paper, with a counterfeit mark or impreſſion thereon, reſembling the ſtamp for receipts, liable to a duty of twopence to his Majeſty, provided and uſed purſuant to the ſtatute, knowing them to be counterfeited.

17. Being the laſt day of the Seſſions, the capital convicts, to the number of eleven, were brought to the Bar, to receive the aweful ſentence of death.

Thirty priſoners then received ſentence of tranſportation, ſeven to be impriſoned and kept to hard labour in the Houſe of Correction, twelve to be publicly whipped, and eighteen diſcharged by proclamation.

18. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, their Majeſties, the Princeſs Royal, Princeſs Elizabeth, and Princeſs Auguſta, with Prince Edward, and ſeveral others of the Royal Children, went to St. James's; about half after one o'clock they entered the drawing-room to receive the compliments of the Nobility. It being obſerved as her Majeſty's birth-day, her Majeſty was attended by Lady Egremont, as Lady of the Bedchamber,

chamber in waiting, and the Princeſs Royal by Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave.

At noon the Park and Tower guns were fired, and a brilliant appearance was made at St. James's at an early hour. Moſt of the Great Officers of State, and the Foreign Miniſters, were preſent. The Drawing-room did not break up till ſix o'clock.

About nine o'clock their Majeſties entered the Ball-room, accompanied by his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, Prince Edward, the Princeſs Royal, and Princeſs Auguſta. After theſe Royal Perſonages had paid their reſpects to the company, the minuets commenced, which took place in the following order:

Prince of Wales, with the Princeſs Royal and Princeſs Auguſta.
Prince Edward——Ducheſs of Rutland, Counteſs of Salisbury.
Earl of Rochford——Lady Parker, Lady St. Aſaph.
Earl of Morton——Lady M. A. Aſhley, Lady Maria Finch.
Lord Galway—Lady Caroline Waldegrave, Lady Caroline Bathurſt.
Lord Strathaven—Hon. Miſs Thynne, Hon. Miſs Murray.
Lord Parker——Hon. Miſs Howe, Hon. Miſs Mary Howe.
Lord St. Aſaph——Hon. Miſs Broderick, Hon. Miſs Townſhend.
Lord Stopford——Hon. Miſs C. Vernon, Hon. Miſs Jeffries, Maids of Honour.
Hon. Geo. Hanger——Hon. Miſs Gunning, Miſs Sands.
Earl of Rochford——Miſs Erſkine, Miſs Cranmer.
Earl of Morton——Miſs Johnſon, Miſs Redſhawe.
Lord Strathaven—Miſs Tryon, Miſs Henneker.

The minuets being ended, the country dances commenced, in which the

Prince of Wales danced with the Princeſs Royal
Prince Edward——Princeſs Auguſta.
Lord Stopford——Ducheſs of Rutland.
Lord Strathaven——Counteſs of Salisbury.
Earl of Morton——Hon. Miſs Townſhend.
Earl of Rochford——Lady Parker.
Lord St. Aſaph——Hon. Miſs Thynne.
Hon. George Hanger——Hon. Miſs Murray.

BIRTH-DAY DRESSES.

His Majeſty appeared in a ſuit of ſcarlet, embroidered with gold.

Her Majeſty wore a plain Coquelicot ſattin, trimmed with a rich point lace.

The Prince of Wales was in a purple velvet, very richly embroidered down the ſeams. His Highneſs's coat had the appearance of net-work laid upon gold.

The Princeſs Royal's train was a ſmall pattern in gold tiſſue, with poppy colour. The decorations of the petticoat were finely conceived in wreaths of foil and gold, with a beautiful embroidered Crape en Vermicelle, brilliants, gold taſſels, &c.

The general dreſs in the Drawing-room was ſattin, and the ornaments crape ſpotted with gold or ſilver. There was not any thing very ſplendid, though there was much variety.

The Ladies hair was dreſſed very low, and moſtly in form of a horſeſhoe; the caps were decorated with flowers and feathers, and the general dreſs was ſattin.

22. This day's Gazette contains an addreſs to the King from the city of Dublin, ſigned by 1164 perſons. It cloſes with theſe words; "We will ſuffer no aſſumed authority to dictate to the legiſlature of the land."

Dublin, Jan. 20. Yeſterday, before eleven o'clock in the forenoon, upwards of 40,000 perſons were collected at Ranelegh and the adjacent fields, in anxious expectation of beholding their ingenious and aſpiring countryman aſcend into the air. On account of the heavy rain which fell the preceding night and part of that morning, the inflation of the balloon was conſiderably retarded, and about one o'clock Mr. Croſbie having entered the carriage, found, to his mortification, that it would not riſe. The buſineſs of inflation was continued, and at half paſt two our brave adventurer found every thing ready to compleat his wiſhes; he accordingly again returned his car; and the cord being cut, he mounted awfully majeſtic; and while the air reſounded with the ſhouts—the prayers—the admiration of the delighted multitude, in three minutes and a half an envious cloud ſecluded him from mortal ſight, and all was ſolemn ſilence—fear for the ſafety of the gallant youth beat high in every breaſt, till in about twelve minutes he appeared deſcending at the northward.———The lateneſs of the hour preventing the aeronautic charioteer from taking any farther journey, he alighted in perfect ſafety on the North Strand, where he was inſtantly ſurrounded by the populace, who teſtified their approbation and regard for the triumphant hero, who has made the air ſubſervient to his wiſhes, by carrying him in proceſſion to Earl Charlemont's, amidſt unbounded burſts of congratulation and applauſe. The balloon and chariot were beautifully painted, and the arms of Ireland emblazoned on them in ſuperior elegance of taſte. Mr. Croſbie's figure is genteel; his aerial dreſs conſiſted of a robe of oiled ſilk, lined with white fur, his waiſtcoat and breeches in one, of white ſattin quilted, and Morocco boots, and a Montero cap of leopard ſkin. The Duke of Leinſter, Lord Charlemont, Right Hon. George Ogle, Counſellors Caldbeck, Downes, and Whiteſtone, attended with white ſtaves, as regulators of the buſineſs of the day.

** *From the Length of the Debates on the King's Speech, the uſual Monthly Liſts of* Marriages, Deaths, &c. *are obliged to be deferred until next Month.*